SUNSHINE AT HOME

Presented to Nellie E Day.

By Will L Payne.

Christmas 1885.

Sunshine at Home

SPARKLING PAGES

—FOR—

THE CHILD, THE YOUTH, THE PARENT.

A FAMILY PORTFOLIO

—OF—

NATURAL HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND BIBLE SCENES.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

Scatter sunshine as you go,
Little Volume, through the snow;
Or in summer's golden day,
Shower blessings on thy way.

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OUR lives receive coloring from everything with which we come in contact. As some colors fade, while others are enduring, so with the influences which affect us. There is nothing that abides with us longer than the sentiments we read. As has been said, "The written words, the unspoken thoughts that we have once admitted to the shrine of our minds, are there forever." How important, then, that our reading be of a nature which shall develop our noblest powers, tending to lift us above the fitful, unworthy pleasures of this world, and to fit us for a home in heaven!

With this aim in view,—of helping to elevate the thoughts and motives, and to cultivate a taste for that which will feast the soul, and give eternal good,—the editor has sought to make this little volume an aid in forming a true and noble character. Such thoughts have been carefully selected as would, either directly or indirectly, teach some good life-lesson.

The book is designed for all. The little ones will find stories suited to their fancy, and the pictures will help them to spend many a pleasant hour; while the older ones will find many items of interest scattered here and there, from which they may derive instruction as well as entertainment.

May the blessing of our Father in heaven, and the sunshine of his presence, attend this little work wherever it shall go.

EDITOR.

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SUNSHINE AT HOME

THE PEACE OF THE SUMMER DAY.

OH, the perfect peace and quiet
Of the fair midsummer day,
As upon the rippling waters
Heaven's lights and shadows play.
From the depths of distant woodlands
Hear the robin's piping call,
While the breezes through the tree-tops
Croon a lullaby for all.

Far from city haunt and bustle
Came we on a summer's morn:
'Neath the shine of heaven's glory
Lingering till the week was gone.
Ah, could hearts grow cold and selfish,
Or forgetful of the "Best,"
As in God's own grandest temples
Heart and mind sought daily rest?

Life must have its winter season,
Summer cannot last for aye;
Storms must come, and storm-clouds follow
Brightest sunshine in the sky;
But the peace that maketh perfect,
Never-dying, gladsome rest,
Only comes when there is cherished
Love's sweet summer in each breast;

Love which goeth on forever,
Hand in hand with charity;
Love which wearies not, nor faileth
In its gentle sympathy;
Love which has its sweet beginning
In the God whose name is Love;
Then, indeed, will peace and gladness
Make the bluest skies above.

OUR lives are songs. God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad or sweet or sad
As we chance to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever the rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad;
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

THERE is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet, blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, so the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

ATTEND to wisdom's call while yet
Life's sun is only dawning;
Nor in thy tender years forget
God's gentle voice of warning.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

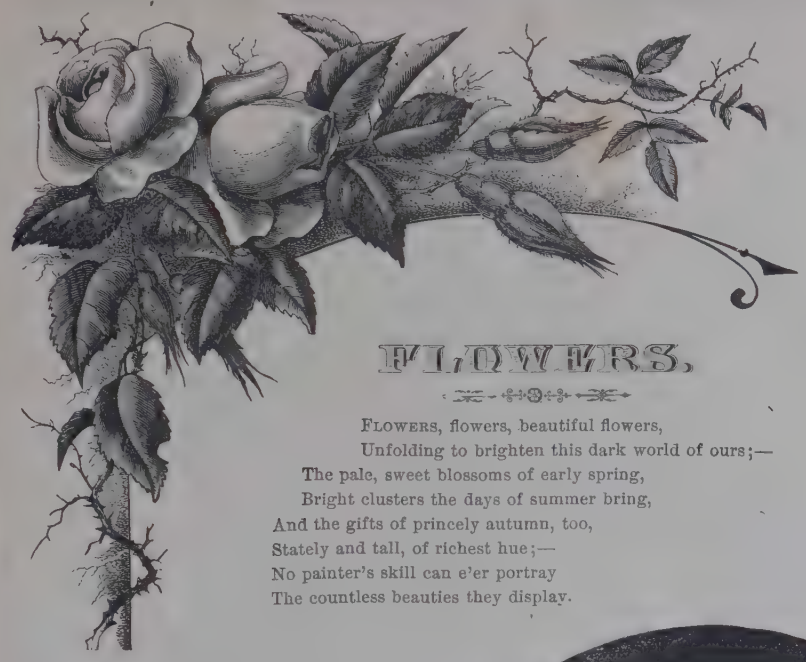
THIS peerless wonder-land of earth, our nation's pleasure-garden, is an oblong sixty-two miles in length from north to south, and fifty-four miles in width, containing over three thousand square miles. It has an elevation of about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by a magnificent range of snow-capped mountains. It were useless, in a limited article like this, to attempt to describe in detail such a mass of interesting natural wonders as are crowded into the area of this Park. Its mountains and valleys; its basaltic cliffs and its abysmal canyons; its island-studded lakes; its swift-flowing streams that foam and tumble through miles of rapids, or plunge hundreds of feet over a succession of cataracts; its hissing hot springs, spouting geysers, and volcanoes and terrace-building springs; its deposits of obsidian or volcanic glass; its fossilized forests; its wierd-like, erosive formations and monuments,—all these would require many pages to describe them fully, and no pen-picture could present more than a weak sketch of the originals.

Yellowstone Lake, portions of the scenery of which are shown in the cut below, is situated in the southern part of this Park. It has been so long and yet so imperfectly known, and in trapper legends has been so variously located, and borne such diverse shapes and dimensions, that it appropriately merits its oft-applied designation of "Mystic Lake." It is one of the largest, most elevated, and peculiarly-formed mountain lakes in the world; and yet it is comparatively so little known as to offer a most inviting field for romantic and interesting exploration. It is about thirty miles long by twenty wide. That so large a body of water, with a vertical elevation half a mile higher than the highest mountain peaks of the East, itself begirt with snowy ranges thousands of feet higher, its shore-lines dotted, and doubtless its depths modified, by seething geysers, boiling hot springs, and deposits of scorching sulphur, should possess many rare and interesting features, is not difficult of belief.

The second cut on this page gives us a glimpse of the Yellowstone River, that large branch of the Missouri which flows through Montana and Idaho. The beautiful scenery along its shores is reached by the Northern Pacific Railway, by its new extension to the Park, and one of the longest and best equipped roads from East to West.

And the tourist, contemplating a trip out West, will not fail to find a scene of interest and pleasure along the banks of this, one of the most beautiful rivers of the world, with its rocky canyons and the boiling springs that meet one at every turn.

Beautiful homes are dotting the landscape here and there, and ere many years have passed away the great Yellowstone Park will be crowded with cities and towns as the once uninhabited wilderness of the great East has become.



FLOWERS.

FLOWERS, flowers, beautiful flowers,
Unfolding to brighten this dark world of ours;—
The pale, sweet blossoms of early spring,
Bright clusters the days of summer bring,
And the gifts of princely autumn, too,
Stately and tall, of richest hue;—
No painter's skill can e'er portray
The countless beauties they display.

SUGAR-LOAF NELLIE.

SUGAR-LOAF Nellie! Isn't that a queer name for a little girl to have? And how do you suppose she ever came to have it?

Perhaps you think she must have been very sweet and loving to be called *Sugar-loaf;* but wait until I have told the story before you make up your mind.

I must tell you what kind of a place I used to live in; for I was "Sugar-loaf Nellie."

"My house," as I used to call it, stood a little off the village street; and down at the end of the lot behind it towered a great high mountain, called Mount Sugar-loaf.

Sometimes we children went down through the lot into the lane, thinking we would climb up the mountain-side; but we had heard so many stories of bears and wolves, and the ugly people who lived on the mountain, that we were sure to hear a noise in the bushes before we had gone far, which made us turn and run home much faster than we had gone.

But every summer our Sabbath-school had a picnic on the top of the mountain; and after we had tired ourselves out swinging, and playing hide-and-seek, or "I'm on the king's land," we used to gather about our teacher on Table Rock, which was large enough for us all.

As we looked down on the houses and barns, which seemed so small and far away, the teacher told us of the days, when, instead of houses and white people, there were only rude huts called wigwams, in which Indians lived; and that right under where we sat, on the very edge of the mountain, was a hollow in the rock, called "King Phillip's Seat," because he used to climb up there and sit looking down on his possessions.

If I had heard only what my Sabbath-school teacher told me, I should have been better off. But others were not as careful about the truth; and I heard many foolish stories about wild animals and men living on the mountain, till I came to have a great fear of the big rocks and the dark woods, and thought they were full of bad people.

But I cannot stop to tell you any more about the mountain, which, in spite of my fear, I loved very dearly.

One day I was cross and naughty, and would not do as I was told, till poor mother's face grew sad and grieved. As I stood sulking, Katie, our hired girl, suddenly turned round, and after looking steadily at my sour face, cried out, "Why, this isn't our Nellie at all! Our Nellie never had such a face as that. This is some other child."

Then, after a moment more, "Oh, I know!" she said; "this is Sugar-loaf Nellie, the naughty, bad girl who lives on the mountain."

Then she began talking to me as if I were some strange child she had never seen before, saying, "Good-morning. Did you come to see our Nellie? She isn't at home just now. And, besides, we could n't let her play with a naughty girl; and I'm afraid, from your looks that you are very naughty. So you'd better go back to Sugar-loaf, and stay there till you can be good like our Nellie. Oh, how I wish she'd come back!"

"Yes, I want my Nellie again," said mother. And they looked at me in such a stern, strange way, that I was ready to

cry with shame and fright, and began to wonder if I had n't changed into some one else; and I thought I *ought* to live on Sugar-loaf if I was going to be so naughty.

Not a word did I say; but I started off, and ran till I was out of breath. Then I threw myself on the grass in the hollow by the walnut-trees, and cried till, tired out, I fell asleep.

When I woke up, I could n't tell why I was there all alone. Then it all came back to me, and, heartily ashamed of myself, I said aloud, "I *wont* be Sugar-loaf Nellie! I'm going back to my mamma to be her own Nellie always." So I started for the house, gathering flowers on the way.

My little maltese kitten came to meet me; and I ran into the yard, playing with the kitten and laughing merrily.

"Why, here comes our Nellie back!" cried Katie. And mother came to the door to meet me.

"O mamma, please forgive me; I'm so sorry! But I'm your own Nellie now, and I'm going to be always," I exclaimed, as she bent down to kiss me.

"I'm very glad," said mamma; and then, in a few whispered words, told me how willingly she forgave me, and that I must not forget to ask my heavenly Father's forgiveness also.

How happy I was then! and how willingly I went to do the things I had refused to do before, and when they were done, how I enjoyed holding and playing with my kitten!

This lesson sank deep into my heart, and whenever any one called me "Sugar-loaf Nellie" (as some one was sure to do if I looked cross), it would remind me of the first time I heard it, and how I had promised mamma then to be her own Nellie always, and that made me try hard to be good.

I hope all my little friends who read this will try always to be good, and mind their mammas, so that they will not need to be called by any nickname to make them ashamed of their naughtiness.

IMPRESSIONS.

EARLY impressions mark the course to be taken through life. Take a fresh molded brick, and impress a leaf upon it; subject the brick to the kiln, and it will come back with the impression ineffaceable; build it in a house, and you may see it across the street. The child's mind is the moist brick; delay not to bring the truth of God in contact with it, that the impression may be lasting.

A VISITOR.

"HE'S curious, I do declare,"
Says puppy No. 1;
"I wonder if he comes to fight,
Or if he comes for fun."

"I don't see either fight or fun
In him," says No. 2;
"But if he once were sorely tried,
No knowin' what he'd do."

"Oh! oh!" says timid No. 3,
"I'd like to see my mother;
This visitor takes too much room.
I'll hide behind my brother."

CROWDING.

IN this great world is room enough for all without pushing and jamming one another. And yet, how painfully frequent are the cries for help to extricate some unfortunate from under the iron heel that has trodden on him in securing a higher position for "somebody else."

The rich turn their backs to the rest of humanity, and push, no matter who is hurt or crushed; sometimes glancing backward, but never turning far enough to see the misery they are causing. Some of these down-trodden ones cry out in their anguish; while others, perhaps suffering as much, bear more patiently the loss of their treasures, with only a look of trouble. Many are the outcasts who have no part to act in the world's great drama; but rudely thrust aside, they languish in neglect till they are released by death. But most fortunate of all is the middle-man. Too far away to feel the crushing weight of the

rich or the woes of the poor, he sits at ease, beholding but not comprehending the distress about him.

How happy will be the day when in a "better land than this" the "iron heel" shall be no more, all sorrow shall cease, and that blissful equality be reached which makes humanity brothers!

LIFE IN NORWAY.

THERE is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Norway and Sweden. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land. You pass out from the gate of the town, and as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Underfoot is a carpet of leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a stone bridge you cross a little silver stream, and come at once into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. The peasants take off their hats as you pass, and cry, "God bless you!"

The houses in the villages and smaller towns are built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. Frequent along the roadside are the village churches. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers and much green grass, and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its tapering finger, counts the graves. Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants may be seen wending their way to the church, where their beloved pastor talks to them of holy things, and leads them to the Good Shepherd and to the pleasant pastures of the heavenly land.

Here there is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no lingering autumn pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summer. But winter and summer pass into each other in a wonderful way. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land, snow, icicles, and rattling hail. Erelong the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day, and pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And again, in a day, as it were, the glad, leafy summer, full of blossoms and the songs of nightingales, is come. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the street an hour later. The windows are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. How beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church tower the bell tolls the hour with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast from his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants:—

> "Ho! watchman, ho! Twelve is the clock!
> God keep our town from fire and brand,
> And hostile hand! Twelve is the clock!"

From his place in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the village priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass; and as he looks out into the still churchyard, he says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

"NOW, good-wife, bring your precious hoard,"
The Norland farmer cried;
"And heap the hearth, and heap the board,
For the blessed Christmas-tide.

"And bid the children fetch," he said,
"The last ripe sheaf of wheat,
And set it on the roof o'erhead,
That the birds may come and eat.

"And this we do for His dear sake,
The Master kind and good,
Who, of the loaves he blest and brake,
Fed all the multitude."

Then Fredrikka, and Franz, and Paul,
When they heard their father's words,
Put up the sheaf, and one and all
Seemed merry as the birds.

Till suddenly the maiden sighed,
The boys were hushed in fear,
As, covering all her face, she cried,
"If Hans were only here!"

And when, at dark, about the hearth
They gathered still and slow,
You heard no more the childish mirth
So loud an hour ago.

And on their tender cheeks the tears
Shone in the flickering light;
For they were four in other years
Who are but three to-night.

And tears are in the mother's tone;
As she speaks, she trembles, too,
"Come, children, come, for supper's done,
And your father waits for you."

Then Fredrikka, and Franz, and Paul,
Stood each beside his chair;
The boys were comely lads and tall,
The girl was good and fair.

The father's hand was raised to crave
A grace before the meat,
When the daughter spake, her words were brave,
But her voice was low and sweet:

"Dear father, should we give the wheat
To all the birds of the air?
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat
Such choice and dainty fare?

"For if to-morrow from our store
We drive them not away,
The good little birds will get no more
Than the evil birds of prey."

"Nay, nay, my child," he gravely said,
"You have spoken to your shame,
For the good, good Father overhead
Feeds all the birds the same.

"He hears the ravens when they cry,
He keeps the fowls of the air;
And a single sparrow cannot lie
On the ground without his care."

"Yea, father, yea; and tell me this,"—
Her words came fast and wild,—
"Are not a thousand sparrows less
To him than a single child?

"Even though it sinned and strayed from home?"
The father groaned in pain
As she cried, "Oh, let our brother come
And live with us again!

"I know he did what was not right,"
Sadly he shook his head;
"If he knew I longed for him to-night,
He would not come," he said.

"He went from me in wrath and pride;
God shield him tenderly!
For I hear the wild wind cry outside,
Like a soul in agony."

"Nay, it is a soul!" Oh, eagerly
The maiden answered then;
"And, father, what if it should be he,
Come back to us again!"

She stops—the portal open flies;
Her fear is turned to joy:
"Hans!"—the startled father cries;
And the mother sobs, "My boy!"

'Tis a bowed and humbled man they greet,
With loving lips and eyes,
Who fain would kneel at his father's feet,
But he softly bids him rise;

And he says, "I bless thee, O mine own;
Yea, and thou shalt be blest!"
While the happy mother holds her son
Like a baby on her breast.

Their house and home again to share
The Prodigal has come!
And now there'll be no empty chair,
Nor empty heart in their home.

And they think, as they see their joy and pride
Safe back in the sheltering fold,
Of the child that was born at Christmas-tide
In Bethlehem of old.

And all the hours glide swift away
With loving, hopeful words,
Till the Christmas sheaf at break of day
Is alive with happy birds.

BETHLEHEM.

THIS city in the cut is now a small, unwalled village called Beit-lahm, containing about three thousand inhabitants calling themselves Christians. The Latin monastery is its only important public building. It incloses the supposed place of our Lord's nativity.

Bethlehem signifies "House of Bread," probably taking its name from the great fertility of the surrounding country. It is situated in the land of Judea, six miles south by west of Jerusalem. The traveler from Jerusalem passes through a deep valley, then wending his way up the hill on the top of which lies Bethlehem, suddenly the city in its enchanting loveliness bursts upon his view. It is built of pure white marble. Anciently the hills around it were terraced and clothed with vines, fig-trees, and almonds, while the adjacent valleys bore rich crops of grain. From its higher points the eye takes in at one view "the mountains that are round about Jerusalem," the nearer deep and luxuriant valleys, and the far-distant mountains in the land of Moab. Everything around it is beautiful and sacred. Bethlehem is about four thousand years old, and was the home of many of whom we read in the Bible. Its first introduction to us is in a scene of deep mourning, when Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob, died and was buried here. After a time it witnessed the marriage of the faithful Ruth, one of its adopted children, to Boaz, grandfather of King David who was born in this lovely place. 1015 years after the death of this worthy king, a decree went forth from the Roman emperor under whose rule the Holy Land had fallen, that "all the world should be taxed," and every one must go to his birth-place to be enrolled for this purpose.

The whole country now began to move, some going one way and some another. Joseph and Mary, in their new home in Nazareth seventy miles away, must with the rest obey the law, and undertake the long journey. Very weary they at last approached the home of their childhood. Bethlehem had welcomed her children till the inn was full. Friends long parted had found rest in many a home; but here come the ones who had been watched by all Heaven with intense interest every step of the way; who had been accompanied by a royal guard of angels as no other company traveling in all the land had been. No kind friend opens his doors to them, but weary and ill they uncomplainingly lie down in a manger, their only companions the beasts of the stall. Well, it may be Heaven had more sympathy with the sinless animals than with the cruel jealousy and selfishness and hypocrisy of man. At least, the dear Saviour showed us all that the high Commander of Heaven has a meek and lowly spirit. Let us always remember that the sweet babe of Bethlehem, now "highly exalted," still "hath respect unto the lowly, but the proud he knoweth afar off."

At length the gates were shut and Bethlehem slept. But the hour had at last come which for so many ages had been the "hope of Israel," and which Satan had feared and hated. "A multitude of the heavenly host" sped their way from the battlements of heaven, and pausing on tireless wings hovered with wondering joy over the city honored above every other on earth as the birth-place of "the King of kings." Heaven, earth, and hell met that night upon the hills of Bethlehem.

And so it often is. While mankind is lost in unconscious slumber, the most important and startling events are fulfilling. As the Saviour came at exactly the time predicted hundreds of years before, so unerringly will all prophecies of the sacred Word be fulfilled; and he is most happy who has come so near the great Disposer of events as to find in him at all times "a defense and a refuge."

And the life of Christ on earth, so lowly and yet so beautiful at its commencement, continued thus till its glorious ending. Walking with the humble and sorrowing, seeking neither wealth nor honor, he trod the hills of Bethlehem as a man. And now, listening with bated breath, we may hear his footsteps echoing down the ages, till to-day they bring to us the same blessings that then fell on the waiting people.

OUR SAVIOUR.

PART I.

O JESUS of Nazareth, man among men,
Let me sing of thee now as they gazed on thee then;
Roll back the long ages of strife and of care.
And show me thy life—one sweet oasis there.

It comes, the glad vision, it bursts on my view,
Lo, the bright morning star from its ocean of blue,
And hark from afar the sweet symphonies ring,
'Tis the harbinger angels that herald their King.

Fair star of the morning, I follow thy ray,
O show me the place where the Holy One lay.
Lo, clasped by a maiden in lowliest guise,
All helpless the Lord of the universe lies.

I come with the shepherds at dawning of morn
And worship the King to Jerusalem born;
I travel from far with the sages of old,
And bring thee the incense, the myrrh, and the gold.

Bright babe in the meadows, I watch thee at play
With the flowers, fairer far and more lovely than they;
The years of thy childhood, how sweetly they ran,
Increasing in favor with God and with man.

Set down in the temple, thyself more divine,
Great building of God, true Shekinah and shrine;
Lo, scribes come around thee with wonder and joy,
And hang on the lips of the marvelous boy.

Though pure as the sunlight, yet sprinkled to save,
Thy meek head is washed by the mystical wave;
And solemn the sound in that wilderness given,
As dovelike and still falls the Spirit from Heaven.

O, wild was the desert, and long were the hours
Thou didst watch with the beasts in their desolate bowers;
And crafty the foe on thy vigils that stole,
And stern was the battle that harassed thy soul.

But bright as the sun was the glory that streamed,
Effulgent and fair while thy chosen ones dream'd;
And sweet to their soul as a moment of heaven,
One glimpse of that cloud ere it parted was given;

Or calming the billows, or treading the wave,
Or calling the dead from the depths of the grave;
Rejoicing all pains and all sickness to cure,
Rebuking the proud and enriching the poor;

Or wearily walking, or scantily fed,
Or breaking to thousands the life-giving bread;
Or talking with friends by the quieter way,
Or kneeling alone at the close of the day.

Thus, Saviour, I see thee, I follow thee now,
I press with the crowds o'er the street-strewing bough,
And join the loud shout as thy triumphs begin,
Hosanna! Hosanna! Messiah comes in!

But, ah! what is this that opposes my song?
Thou groanest for sorrow, they hoot thee along;
The sun hides in sadness the light of his fires,
Proud Salem exults as her prophet expires.

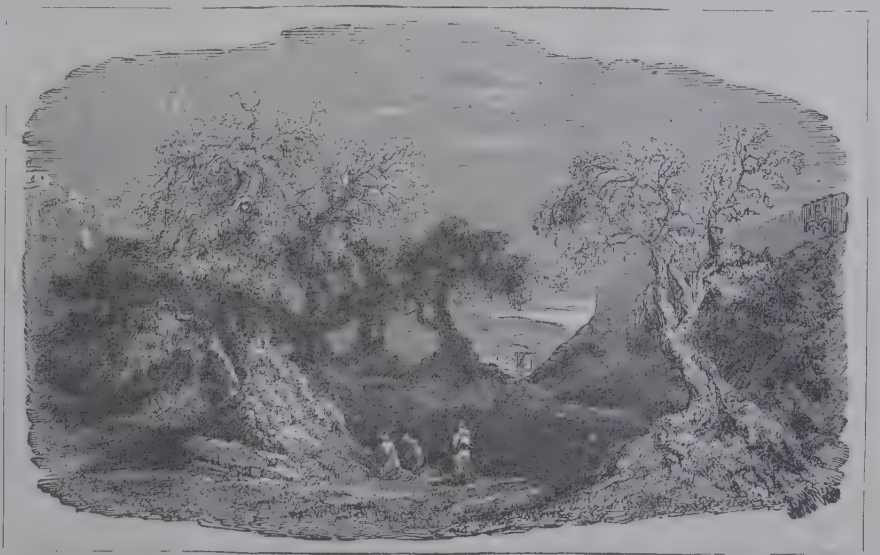
PART II.

King of all glory, exalted on high,
The Prince of the earth and the Lord of the sky,
Whom worlds upon worlds, and bright angels obey,
Could dust be thy dwelling, thy garments the clay?

O, how shall I credit the wonderful tale—
Nay, how shall I live if my confidence fail;
My hope for all time on this anchor I throw,
That the Maker of man was a mortal below.

Ah, little they thought as they led thee along
The taunt and the gaze of the insolent throng;
Those hands which they bound in a moment had hurled
To death and to darkness this impotent world.

Ah, little they thought as they lashed thee again,
That the stripes which they gave were the healing of men;



Or deemed, as they mocked thee with purple and reed,
How royal thy state, and how mighty thy meed.

Yet fairer that crown though with pain it be tied,
Than garlands of beauty or turbans of pride;
And richer that robe, though but mirth it inspire,
Than Solomon's glory or Cæsar's attire.

O lighten my vision, O brighten the gloom,
Draw back the dark veil from the cross and the tomb;
So lordly he riseth high triumphs to tell,
O'ercoming the sharpness of death and of hell.

Till, vanished each vista of star-studded night,
The broad gates of Heaven burst full on his sight.

O royal the welcome was anthemed thee then
Returning in triumph, Redeemer of men;
And glorious the throne by thy feet to be trod,
Sitting down in thy brightness the fellow of God.

So ever thou wert ere the mountains were made,
Or the dust of the earth in its order was laid;
Thy name all eternal what tongue shall record,
The word and the wisdom, the arm of the Lord.

So ever thou wert ere the stars and the sun
Their courses sublime in the ether begun;

Aud there where the olive hangs dark o'er the ways
He blesses and parts while his worshipers gaze;
No ladder of light doth his footsteps require,
No chariot appeareth, no horses of fire.

But angels hang round him in rapture and love,
As they mount the long road to the region above;

Heaven's hosts as the lightning flew swift at thy word,
High worship was thine from the angels of God.

And so shalt thou reign when this perishing mold
Shall part like a garment all withered and old;
And so shalt thou live though planets and spheres
Die out like dim suns in the last of the years.

Thou Light never fading, thou Sun ever fair,
O beam on my spirit, O grant me my prayer:
By faith to behold thee, in love to obey,
With hope to adore thee in infinite day.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance—
Her thin, pale fingers clasp'd within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.

The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there—
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she look'd
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast falling tears; and with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips
And kiss'd it as she wept.

The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure; and he could not hear,
In the dead utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils; and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse; and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deadly stillness.

* * * * *

It was night—
And, softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves play'd low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet
Seem'd like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people.

At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff—for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and pray'd
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
As he leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep—
And in his looks the same mild majesty—
And in his mien, the sadness mix'd with power
Fill'd them with love and wonder.

Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
Jairus the Ruler. With his flowing robe
Gather'd in haste about his loins, he came,
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;
And silently the people shrunk away,
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst alone.

A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And, as the twelve look'd on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard; and drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
Press'd it upon his lips, and murmured low,
"*Master! my daughter.*"— . . . .

The same silvery light
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
As Jairus led them on.

With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touch'd
The latchet, from within a whisper came,
"*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps falter'd, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"*She is not dead, but sleepeth.*"

They pass'd in.
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burn'd dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
Curl'd indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumber'd in their folds—
Not even a tassel stirring in the air—
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And pray'd inaudibly, the Ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails;
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencil'd on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'T was heavenly beautiful.

The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"*Maiden! Arise!*"—and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—arose!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

THE dust on their sandals lay heavy and white,
Their garments were damp with the tears of the night,
Their hot feet aweary, and throbbing with pain,
As they entered the gates of the city of Nain.

But lo! on the pathway a sorrowing throng
Pressed, mournfully chanting the funeral song,
And like a sad monotone, ceaseless and slow,
The voice of a woman came laden with woe.

What need, stricken mothers, to tell how she wept?
Ye read by the vigils that sorrow hath kept,
Ye know by the travail of anguish and pain,
The desolate grief of the widow of Nain.

As He who was first of the wayfaring men
Advanced, the mute burden was lowered, and then

As he touched the white grave-cloths that covered the bier,
The bearers shrank back, but the mother drew near.

Her snow sprinkled tresses had loosened their strands,
Great tears fell unchecked on the tightly-clasped hands;
But hushed the wild sobbing, and stifled her cries,
As Jesus of Nazareth lifted his eyes.

Eyes wet with compassion, as slowly they fell,—
Eyes potent to soften grief's tremulous swell,
As sweetly and tenderly, "Weep not," he said,
And turned to the passionless face of the dead.

White, white gleamed his forehead, loose rippled the hair,
Bronze-tinted, o'er temples transparently fair;
And a glory stole up from the earth to the skies,
As he called to the voiceless one, "Young man, arise!"

The hard, rigid outlines grew fervid with breath,
The dull eyes unclosed from the midnight of death;
Weep, weep, happy mother, and fall at his feet;
Life's dull, blighted promise grown hopeful and sweet.

The morning had passed, and the midday heat burned;
Once more to the pathway the wayfarers turned.
The conqueror of kings had been conquered again,—
There was joy in the house of the widow of Nain.

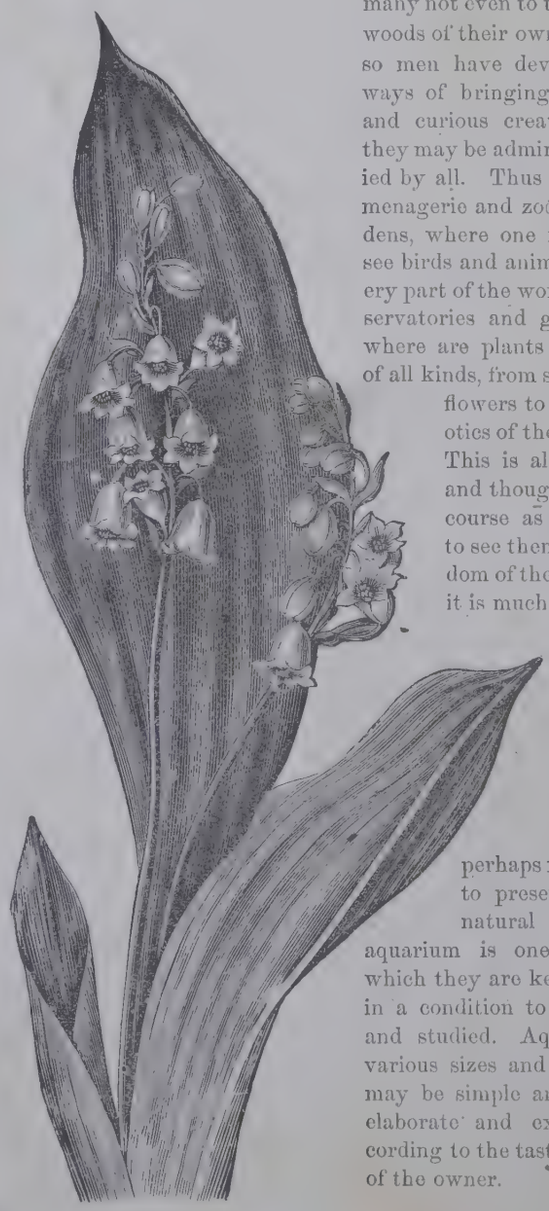
SPEAK gently to age, a weary way
Is the rough and toilsome road of life;
As one by one its joys decay,
And its hopes go out 'mid lengthened strife;
Oh! many a word in kindness spoken,
Has healed a heart that was well-nigh broken.
Speak kindly to all, for there's nothing lost
By gentle words; to the heart and ear
Of the aged and weary they're often dear,
And they nothing cost.

LILIES.

LILIES washed by dews of night,
Pure as snow of clearest white;
Bending from their slender stems,
Meet the kiss the sunbeam sends;
Fragrant as the blushing rose,—
Sweetest flower the summer knows.

THE AQUARIUM.

IT is very interesting to study the various plants and animals which God in his wisdom has created, and to observe their manners and habits; for botanists tell us that plants, as well as animals, do have habits. To do this most successfully we must go to their homes, for there only do we find them really in a natural state. But this is not always practicable,—few can traverse foreign lands, few can go to the depths of the sea or to the heart of old tropical forests, and many not even to the lakes and woods of their own country,—so men have devised various ways of bringing rare plants and curious creatures where they may be admired and studied by all. Thus we have the menagerie and zoölogical gardens, where one may go and see birds and animals from every part of the world; and conservatories and green-houses, where are plants and flowers of all kinds, from simple home-flowers to the rare exotics of the the tropics. This is all very nice; and though it is not of course as pleasant as to see them in the freedom of their wild state, it is much better than not to see them at all.



Aquatic plants and animals, or those which live in the water, are perhaps most difficult to preserve in their natural state. The aquarium is one device by which they are kept alive and in a condition to be watched and studied. Aquaria are of various sizes and shapes, and may be simple and cheap, or elaborate and expensive, according to the taste and means of the owner.

Our picture represents a small though very beautiful fresh-water aquarium, such as might find room upon the table of any of our sitting-rooms; but sometimes the aquarium itself is larger than an ordinary room. A very large one—said to be the largest in the world—was erected in Regent's Park, London, in 1853. It is a glass building some sixty by twenty-five feet, and is in the form of a parallelogram. The walls are of thick plate glass. It is divided into different compartments, or tanks, some of which are supplied with salt-water and aquatic plants and animals, and others with fresh. The former are furnished with sand, gravel, rocks, and seaweed, to imitate the rock-pools left on the sea-shore by a receding tide.

Though requiring some intelligence and considerable skill and care in its management, an aquarium is certainly a very beautiful ornament, and at the same time furnishes an ever-changing volume for study. To the student of natural history it presents an opportunity for the close observation the habits of the occupants of the waters, suc is afforded o other way, while a new source of amusement is furnished continually in watching by one's own fireside the maneuvers of animals whose haunts are ordinarily the obscure recesses of oceans, rivers, and ponds.

Much might be said about the manner of arranging and conducting both a fresh and sea-water aquarium, but probably it would be of little service to most who will read this, and must therefore be tedious. The principal thing is to maintain a proper equilibrium between the plants and animals, otherwise the animals must soon die.

One or more of these miniature seas is usually found in every floral or horticultural garden; and when you visit such a place, be sure to take a look at the aquarium, and see what you can learn.

THE PROPHET ELIJAH.

ONE of the most interesting histories spoken of in the Old Testament is that of the prophet Elijah. Who he was, and whence he came, we know not; of his parentage or early home training, nothing is said. He is suddenly introduced in the seventeenth chapter of 1 Kings, where he is represented as a middle-aged man, well known to his countrymen. His name, Elijah, means, "whose God is Jehovah." He is called "Elijah the Tishbite," which is supposed to refer to the name of his birthplace. God has been pleased to cover up the previous history of his life, and with all our studying we cannot uncover it.

Ahab was king of Israel at the time Elijah made his appearance. He was a very wicked king, and his wife, Jezebel, was a heathen who had been brought up to worship the idol Baal. She had made her husband an idolater, and together they had influenced the children of Israel to give up the worship of God and become worshipers of Baal. This displeased God, and he sent Elijah to tell the king that there was to be a great famine in the land; "there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but *according to my word*." This probably meant that there should be no rain until the prophet prayed for it.

Elijah's message to the king made him very angry, but God found a safe hiding-place for Elijah by the brook Cherith, where Ahab in all of his searching never thought to look for him. When he was thirsty, he drank from the brook; and the dark-winged ravens brought him flesh and bread in the morning, and the same in the evening. When the brook dried up, God sent this prophet to Zarephath, where he had commanded a widow to sustain him. Although she had food for but one meal for herself and son, during all the famine, her provisions supplied them all, for God performed a miracle every day, so that her meal wasted not, and her cruise of oil did not fail.

But the time came when Elijah, obedient to God's word, must show himself to Ahab. God wished to bring his people back from idolatry, and he sent Elijah to do the work of proving whether Jehovah or Baal was the true God. Their place of meeting was Mt. Carmel.

The parties who were to act in deciding this contest were the prophets of Baal on one side, and Elijah alone on the other side.

Turn to your Bibles and read the interesting account of God's proving by fire that he was the true God. The people were convinced, and fell upon their faces acknowledging that Jehovah was the true God. Afterward, the prophets of Baal were slain, and in answer to Elijah's prayer, there was an abundance of rain. When the work of Elijah was done, he accompanied Elisha to the Jordan. Arriving at the banks of the river, Elijah smote the waters with his mantle, and both passed over on dry ground; and as they went, a chariot and horses of fire appeared, and parted them, and Elijah was taken up in a whirlwind to heaven.

OUR PET.

THIS is our dog, and we call him Fritz,
Because he is always so full of his tricks,
Barking at this or whining for that,
Chasing the chickens or teasing the cat.
One little bundle of mischief he is,
Making us laugh with his comical phiz;
Many's the trick he has played off on me,
But if he should die, how sorry I'd be!

THE SELFISH BABY.

"PLEASE, baby," says young Rover,
"One little bite for me;
The cake is such a big one,
And full as it can be
Of plumbs that would taste splendid
To such a dog, you see."

"No, no," says selfish baby,
"This cake is very nice,
I cannot let you have a bit
Of it at any price.
My mamma knows how much I need,
She gave me all the slice."

"Then eat it," says wise Rover,
"I know 'twill make you sick,
And I shall be revenged on you
In that way very quick;
For too much cake will punish you
As surely as a stick.

"And, baby, you will learn at last,
What all learn soon or late,
That only sad unhappiness
On selfishness can wait;
For kindly angels never come
To children through that gate."

TOM'S GOLD-DUST.

"THAT boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust?" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time,—specks and particles of time which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. No idle minutes hung on his hands, ready to be filled with mischief or bad thoughts or deeds. And in the long winter evenings, when his uncle looks over to see what Tom is doing, he never finds a story-book in his hand; it is always a school-book or something that will help him in his work. So it is that Tom takes care of his gold-dust.

CHICKIE'S PUZZLE.

I'D like to know how it happened.
I can't understand it a bit;
A moment ago I was curled up so,
There was naught I could do but pick.

So I picked and picked, and by and by,
There came a great crashing sound;
And first thing I knew the shell was in two,
And I standing safe on the ground.

A CERTAIN writer says, "Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen." We further add, good friends, like good books, are worth preserving.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE WELL.

AROUND the house where Earl and Linnie Winslow lived, were nice shade trees, and on two sides was the large old orchard, with its bent and gnarled apple-trees. Beyond the orchard were the meadows, where the children went to gather violets and hunt birds' nests; and still beyond were the woods, where early in the spring they went with their father to the sugar-camp.

So the children had many nice places to play. Earl was eight years old, while Linnie was only five; and he was very proud that his mother should trust him to take little sister with him to play in the fields and orchard. But time and again the mother had said to them as they went out to play, "Now be sure to keep away from the old well; you might fall in!" But one day as they were at play in the back side of the garden, Earl began to wish he could go through the fence where the well was. He had been there with father many times, and had never fallen in; and was n't he big enough to take care of Linnie? So he unfastened the gate, and leading the little girl by the hand, he disobeyed his mother and went on to the forbidden ground. He had not intended to go very near the well; but after a while he crept cautiously up and peeped over the top of the curbing. And as Linnie came up beside him, he put his arm about her, and together they stood looking at the mossy stones and watching the reflection of their faces in the water. They were very much interested, and leaned over farther and farther, when all at once—they never knew how—Linnie lost her footing and went over—down, down into the dark water!

Earl's cries soon brought his father and the hired men, who were working in a field near by. When they found what had happened, the father got into the large bucket, and the men let him down. Linnie was just rising for the last time; and reaching down his strong arms, he took her out of the water, and they were soon drawn up. The little girl was cold and white, and Earl thought she was dead. But after they had worked over her some time, she opened her blue eyes and finally began to breathe. Then they carried her into the house to mother who had been busy getting supper and knew nothing of what had happened.

Earl's joy knew no bounds when his little sister could sit up and talk to him once more. He was so sorry for what he had done that his father and mother thought he had been punished enough; and they all were so thankful to have their little girl back alive that no one said much to him about his fault. But he learned a lesson that day which he has never forgotten, and always says that he, as well as his little sister, fell into a well that day, though it was not a well of water. Do any of you know what well it was?

THIRSTING FOR KNOWLEDGE.

MR. EDWARD S. MORRIS, a returned missionary, tells the touching story of an African boy as follows:—

"A little native boy came to me, bowing low, but with his eyes firmly fixed upon me. I said, 'What do you want?' In broken, disjointed English—the best the little fellow could utter—and pointing to the ship, he said, 'You God-man take me big America, big ship.' 'What for?' I asked. He answered, 'Me learn big English you.'

"In consequence of my then enervated condition from overwork, I was *forced* to say 'No' to the little fellow. I did not say it harshly, but in mild and gentle accents; whereupon he immediately drew forth from the folds of a cloth around him, two little leopards, alive, with unopened eyes, and presenting them said, 'Me give him; you take me big America, big ship, learn big English.' Think of it, readers; the mother leopard must to his knowledge have been near when he captured her kittens; still, that hungry, thirsting child risked his life to earn a passage to America, when he might have earned it much easier; but he wanted to show me not only his bravery, but his burning desire for knowledge.

And there are hundreds of thousands more in that country burning for an education; and they should be taught not only "big English," but about God and the way to Heaven.

LUTHER BURNING THE POPE'S BULL.

LUTHER RENOUNCES ROME.

THE celebrated university in which the Reformation may be said to have been born, was founded at Wittemberg, Germany, in 1502, by Frederic, Elector of Saxony. The universities of that day were usually connected with some of the various monastic orders, and the monks were the instructors of the students who resorted to them. Frederic had selected St. Augustine as the patron saint of this new Wittemberg school, and it was therefore under the care of the Augustinian brotherhood.

Luther, the man destined to be the father of the Reformation, who, in the midst of his university course at Erfurth, had suddenly decided to leave all and enter the Augustinian monastery, was now one of the most devoted of the monks. He had, however, never given up the studious habits acquired at the university, and during the three years spent in the dreamy quiet of the cloister, had made rapid progress in his study of divinity as well as of the Greek and Hebrew languages. Thus by his studious and consistent course he won the universal esteem of the fraternity. Accordingly, in 1508, the quiet monk was, much to his surprise, called to leave Erfurth and go to Wittemberg to accept a professorship in the new university. A few years sufficed to make Luther the great man of Wittemberg, and a few more, of Germany.

The university grew in favor and popularity, and Wittemberg was fast becoming the center of scholarship as well as of religious interest in Germany. Little by little Luther had been letting go of the darkness of papal error; and as fast as he saw the new light, he did not hesitate to give it to the common people as well as to the university students. By thus exposing the corruption of the Romish Church he of course roused the anger of the pope and his cardinals; and time after time was the brave man summoned to answer before kings and prelates for the truths which he so boldly proclaimed. Again and again was he entreated and commanded to recant, and threatened with imprisonment, banishment, excommunication, and even death, if he did not do so; but he swerved not from his principles. The character and purpose of his life are well expressed in his words when called to answer before the emperor, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me. Amen!"

At last, in 1520, the pope, Leo X., issued against Luther the bull of excommunication so long threatened, which was a decree shutting him off from all the rights and privileges of the Church, and venting against him the extreme wrath and abhorrence of the pope as the head of that Church. Copies of the document were posted in the towns and by the roadsides. Luther received it all very calmly, for he had lost all confidence in the Romish Church; and in this he had the sympathies of the larger part of the common people and of many of the students and professors.

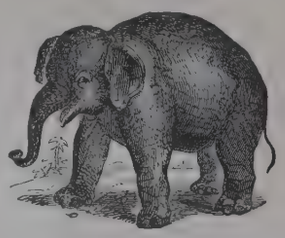
Notwithstanding the sacredness which had always been attached to the papal bull by the adherents of the Romish Church, Luther boldly declared his intention of burning this document; and, finally, on the morning of the 10th of December, 1520, in one of the market-places of Wittemberg, occurred the scene represented in our picture,—such a bonfire as is kindled but once in centuries. Crowds of people gathered to witness the strange spectacle,—men, women, and children from the town; and students, professors, and learned doctors from the university. A master of arts of some reputation lighted the pile of fagots, and then threw on it the decretals and other false epistles of the Romish Church, which for centuries had propped up the edifice of lies. And when the flames which consumed them had passed away, Dr. Luther himself, stepping forward, solemnly laid the pope's bull of excommunication on the fire, saying amidst the breathless silence: "As thou hast troubled the Lord's saints, may the eternal fire destroy thee." Not a word broke the silence until the crackle and gleam of those symbolic flames had ceased, and then gravely but joyfully the crowd returned to their homes. Yet the light of that fire went not out with the dying embers, but has shone on and on, and still shines, growing brighter and brighter with each succeeding century.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

SOME of the grandest scenery on the American continent is to be found on the Pacific coast. The most celebrated is the famous Yosemite Valley, visited by thousands of tourists, as a source of constant wonder to the lovers of the grand in nature, and a fruitful field for the pencil of the artist. Its numerous waterfalls, its lofty peaks and precipitous cliffs, afford abundant material for charming pictures, whether painted by the brush of the artist, or the vivid pen descriptions of the ready writer.

The scene given in our illustration is one of the many which the hand of the artist has reproduced, and represents the Vernal Falls, on the middle or main fork of the Merced River. It is somewhat difficult of access, as one would readily infer from a glance at the picture; but when once reached, the view amply repays all the effort. The full volume of Merced River leaps in an unbroken stream, and falls 350 feet. When it is remembered that the great fall of Niagara is but 163 feet high, it will be seen that the Vernal is in point of height the successful rival of the celebrated cataract, although much inferior in breadth and volume. In the sunshine, its misty vapors reflect the dazzling colors of the rainbow, and here, as at Niagara, by braving the drenching spray, the sight-seer may behold the complete or circular rainbow, which is thus described by a tourist:—

"There were two very brilliant rainbows of the usual form — crescent, the bow proper. But while I looked, the two horns of the inner or lower crescent each suddenly lengthened, extending to my feet—an entire circle, perfect as a finger ring. In two or three seconds it passed away, resuming its first dimensions. Ten minutes later it formed again, and again disappeared as suddenly as before. Every sharp gust of wind showering the spray over me revealed for the moment the round rainbow. Completely drenched, I stood for an hour and a half, and saw fully twenty times, that dazzling circle of violet and gold, on a groundwork of wet, dark rock, gay dripping flowers, and vivid grass. I never beheld any other scene in nature so beautiful and impressive."



The devout observer would probably recall the "bow of promise" which gladdened the eyes and hearts of the family of Noah. May all our readers be sheltered from the storm which no "rainbow of promise" will avert when the warning message has done its work.

BABY ELEPHANTS.

A GENTLEMAN in Rangoon bought three young elephants and sent them to England. They are said to be very tame, cunning and playful. They will not steal paddy (unhusked rice) themselves, though they know where it is kept; but when the boys go to see them, they will come up and coil their little trunks around a boy's arm and pull him along to the stable, and up to the paddy bag, and make a cat's paw of the boy's hand, until he takes a handful of paddy. Then he lets go of the arm, and turning up the end of his trunk, opens it like a cup and most coaxingly invites the boy to drop in the paddy. If the boy puts it back into the bag, he instantly seizes his arm again and makes him try once more, until he gets the paddy in his trunk; then he doubles his trunk under, opens his mouth, and blows the paddy out into it, and scampers off feeling as jolly as a boy does when he thinks he has done a cunning thing.

These are only little baby elephants, yet they will lie down and get up at command, and perform quite a number of tricks.

It takes an elephant just about as long to grow as it does a man, that is, from eighteen to twenty years. They live, in this country, to about the same age as old men, that is, from eighty to one hundred years, though in the books you will read that they live to be two and three hundred years old. It may be so in Africa, but I doubt it.

BUTTER-CUPS.

DO you love butter? Now wait till I see;
Stand just as still as you ever can be;
Hold up your head now and I will begin,
Holding this butter-cup under your chin.

"Ah! it turns yellow; and so it does seem
You *do* love butter, as kittens love cream;
No use in laughing, I know it right well;
No use denying; the butter-cups tell."

Butter-cups glisten as brightly to-day
As when in childhood we plucked them in play;
But the plump fingers are shrunken and old,
Gray are the locks that were raven and gold.

Short is the time since the gray beards were young,
Hushed by the lullabies dear mother sung;
Swift have the days of our pilgrimage been
Since we held butter-cups under the chin.

Charlie is grandpa now, weary and old;
Gertie is grandmamma, precious as gold;
Sweet little Lucy,—above her entombed,
Forty long years have the butter-cups bloomed.

Daisies are faded and butter-cups dead;
Little ones, fairer and brighter, are fled;
Yet while the aged are lingering here,
Flowers bloom around them, for childhood is near.

Still with their butter-cups grandchildren play;
Still in their gladness they wander and stray;
While the old pilgrims, with earth-wearied eyes,
Look for their city prepared in the skies.

There where the flowers unfading shall bloom,
There where the loved ones arise from the tomb;
There where the aged their rest shall be given,
Children,—of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

ALMOST all the marbles with which boys everywhere amuse themselves, in season and out of season, on sidewalks and on sandy spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to knuckle with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful, into the hopper of a small mill, formed of bedstone, having its furrows grooved with concentric furrows. Above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of bedstone, where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a half-bushel of good marbles all ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 160.000 marbles per week. The hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however, to the other.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

OH the days when we were boys!
Life had sunshine, health, and joys;
Rosy, hearty, fresh, and fair,
Full of life, we children were.

Shoeless, hatless, coatless too,
Through rent garments breezes blew;
Active, agile, playful, wild,
Who is happier than a child?

Quick to laugh, and jump, and run,
Fond of sunshine, full of fun,
Shouting, swinging on the gate,
Bound for school—"you'll be too late!"

Ah, those days have passed away,
Brows are wrinkled, hair grown gray;
Yet I love their cheer and noise,
And my heart says, "Bless the boys!"

Bless the laughing, shouting boys,
With their pleasures, plays, and joys;
May they think on God in youth,
And grow up in grace and truth.

WE sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

AN ORIENTAL SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERDS and their flocks are frequently alluded to in Scripture. In the parable of the Good Shepherd, John 10 : 1–16, our Saviour refers to that Eastern custom of the shepherds giving names to the sheep, which they soon learn, so that each sheep will respond to its name when spoken by the shepherd. Their attachment for the kind shepherd is so great that they will follow in any direction he may lead; but the voice of a stranger will they not follow, even though he speaks their name. The following anecdote furnishes interesting evidence on this point:—

A man in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before a judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was present. Both claimed the sheep and had witnesses to prove their claims; so it was not easy for the judge to decide to whom the sheep belonged. Knowing the customs of the shepherds and the habits of sheep, the judge ordered the animal brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep and see whether it would come to him. But the poor sheep, not knowing "the voice of a stranger," would not go to him. In the mean time, the other man, in the adjoining room, growing impatient, and probably suspecting what was going on, gave a kind of a "chuck," upon which the sheep bounded away toward him at once. The "chuck" was the way in which he had been used to calling it, and the judge at once decided that he was the real owner.

The sheep is not remarkable for its sagacity, its strength, or its swiftness. It is therefore exposed to the attacks of many enemies; and when deserted by its keeper, no domestic animal is more wretched and helpless. To the misery of this destitute condition the writers of the Bible often allude. "I saw all Israel," says Micaiah, "scattered upon the hills as sheep that have not a shepherd." 1 Kings 22 : 17. "Smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." Zech. 13 : 7. And of Jesus it is said: "But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." Matt. 9 : 36. Many similar passages will occur, I doubt not, to my readers.

The sheep, again, is prone to wander from its accustomed pastures; it is apt to separate itself from its fellows, rambling into distant and dangerous solitudes. And when it has thus roamed far away from the flock and the fold, it seems to lack the inclination or the skill to return. How touchingly is this used in Scripture to describe the sad state of those who are without the knowledge of God, or do not obey him! "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant," says the penitent psalmist. So Isaiah makes confession for all mankind: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." So, also, Peter says to the Christians to whom he was writing: "For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." Such is the condition, by nature, of all men. They are prone to wander from God, and are unwilling to return to him, till divine grace enlightens them.

One of the most beautiful and affecting of the parables of the Lord Jesus is the one recorded by Matthew and Luke about the lost sheep. As the shepherd anxiously and earnestly seeks the sheep that is lost until he finds it, so the Good Shepherd seeks for those who are out of the fold of Christ, lost in the wilds of sin, endeavoring by every means to bring them back to a place of safety. And the record tells us that in Heaven there is more rejoicing over one sinner thus brought back to the fold, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

"He giveth his life for the sheep." What an evidence of the unbounded love of God for perishing man! Not willing that any should perish, but offering to all the blessings of life everlasting, and a home in the heavenly pastures.

THE IGNIS FATUUS.

THIS singular light, frequently seen in marshy places, differs so much from common lights that it has received the name of Foolish Fire. It is also called "Will-o'-the-wisp," and "Jack-with-a-lantern."

It is a pale, bluish-colored flame, and generally appears a little after sunset. Sometimes it shines steadily all night, at other times disappears, and returns after short intervals. It floats in the air about two or three feet from the ground, and travels away from any one who attempts to approach it.

The *ignis fatuus* is of frequent occurrence in Northern Europe, but is seldom seen in this country. In one place in Massachusetts it has appeared several times. Once it was seen about ten o'clock in the evening, and was as large and brilliant as the light of a lantern. It passed up the road two or three rods distant from the persons who saw it, and did not vanish until it had floated some forty or fifty rods. Just below the place where this light started, was a low piece of ground. The weeds on this ground had been pulled, and piled in heaps; and it was supposed that the gas rising from these decayed weeds produced the light. Indeed, it has been clearly ascertained that the gas arising from decaying matter sometimes takes fire on coming in contact with the air, and thus produces this strange light.

In former times this light was an object of superstition, and was believed to be produced by some evil spirit, in its attempts to lead the benighted traveler to his destruction. There are instances on record, of travelers, who, mistaking this flame for a lamp, have followed it until decoyed into some swampy spot, where they perished.

The man in the picture is endeavoring to approach one of these lights. It is in the night. See, he is now wading in the water. Soon the deceptive light will disappear, and he will be left in the marsh, perhaps to die.

This is a striking illustration of the experience of many who seek so earnestly for the pleasures of this world. Infatuated by the weird flame, they press eagerly on toward the glittering prize, which is ever just beyond their reach; and finally, when seemingly within their grasp, the false light will vanish entirely. Whoever is thus enticed from the path of right, will find at last that he is, like the traveler, led away but to perish.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

THIS grand old building is the favorite country residence of the British sovereigns. It is built on the top of a hill, overlooking the town of Windsor, and commanding a fine view of the River Thames. On this hill, William the Conqueror built a fortress, which was greatly enlarged by Henry I. King Edward III. entirely rebuilt the castle, except three of the towers at the west end of the lower yard. Many improvements and alterations were made in the castle by the successors of Edward III. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a terrace was made on the north side of the castle; this has since been enlarged. The interior of the castle was greatly improved by Charles II. The buildings alone now cover twelve acres.

Between the two wards of the castle is the keep, or Round Tower, which is about three hundred feet in circumference and is built on the top of a high, artificial mound. In this tower many royal prisoners have been confined, among others, King James I. of Scotland. St. George's chapel, or the collegiate church of Windsor, is the largest and most elegant of the three royal chapels of England. Connected with this chapel is a large vault, in which several kings and queens and other members of the royal family lie buried. The castle is surrounded by the "Little Park," which is about four miles in circumference and contains some five hundred acres. On the south side of the castle, con-

nected with "Little Park" by a long avenue of trees, is the "Great Park," which is eighteen miles in circumference. It abounds with beautiful forest scenery, and is well stocked with deer. In this park is a beautiful lake, called Virginia Water, on the bank of which is the Royal Fishing Temple. At the end of the lake the water forms a beautiful cascade, near which is an artificial ruin, formed of marble and other material brought from Greece. West of the "Great Park" lies Windsor Forest, which is fifty-six miles in circumference.

This home of the royal family is indeed a beautiful place, and it might seem that in such a pleasant spot there could be no unhappiness. But all adown the rolling years, many have been the sad and aching hearts shut up in the walls of the old castle. Strange and thrilling stories are related of the secrets of the ancient palace; and could the old walls speak, they might doubtless tell stranger and sadder stories than pen or tongue have revealed. Those of royal birth are sometimes envied; but they have their sorrows as well as other people, and their lives are too often far from happy.

Few of us will ever enter an earthly palace; but all may be heirs of a home more glorious than any royal palace. In the city of God are "many mansions;" no royal grounds can compare with the "garden of the Lord;" and best of all, in that beautiful home will be neither sorrow nor crying.

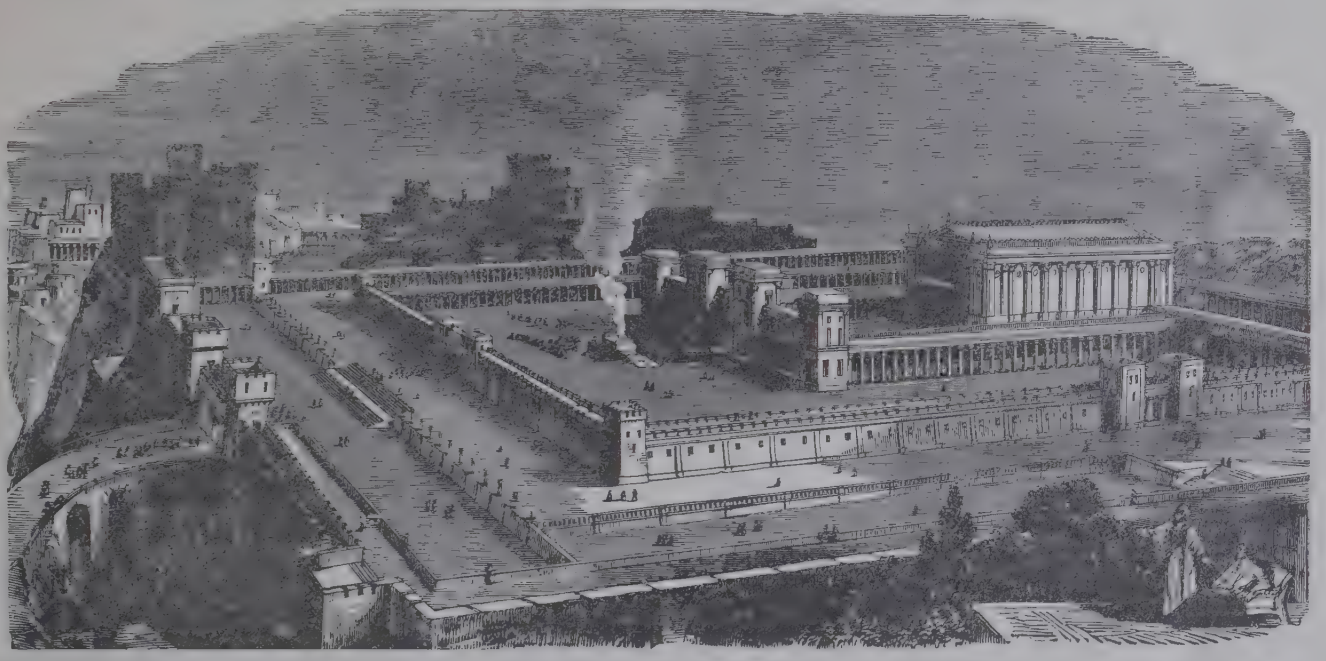
JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM is "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth." Ps. 48 : 2. It is on the central table-land of Judea, nearly surrounded by deep valleys or ravines; two lesser ones divide the city into three parts. Zion, the highest and strongest part of the city, is in the south-east. It formerly contained the citadel, the king's palace, and the tombs of the kings. Moriah, the sacred hill, was north-east of Zion, while Acra lay on the north. Jerusalem

had three walls built at different times, in which were lofty towers of great strength and magnificence. On the east of Jerusalem, stretching from north to south, is the mount of Olives. On the north-east of Moriah, at the foot of the mount of Olives, is Gethsemane. In fact, all around and within this most illustrious city on the face of the earth, are the names of places as familiar to us as household words. Elegant, rich, beautiful Jerusalem! Its great glory has departed, while the desolate mountains around it witness from age to age the surety of the word of the Lord. She who sat among them as a queen has been many times captured, ravaged, and razed to the ground. She has been ploughed as a field, to show her utter desolation and perfect subjection to the conqueror.

Modern Jerusalem is in the possession of the Turks, who have

built a grand church, called the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the ancient temple, and eight or ten other mosques in different parts of the city. It has a population of about twelve thousand, two-fifths of whom are Mohammedans, and the rest Jews and Christians in about equal numbers. Both of the latter are degraded and ignorant. Every year, in the month of April, when the passover used to be celebrated, many thousands of pilgrims from other countries make a flying visit to the sacred places. In a small area near the western wall of Moriah the Jews gather, especially on their sacred days, to weep and wail over the city that is no longer their own.



THE TEMPLE.

THE temple at Jerusalem has been called the most beautiful building that was ever constructed. The first one was built by King Solomon, a thousand years before Christ. The foundation walls were in places five hundred and twenty-five feet deep, and some of the stones used were seventy feet square. The temple was of the same proportions as the tabernacle, only much larger. It was built of white marble, exquisitely wrought and polished, and the holy and most holy places were covered inside with plates of gold. The house of God was adorned everywhere with representations of angels.

Solomon's temple retained its first glory but thirty-three years, when, on account of the sinfulness of God's professed people, it was plundered by Shishak, king of Egypt, and was utterly destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 588. The ark and the mercy seat, made by Moses, were forever lost.

In B. C. 17, King Herod tore down the second temple, and on its foundation he built another, "which was the admiration and the envy of the world." It was entirely surrounded by three courts, or yards. That of the Gentiles, around the outside, covered over fourteen acres. It was from this place that the Saviour drove the money changers, and those who sold animals for sacrifice to persons who came from a distance, and could not bring their offerings with them. Next within this was the court of the Israelites, and inside was that of the priests, in which were the laver and the altar of burnt offerings. (In the cut this altar is erroneously placed in the court of the Israelites.) Between the court of the Gentiles and that of the Israelites, on the east, was the court of the women, which was the place where the Jews went for ordinary worship, and beyond which women might not go unless they had sacrifices to offer.

There were two ranges of porticoes, or covered walks, around the temple; one outside of the court of the Gentiles, was very rich, having one hundred and sixty-two columns of dazzling white marble, supporting a cedar ceiling of the most exquisite workmanship. The other, surrounding the inner court, had smaller columns, but was equally magnificent. There were ten gates leading into the temple courts. Nine of these were richly adorned with gold and silver. The tenth, called the Beautiful Gate, was Corinthian brass of the finest workmanship. It was eighty-seven feet high, and its door seventy feet high; while the doors of the others were fifty-two feet high and half as wide.

The great gateway Nicanor opened into the court of the priests. It was one hundred and thirty-two feet high, and forty-three wide. Through its spacious arch could be seen the Golden Gate of the temple. Over this gate hung a golden vine which had bunches as large as a man: the grapes were precious stones and the leaves were of solid gold.

No such glory is to be found in any edifice on earth now. It seems as though God would give man as nearly as possible some little representation of Heaven; but glorious as was this structure, it can bear no comparison with the richness of that celestial abode. There the entire foundation is of precious stones, some delicate, some most richly colored, all blending into one grand glory; while the super-structure is of a material so different and probably far surpassing anything found on earth, that the prophet could only compare it to transparent gold. The open courts of the earthly temple, paved with many-colored marbles, could but faintly have represented the glory of the colors reflected from the streets paved with this gold; while the light emanating from God and the Lamb illuminates it, making the entire place radiant beyond all conception.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

"FLOWERS are the most beautiful things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into," is a pretty idea, and so the poor children must think as they clasp the sweet treasures offered them by the Mission Girls. But perhaps you have not all heard of the Flower Mission, so I will tell you about it.

Some years ago, on a bright spring day, a young lady stepped out of the cars at the Old Colony station in Boston, with a bunch of beautiful wild flowers in her hand. As she was passing down the street, the children looked wistfully after her. She was a kind-hearted lady, and as she noticed how these poor children looked at her flowers, she stopped, and said, "Will you have a flower?"

"Give me one!" "Give me one!" they cried earnestly. It pleased the lady to see how eagerly they took them, and how delighted they seemed. She pitied the children, and the sick people in the tenement houses and the hospitals who never see or smell the flowers with which God has beautified the wood-land and fields.

The pity this incident raised in her heart did not vanish, as pity too often does, but she said to herself, "Why cannot we have a Flower Mission?" She spoke about it to her friends, and it was talked over, as everything has to be, and the end of it was, and is, a Flower Mission.

The flower rooms are in Hollis-Street chapel, and here people, from May to November are invited to bring or send flowers and fruit for the poor of the hot and dusty city.

The rich and poor can both participate in the pleasure of giving, for the large gardens and orchards of the rich supply that class with flowers and fruit to give as much as they choose, while the woods and fields and little garden patches allow the poorer class a chance to share in the pleasure of giving. Railroads bring them, and one expressman, through all the heats of last summer, brought many a load, with no thought of pay but the smile of some poor sick man in a far-off hospital, whom he should never see again.

On Mondays and Thursdays, distributions are made, and the friends of the poor are on hand to carry them away. You who can see the flowers in blossom all the long summer can hardly realize how pleased these poor people are to get them, and how they brighten their close and dingy rooms by their beauty, or how glad and happy the children are to receive "a bunch of posies."

From May till October, last year, ten thousand three hundred and five distributions of flowers were made, and nine hundred and eighty-six of fruit.

This mission is truly a beautiful and noble one, and may God bless those engaged in it; but there is a greater mission than this, one that all can engage in, and in winter as well as in the summer. The Flower Mission lasts only during the warm weather, but in the mission in which I wish to enlist your sympathies and energies there is work to do all the year round. Need I say that I mean the great work of saving souls? Remember there is a rich reward promised those who engage in this work; for we read that "He that winneth souls is wise." "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." And we may carry flowers in this mission too. Not the beautiful garden flowers, but the flowers of gentleness, patience, truth, and happiness; and by and by we shall gather the fruit when Jesus comes to give to all according as their works have been.

ONLY A CRACK.

"CAN you see it?"

"Where?"

"Why! that little crack stretching across the ice ahead! Look out, Tommy!"

"Nonsense!" says Tommy, skating over that thin little line of danger, "Only a crack!"

It is lengthening, though—widening!

"Look out, Tommy!" is the warning again sounded to the returning skater.

"Shut up!" says the offended Tommy, pushing on; but the ice does not "shut up" at all. It yields, opens, and lets Tommy into an Arctic bath!

"H-e-l-p-p-p-p!" is the cry ringing out all over the pond. "Fetch a board there!" "Throw him the end of your comforter!" "Get a rope!" "Quick, quick!" are the excited outcries on either hand.

At last Tommy is pulled out, his hands purple, his lips white, his teeth chattering. A minute more and he would have been stretched out on the bottom of the pond! What a serious risk he ran!

"Only a crack!"

That is the trouble with Frank Peters. He takes, now and then, a glass of beer.

"Shut, up!" he says, and all the time the crack is opening, a gap to-day—and it may be a grave to-morrow! Look out!

GRANDPA.

DEAR old grandpa—how we loved him. We could n't help it, he loved us so. There was no place so dear to us as grandpa's knee, nestled close in his arms. Because he could hold no more than two of us, a third often sat quite dejected close at his feet, while little neighboring friends (for all the children dearly loved our grandpa) came up close to him, eagerly listening to the sweet stories he had to tell us. When he finished, I remember we always went about our play with more tender feelings toward each other, trying harder to be good. Even the little one who had to take her turn in giving up her place on grandpa's knee, always forgot her jealousy and alienation, and before the precious stories and talk were over, she leaned with a face all beaming with love and happiness on the dear old man. Blessed is the child who has such a grandfather. He is resting now, waiting for the joyful awakening in immortal youth; but while passing through the fierce conflict of life, the influence of his brave, loving spirit, and the instructions he gave us, strengthen me to endure and to triumph.

FANNY'S CUCKOO CLOCK.

FANNY MAY was six years old. On her birthday she opened her eyes very early in the morning; and what do you think she saw,—a real English cuckoo clock! The cuckoo, you know, is an English bird. It does n't sing, but it says "Cuckoo, cuckoo," just as plain as you can say it.

Fanny's clock is called a "cuckoo" clock because, when it strikes the hours, it says "Cuckoo!" At one o'clock it calls "Cuckoo" once, at two o'clock twice, and so on. At twelve o'clock a little door on the top of the clock flies open, and out pops the cuckoo himself. He bows his head politely, and "cuckooes" twelve times. Every time he says "Cuckoo," he opens his mouth and flaps his wings. Then he hops back into his little parlor, and shuts the door behind him.

This was a real pretty birthday present that Fanny's father gave her. It was a useful one, too. Fanny was a very wide-awake little girl when she was awake. But sometimes it was dreadful hard work to get her eyes open in the morning. They would shut down again so quick, she said. But she made up her mind, as this was her sixth birthday, that when her little clock "cuckooed" six times, she would get right up, whether her eyes were open or shut. When little girls, or boys either, make up their minds to do anything, and are in real earnest, they are pretty sure to succeed. After two or three mornings, Fanny found it easy enough. She said her eyes "opened of themselves" when her little cuckoo called her at six o'clock. And so her cuckoo clock made Fanny an early riser.

THE CUCKOO.

WEAR your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket; and do n't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell.

WISCONSIN SCENERY.

WISCONSIN River is noted for its beautiful scenery, and it is nowhere more romantic and picturesque than near Kilburn City, some fifty miles above Madison. Thousands of rafts float down from the pineries of the North every year. There are many curious formations along the river, among which are the Inkstand, Steamboat Rock, the Dells, etc. The place called the Narrows is, perhaps, the most interesting. Here the river, like a wedge of water, is driven through a channel barely fifty feet wide, but deep and swift. The water has never been fathomed, and as the river, sweeping down from the north, turns the abrupt angle, it sends its dashing foam upward in a dizzy whirl of eddying spray for twenty feet or more. On either side the solid rocks tower up to a sheer perpendicular height of ninety feet.

Across the river at this point, from cliff to cliff, was stretched a bridge years ago; but when the pale-face robbed the Indian of his home, it was destroyed. Traces of it still remain, and just below it, in the western cliff, is the entrance to a cave, where, so tradition says, an Indian, pursued by his dusky brothers for some offense, hid and thus escaped their vigilence.

THE ROMANCE OF THE DELLS.

IN the old Wisconsin River,
Where the red man's bow and quiver
Shot the wild deer in the forest,
Where the wild duck swam the faster
When she saw the arrow pass her,
Are the far-famed Dells of Kilburn.

Deep the river's narrow bed is,
And around the abrupt turning
Rush the waters, madly foaming;
And the bare rocks, rising upward
From the bosom of the waters,
Seem one solid wall of stone-work,
Built by mason's plumb and chisel,—
Summits crowned with waving verdure,
Evergreen, and birch, and maple.
And a rustic bridge of branches
Spans the awful chasm's thunder,
As the waters, dashing onward
Through the channel deep and narrow,
Weep and moan, then waxing bolder,
Send their crashing grandeur upward.

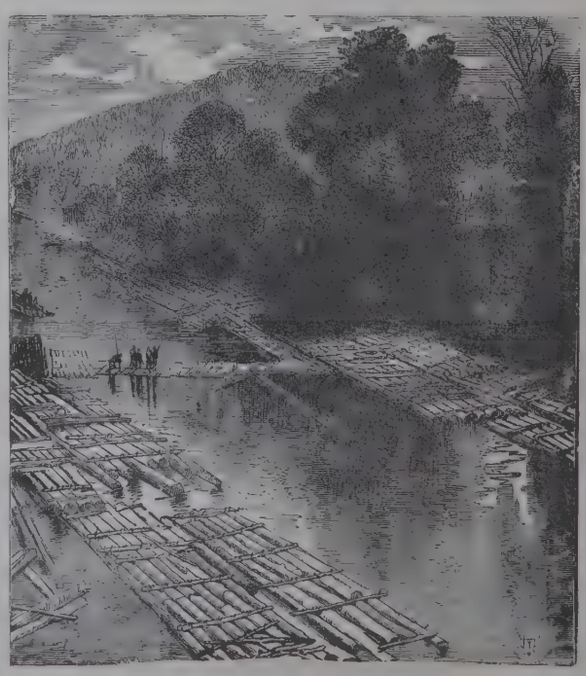
Suddenly there sounds a war-whoop,
And it echoes through the forest;
Over on the other summit,
See a red man swifter running
Than an eagle in its flying.
Ah! the bridge affords a refuge;
Haste his flying footsteps thither,
And his enemies behind him
See him leaping o'er the branches
Of the bridge across the river.

But where is he? Has he fallen?
Has he 'scaped the death of lances
But to drown amid the surges
Of the cruel, fateful river?
Not at all! for well the red man
Knows the secrets of his country.
In the side of yonder mountain,
Just below the bridge of branches,
Seems an entrance to a cavern,
And the red man, swinging downward
From the boughs above the river,
Enters through the darkened portal.
And 't is said that his pursuers
Thought a spirit 't was they followed
To the margin of the river;
For they dreamed not that a cavern
Took their prey and gave no token.

Long he lived in deep seclusion;
Dared not tell his dark-faced brothers
Where his wild and sure retreat was.
Far within the cavern's chambers
Sustenance he found in plenty.
Through one room of glittering brightness
Ran a river full of fishes;
And the wild birds came to know him
As a friend, and trusted in him.
But his foes that wandered o'er him.
Dreamed not of the cave beneath them.

Many changes had come o'er them.
None remembered then the brother
They had driven to the river.
But their good old chief was dying.
In his wigwam lay the old man
With his dusky brothers round him.
When the furry curtain lifting,
Showed a stranger at the entrance.
As he saw the keen light fading
From the eyes, and heard the moaning
Of the women that were wailing,
Lightly stepped he to the pallet,
And in tenderness bent o'er him.
How he soothed the old man's pathway
To the dim and silent river,
Blessings gave instead of curses,
Only they can tell who saw him.
Turning then, he bade them listen
While he told of his adventures
In the cavern 'neath their dwellings;
How he'd come to them at midnight,
When they slept, and could not know him.
And in joy for his returning,
They forgot their old-time hatred,
Blessed and praised him till the twilight
Passed away in early dawning.

"Our old chief is dead," they whispered.
"Why not make our brother chieftain,
For none better could be chosen
From our band of bravest hunters."
Long he lived, and ruled in kindness,
Till the pale-face stole his freedom,
Then amid the din of battle
Yielded up the life God gave him.
And his tribe, so deeply mourning,
Buried him, their loved commander;
And the mound heaped high above him
Is oft visited by strangers.



DANDELION.

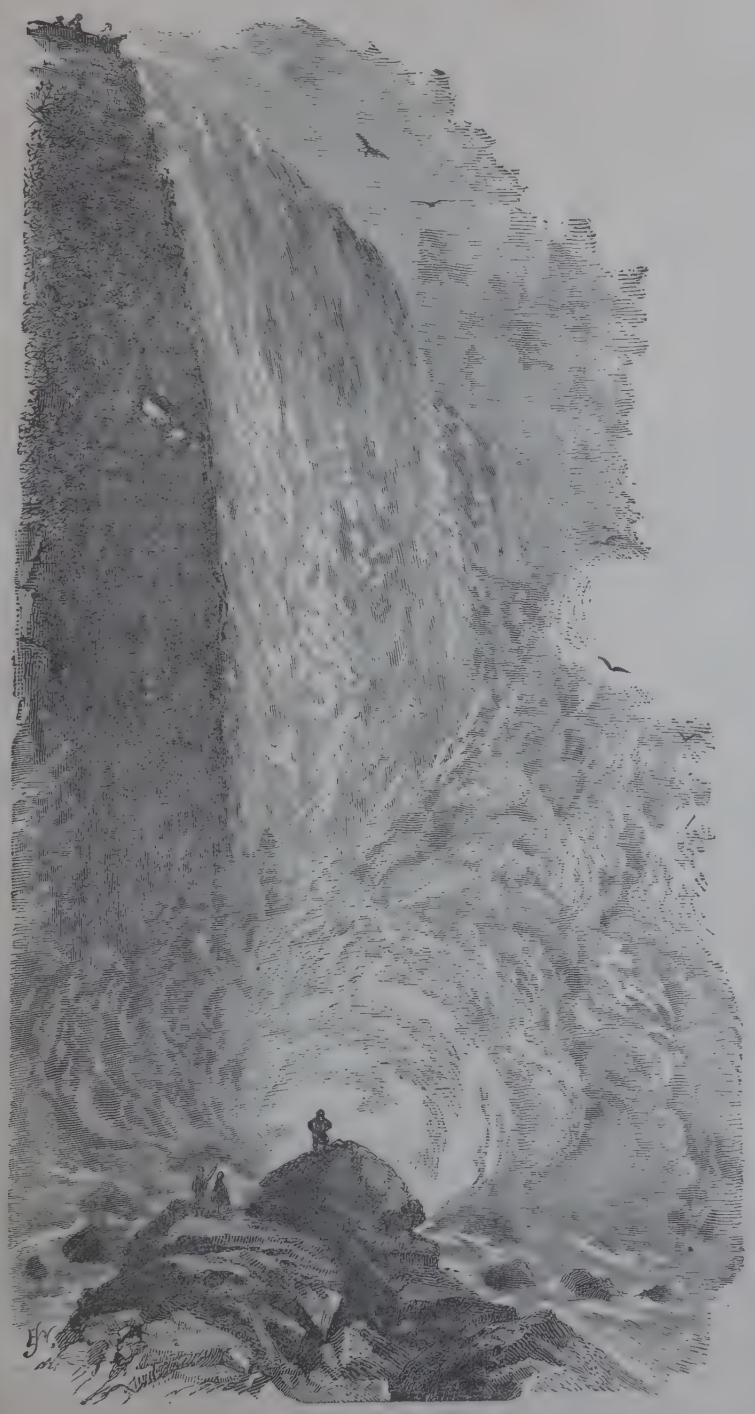
DANDELION, dandelion,
Where's your cap of gold?
Where's the jacket green and trim
That you wore of old?
Then you nodded to the birds
In a jaunty way,
And you danced to every tune
The breeze could play.

Dandelion, dandelion,
Age comes creeping on,
And your wig is snowy white,—
Golden locks are gone.
But you've had a merry time
Since your days began;
And even now you are a cheery,
Blithe old man.

NIAGARA FALLS.

ABOVE the Falls the Rapids of Niagara River present a varied appearance, with many little cascades, here and there, as they meet with obstacles, sending up jets several feet high, which fall back in sparkling showers, while anon the mad waters from the four lakes sweep on again in fierce and turbulent eagerness toward their stupendous leap.

Come with me to Prospect Park, just at the left of the cut, above the Fall, so near it that we may almost dip our hand into the waters. We need not fear, for a solid wall of masonry three or four feet high guards the spot. A carriage drive comes very near, while shady walks with their rustic seats run in all directions. Turning the eye to the right, you note the high, rocky banks, low between which is the dark green river. Its unbroken surface tells no tale, except in the streaks of white foam, of the awful night of passion through which its waters have but just passed.



O Niagara! never has any other object in nature so won my very heart as thou. Looking into those deep, transparent waters as they pass over the brow of the abyss, like ice every particle of which is restless with struggling life, here and there bursting out in a spray of the sweetest, tiniest drops, dancing in the sunlight,—down they go till hidden beneath an ethereal mist white as the snow. And there below lies a rainbow, bright as ever was seen in the sky. With one end resting on this snowy vapor, it circles round on to the mossy old rocks as though uniting in a bridal tie the wayward, impetuous Falls with staid old earth,—the grand and beautiful with the unpretending, useful.

Insensibly our thoughts rise in reverent adoration to the wonderful Creator. Inexpressibly more lovely, more grand, is the infinite Maker than Niagara! While looking through this piece of his workmanship, we catch a glimpse of his power; we also see through its exquisite loveliness his own sweet beauty of character.

Niagara is full of fine contrasts. "The Titanic strength and majesty of the cataract, and the soft, grovy tendrils that bathe their verdure in its spray; the wild, distracted, maniac surge, and the delicate rainbow shivering in its embrace; the whirlwind roar of falling floods, and the braided lullaby of lapsing streams."

Æolus' Cave, or Cave of the Winds, is formed by the gradual wearing away by the water of the shaly substratum of the precipice, leaving the limestone rock projecting some thirty feet above. Travelers here gaze with awe and delight on the deep folds of azure which form the magnificent curtain of the Fall. From the Ferry House near the center of the Park is a railway, and a flight of two hundred and ninety steps, through a cut in the bank, leads to the river below. The car is drawn up the inclined plane by water-power, an overshot wheel being turned by a stream diverted from the river. The depth of the river at this point is, from the latest U. S. survey, one hundred and ninety-two feet. The depth of the water where it passes over the center of the Falls is twenty feet. Two million tons fall every minute a distance of one hundred and sixty-four feet.

At the head of the Falls, and held in the embrace of the Rapids, are several islands. Goat Island is the most beautiful. It is about a mile in circuit and is covered with native forest trees.

Table Rock, at this junction of the Horse-shoe Fall with the Canadian shore, is caused by the bank, sending far out even with the top of the cataract a ledge of flat rock. At different times pieces one hundred and sixty feet long, and from thirty to forty feet deep, two hundred feet long and sixty feet deep, and other immense pieces have broken off, but no one has been hurt by them.

It was on this rock that Mrs. Sigourney wrote her grand Apostrophe to Niagara, beginning with—

"Flow on forever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty."

HAMAN AND MORDECAI.

AMONG all the narratives of the Bible, that of Haman and Mordecai is one of the most interesting. Among the unfortunate Jews who were carried away captive by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, was Mordecai and an orphan girl, his cousin Esther, whom he had adopted after the death of her parents. She was exceedingly fair and beautiful. After a time, circumstances occurred which brought Esther into the royal palace, and she was made queen. Notwithstanding a change of her fortune and great promotion, Mordecai did not lose his care and interest for her, but came every day and sat at the king's gate, so that he might know how she did. For some reason, two of the king's servants had plotted treason against him, and had determined to take his life. The matter became known to Mordecai, who informed Queen Esther of it, and she carried the information to the king. He caused the men to be tried, and they were found guilty, and were both hung. Thus was the life of the king preserved through the faithfulness of Mordecai. A record of the transaction was made in the book of the chronicles of the kings.

Among those who were in the king's service was one Haman. The king promoted him, and also made a decree that the people should bow down and do him reverence. But Mordecai refused to do this, and when Haman saw it, he was very angry and resolved to punish him, and not him alone, but to wreak his vengeance upon his people, the Jews, who were scattered throughout the kingdom. Accordingly he went to the king with falsehoods concerning the Jews, and obtained a decree from him that on a certain day they should all be massacred. Now Mordecai was greatly distressed at this, and clothing himself with sackcloth and ashes, wept bitterly.

On a certain night, sleep departed from the eyes of the king, so he commanded that the book of the chronicles of the kings be brought and read before him. And among other things they read the record of the wicked conspiracy of the king's two servants, and of Mordecai's faithfulness in preventing its execution. Immediately he inquired what honor had been done to him for this. He was answered, "Nothing." Haman at this moment came into the court, and the king said to him, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" Now Haman in his pride thought that he was the person the king would most delight to honor, so he suggested a great public ceremony as illustrated in the engraving. Then the king told him to make haste and do as he had suggested, even to Mordecai the Jew. Chagrined and humiliated, he obeyed the king's command and then returned to his house where he had erected a gallows fifty cubits high on which to hang Mordecai. After three days of fasting and earnest prayer, Queen Esther went in to the king and invited him and Haman to a banquet which she had prepared. While in the midst of the festivities, she told the king of the great injustice and wickedness of the calamities that were about to befall her people, and pleaded most earnestly that the decree for their destruction might be revoked.

The king inquired who was the author of all this. "It is this wicked Haman," replied Esther. Then was the king very angry, and when one of his servants informed him of the gallows prepared for Mordecai, he commanded that they hang Haman himself thereon; and they did so. And thus the Jews were saved, and Mordecai received great honors.

ROADS OVER THE ALPS.

OF all the interesting places on the earth, travelers like best to linger in the sunny valleys of the Alps, and to climb their majestic, snow-covered summits. There lie all along the chain many beautiful valleys, where, walled in by these everlasting bulwarks, whose glistening tops are ever in view, dwells many a happy peasant, tilling his soil by day, and at night calling to the fold his flocks from their pasturage on the mountains. In these valleys grow the world-renowned Alpine flowers, and through them rushing streams carry to the broad rivers beyond, the melted snow and ice from the heights above.

But all about the Alps is not thus fair and lovely. There are other scenes which, though grand to behold, are fraught with perils that make the hearts of brave men stand still. Far above the valleys are precipices so high that no sounds from below can possibly be heard at their summits, which often hang over the valley below like vast shelves. Sometimes these precipices will rise one above another, leaving only a narrow ledge between, covered with ice and snow. Along here where one false step would be instant death, the people who live in the mountains have to travel in going from valley to valley, or when in search of game for food. As the ledges are often composed entirely of ice to the depth of several feet, the rays of the sun will sometimes cause great cracks, or fissures, to open, over which travelers have to leap by the aid of long poles. These fissures will sometimes become filled with light snow, so that they are not seen, until the foremost of the party sets his foot on it, when he will instantly sink down, down, out of sight, and beyond the help of his comrades. To provide against these dangers, a party of Alpine travelers always attach themselves to one another by means of a long rope, so that if one falls, the others can pull him back. They each carry a long, sharp pole to help them up the steep rocks, and with this they also try the treacherous snow ahead.

But there are still greater dangers among these mountains, from which men have no power to save themselves. The masses of ice and snow which accumulate on the heights, become so great that they are forced slowly down the mountain sides before they become melted, forming what are often called "rivers of ice." These huge masses will descend gradually till they reach the edge of the precipice, and so delicately are they sometimes poised that even a voice or the tinkle of a small bell will be enough to hurl them downward.

During the present century there have been built as many as sixteen good roads across the mountains, all but two of which can be traveled with carriages.

One of the best of these was built by Napoleon Bonaparte. It is thirty miles in length, eighteen feet wide, and 6,773 feet above the level of the sea. The bridge shown in the cut is probably a rustic one built by the inhabitants for their own use. The long public roads across the mountains are built by some government.

No description can do justice to the beauty and grandeur of the Alpine scenery, and though volumes have been written on the subject, every traveler must feel that "the half has never been told."

A WONDERFUL WALKING-STICK.

WE have received (says *Nature*) from Messrs. Eberstein, of Dresden, a specimen of an interesting walking-stick for naturalists or tourists. The stick is a perfect *multum in parvo*, and contains quite a museum of scientific instruments. The handle alone contains a compass, a double magnifying glass or pocket microscope, and a whistle. Below it there is a thermometer on one side of the stick, and a sand-glass on the other. The body of the stick is partly hollow, and its interior holds a small bottle, which is intended to contain chloroform or ether for killing insects. Along the outside of the body there is a half-meter measure, showing decimeters and centimeters. Near the end of the stick a knife blade may be opened, which serves for cutting off objects which cannot be reached by hand. At the extreme end a screw may hold in turn a spade (for botanists), a hammer (for geologists), a hatchet, or a strong spike, which would be of great use on glaciers. The whole is neatly finished in black polished wood.

PLEASANT words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

THESE children seem to be very anxious to feed the dumb animals that thrust their heads over the door to receive what is offered to them. No doubt the pasture where they roam gives them plenty of good grass, and such food as they like, but they love to be noticed, and they will eat the grass out of the children's hands, even if they are not very hungry. And it is sport for the children to see them feed out of their hands. So they eagerly pull up the grass to give them.

How much better it is to treat the dumb creatures thus, than to whip and abuse them as some people do! Animals should be treated with kindness, and when they are thus treated, they will act kindly in return, unless they are very ugly. The horse and cow are of great use to us, and they deserve kind treatment. It is very wrong to torment them or to keep food away from them. God has given them to us, to help make our homes pleasant, our work easy, and to supply many wants of our lives. And in return for these things, he wants us to treat them kindly, and to take good care of them.

The disposition of many a boy is seen in the way he treats dumb animals. If he abuses them, and treats them unkindly, you may be pretty sure that he is a hard-hearted boy, and one not fit to be in good company. Any one who takes delight in abusing animals is indeed without kind feelings, and his company should be shunned, unless he changes his ways.

There is a society organized in this country, that has for its object the prevention of cruelty to animals, and it is a very good thing in some cities and towns, where animals are so often abused. I do not know as it is necessary to belong to such a society in order to have a care for these creatures, for it is something that all can attend to if they will.

Some animals know pretty well when they are abused. A short time since, a friend told me of a horse that he knew that did not like to work if she was whipped. One day a man was driving her before a wagon, when he struck her with the whip for no cause. She at once stopped, and would not go on. The driver went up to her head, and rubbed her nose, and told her that he was very sorry that he had struck her, and asked her to forgive him, and he promised he would not strike her again. Then he seated himself in the wagon, and took up the lines, and the horse trotted of as nicely as could be. If all children were taught to feed and pet the dumb animals as these children in the picture are doing, they would grow up with kinder hearts, and there would not be so many rough, cruel men in the world.

JUNE.

JUNE is the glad fruition of the year,—the fulfillment of the promises. She sits as a queen upon her throne, and leaves us grieving at the shortness of her reign. The poet throws his pen aside after a vain effort to portray her beauty in a sonnet; and the artist, having exhausted all the colors on his palette, finds himself at a loss—the wonderful tints, the ineffable glory, are still in the possession of June, the Summer Queen.

How beautiful is God's truth! How rich are the treasures of his thoughts! How straight the ways of his law! How glorious the end of those who delight in his precepts!

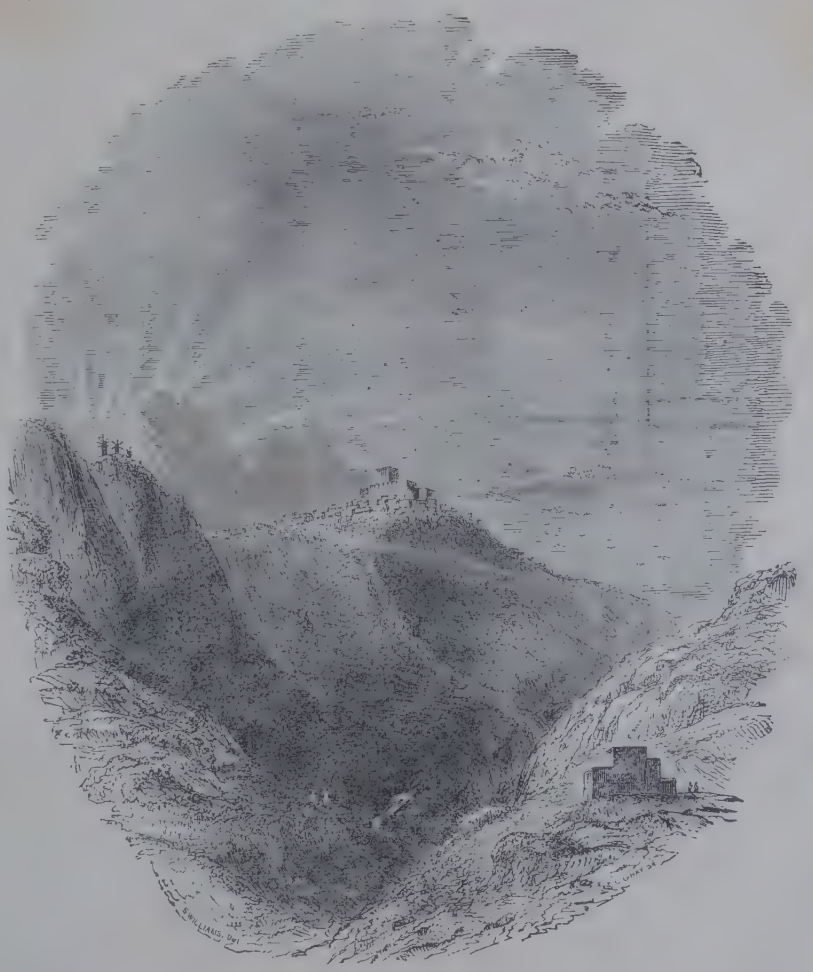
THE APOSTLE JOHN.

JAMES and John, sons of Zebedee and Salome, were among the most favored of our Lord's disciples. Their father was a fisherman, living at Bethsaida on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and his sons followed his occupation until our Lord, at the beginning of his ministry, called them to follow him, and become "fishers of men." They then left their father and the nets, and with Simon Peter and Andrew his brother, accompanied Jesus on his travels. In the Bible record of the choosing of the twelve apostles, the names of Peter, James, and John are mentioned first, and these three seem to have enjoyed special honors and privileges. They alone witnessed the transfiguration of Christ, and they alone saw his agony in the garden. James and John were especially zealous for their Master, and it was probably on this account that he surnamed them Boanerges, which is, "The sons of thunder."

John is supposed to have been the youngest of the twelve apostles, and for him Jesus seems to have had an especial affection, for he is four times referred to in the sacred record as "the disciple whom Jesus loved." At the last supper he "was leaning on Jesus' bosom"; he was present during the Saviour's trial and crucifixion; and as he was standing at the foot of the cross, Jesus committed his mother to his care, "and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." Learning of the resurrection from the lips of Mary Magdaline, he ran to the sepulchre in company with Peter to verify the joyful news with his own eyes. Again, after a night of fruitless toil on the Sea of Galilee, he was the first to recognize the Saviour "in the morning on the shore." After the pouring out of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, Peter and John seem to have been much together, preaching in the temple, healing the sick, and carrying the news of salvation through Christ to those outside of Jerusalem. Twice they were imprisoned together, and once "the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors and brought them forth." In the midst of these persecutions, the life of John was saddened by the martyrdom of his brother James, who was the first of the twelve to suffer death in the service of his Master.

John remained in Jerusalem for many years, a pillar of the church there. He at length removed to Ephesus, though at just what time is uncertain. Here he spent many years in laboring among the churches of Asia Minor. Under the cruel persecution of Christians by the Emperor Domitian, the life of John was sought in many ways. It is said that at one time he was cast into a caldron of boiling oil, but was miraculously preserved from injury. He was afterward banished to the Isle of Patmos, where he was put to hard labor in the mines. Patmos is a rocky, desolate island rising out of the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea. It is about twenty-eight miles in circumference, with bold, deeply indented shores, and was used by the Romans as a place of banishment for criminals. The principal town is situated on a high and steep hill, now crowned by a fortress-like building called the Monastery of St. John, as seen in the picture. Half-way down this hill is a natural grotto overlooking the sea, where tradition tells us John saw the wonderful vision recorded in the book of Revelation.

John afterward returned to Ephesus, where he lived to a very great age, so that he could scarcely go to the assembly of the church without being carried there by his disciples. Being now unable to make long discourses, his custom was to say in all meetings, "Little children, love one another." And when they wondered at the frequent repetition of these words, he was wont to answer: "This is what the Lord commands you; and this, if you do it, is sufficient." It is thought that he died about 100 A. D., and was buried near the city of Ephesus, as several ancient historians speak of his tomb as being there in their day.



IN THE STREETS.

A GENTLEMAN visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer and do all evil. Oh, sir! it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

Boys, remember this when you find yourselves standing under the street-lamp with nothing to do, and find your way home as quick as possible,—to your study or to work.

JUNE.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days:
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten:
Every clod feels a stir of might,—
An instinct within that reaches and towers,
And grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away,
Comes floating back with ripply cheer
Into every inlet, and creek, and bay:
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God so wills it:
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well;
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell!
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are blue and grass is growing.

"BIMEBY."

I HAVE a little friend whom we call "Bimeby," because he is always saying, "By-and-by" when he is asked to do anything. He will learn his lesson by-and-by; he will bring in wood for his mother, or go to the store for groceries, by-and-by; he will do that little errand for father by-and-by; he will water the horse by-and-by; and so on to the end of the chapter.

One cold morning, when the ground was all covered with ice, little "Bimeby's" mother said,—

"Fred, I want you to sprinkle some ashes on that icy place by the door."

"All right," said Fred, "I'll do it by-and-by."

"But you must do it right off," said Mrs. Harris; "somebody will fall there, if it is neglected."

"Yes, mother," and then "Bimeby" started off to get his sled that he had lent to the boy next door.

Just about this time, Mamie, Fred's four-year-old sister, begged to go out and play in the yard.

"It is so shiny out," she said, "I guess it's most like summer. And mebbe I shall find a flower peeping up somewhere."

So her mamma put on her little rubber boots, her warm cloak and hood and mittens, and let her go out with her tiny sled. Poor Mamie! She clambered down the steps, laughing and cooing to herself, and talking about the "flowers." But all at once she uttered a loud cry of fright and pain. She had slipped upon "Bimeby's" ice, and broken her arm.

Then came the surgeon to torture the soft, fair arm, and long days of weariness followed, days of great care and anxiety for the household, and all because one careless boy put off obeying his mother for a few minutes.

ALPINE HORNS.

THE Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and like a speaking trumpet, used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains takes his horn and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord!" As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the rocks repeat the name of God.

The imagination cannot picture anything more solemn or sublime than such a scene. During the succeeding silence, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The golden sunlight gilding the tops of these stupendous mountains upon which seems to rest the blue vault of heaven, the magnificent scenery, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, fill the mind of every traveler with enthusiasm and awe. And as the weary Switzer calls his flocks to the fold, he murmurs, as in response to the twilight horn, "I thank thee, Father, for another day of peace and prosperity"; then gathering the lambs of his household to the fireside, he tells the sweet Bible tales till the darkness bids them seek repose. How pleasant it must be to live in a country where God is so beautifully acknowledged!

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

NEAR Jerusalem was a pool or pond of water in which many people used to bathe, called the Pool of Siloam. It was a very wonderful pool; for often an angel went down into it, and stirred up the water; and the man, woman, or child, who first stepped into it afterward, was healed of all disease. Many sick people, from far and near, visited this pool—the weak, the lame, the blind, and those that had dried-up and withered limbs; and so many of them were cured that it was called Bethesda, or the *House of Mercy*.

So John tells us there was always a great multitude waiting there. It is sad to witness so much suffering. Many will turn away from viewing it; but Jesus did not. He delighted in visiting such places, that if possible he might comfort and save some. It was here that he saw the man who had been sick thirty-eight years. What a long time to be sick! The Saviour pitied him, and kindly asked him, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

The poor man told Jesus that he would very gladly be cured, but he had no friend to help him into the water after it had been stirred. He was one of the weakest of the sick people there, and he moved so slowly that while he was trying to get to the pool, some one else stepped in before him.

But the Saviour could heal him without the water. "He said to the sick man, Rise, take up thy bed and walk!" and the man was cured, took up his bed, and walked away.

Some may think it strange that a man should take up his bed and carry it away as easily as he did; but the beds in Eastern countries are very different from ours. They are not large, or heavy; and they have no sheets or blankets, and seldom even a bolster. Neither are they put on bedsteads as ours are. They are simply cotton quilts spread on the ground, and are very soon rolled up, and easily carried away.

It is the same now in the East as when Jesus lived there. Men who travel carry their beds with them. The poor people have nothing but their own clothes to cover themselves with. Some who are better off, have quilts, or beds as they call them, twice the usual width. In these they roll themselves up, and look rather like the mummies of old Egypt, although they might not like to be told so. Even in Eastern houses these thick quilts are used; and the bed-chamber is not the place where the people sleep, but where all the beds are kept through the day. At night they are carried out of the bed-chamber again, and spread on the floor.

Thus you see how natural it was for Jesus to say, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." This pool, even if known and accessible to us, has lost its healing power; but the fountain Christ has opened for sin, guilt, and death, is nigh to all, and of never-failing virtue.

BUTTER-MAKING IN THE EAST.

BUTTER was doubtless much in use among the ancient Jews, and from the information that can be obtained, it is thought that it was prepared in the same manner as at this day among the Arabs and Syrians, who use a kind of boiled butter, called *gee*.

The milk is put into a large copper pan over a slow fire, and a little sour milk, or a portion of the dried entrails of a lamb, is thrown into it. The milk then separates, and is put into a goat-skin bag, which is tied to a pole, as seen in the picture, and constantly moved backward and forward for two hours; or sometimes the bag is placed upon the ground and trodden upon. Job referred to this manner of churning when he said, "I washed my steps with butter." The buttery substance having coagulated, the water is pressed out, and the butter is put into another skin. After the lapse of two days, the butter is placed over the fire and allowed to boil for some time, during which it is carefully skimmed; when so prepared it will keep in a hot climate.

Butter is chiefly used among the Arabs and Syrians to impart softness to *burgul*, or bruised wheat, the common diet of the country. The Greeks and Romans used butter as a medicine and for external application—not as an article of food.

THE ARGALI, OR MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

THE ARGALI.

ONE of the largest species of sheep is the Argali, dwelling in the mountains of Siberia and Central Asia. It is frequently found measuring as much as four feet at the shoulder, and bearing massive horns, sometimes nineteen inches in circumference, and so large at the base as to cover almost the entire forehead; and each curves substantially the same way. They are great fighters, and display a power and a courage certainly not surpassed by animals of any other species. The Argali are also found on the Rocky Mountains. They live in herds on the highest summits, feeding on lichens, mosses, and small shrubs. They are extremely shy, watchful, and timid. Their swiftness of foot is amazing, and their agility in bounding from rock to rock is unsurpassed by that of any quadruped.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

NOWHERE in nature are the grand and beautiful more effectually illustrated than in the Rocky Mountains. Whoever beholds their towering, cloud-capped peaks, or explores the awful depths of their mysterious canyons, cannot fail to be impressed with the grandeur of the scene. And when in connection with this, the mind takes in the infinite variety afforded by the blending of rocks and refreshing foliage, the mountains present attractions that the eye never tires of beholding.

The accompanying cut represents a canyon in the Rocky Mountains. As can be readily seen, this is a deep ravine, or gorge, in the solid rock, the walls of which stand on either side several hundred feet high. In some localities the walls of these canyons rise to the height of two thousand feet. Among the most prominent canyons, we find the names of Boulder, Clear Creek, Cheyenne, and the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas.

To give a description of one will convey a general idea of them all. Through each of these mountain gorges dashes a stream of water white with foam, rushing impetuously on in its march toward the "great waters." For beauty of scenery, Boulder Canyon compares favorably with any of those mentioned. Entering the canyon just above Boulder City, the road winds in and out among the rocks, at times on the verge of a precipice overhanging the stream, then crossing by bridges, and on and up the rocky opening. Here, the rocks tower aloft two thousand feet, shutting out the rays of the sun at midday; there, lies a stretch of road, one side decked with fragrant flowers, the other side washed by a crystal stream that foams and leaps from point to point in its hurry to reach the plain.

Ten miles up are the falls. Here the water drops some forty or fifty feet from the shelving rock into a deep, narrow pool, presenting a charming sight. To use the language of a famous writer: "We have read of Alpine scenery, and of the Yosemite Valley, and have seen Niagara Falls, Delaware Water Gap, and the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, and we pronounce them all as tame and commonplace when compared with the scenery of this wonderful canyon."

On account of its railroad privileges, a journey through Clear Creek Canyon is more novel and interesting than one through Boulder. Think of taking a railroad ride through a mountain gorge,—a highway of innumerable short curves,—where you are steadily climbing at the rate of one hundred and thirty feet to the mile, and where one moment an apparently solid wall runs to the clouds across the track, and the next you twist sharply around or under it, while the cars surge and creak with the strain.

In some places where the chasm is very narrow, the road-bed has been carved out of the solid rock; and as you pass under the overhanging rocks, with the dashing, foaming torrent by your side, the scene becomes terribly sublime. As you ascend the canyon, the frowning rocks reach higher, and at times the chasm grows narrower till the eye can scarcely reach the summit from the car window.

A twenty-mile ride up the windings of this rocky defile brings one to the mines and stamp mills of Black Hawk. One mile farther on is Central. The first sight of these mountain cities is not soon forgotten. In spite of the barrenness of the country about, one is attracted by the novelty of the scene. Streets and houses are wedged into narrow ravines and gulches, crowded up the steep incline. Far up the giddy mountain-sides are built cottages which hang over, and seem ready to topple on each other. These are the miners' homes. Down in the depths, hundreds of feet from the light of day, these miners, by the dim light of a candle, delve for the gold buried beneath the mountains.

SAYS the biographer of an eminent Sunday-school worker: "He was the stronger for his own work through not neglecting the Lord's work. In truth, all that he did he looked on as the Lord's work; and because he honored the Lord in its doing, the Lord honored him in its results; and 'the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand."

THE FINCHES.

AMONG the class of birds called Finches are not only some of the most beautiful but some of the most melodious of the feathered tribe. They are, too, very easily tamed, and have been the companions of man from the most ancient times, and in some places they are valued more than any other birds. We give an engraving of five of them—the Goldfinch (at the top), the Chaffinch, Bullfinch, Siskin, and Mountain-finch.

The Goldfinch is noted for the colors of its plumage, the elegance of its form, and the sweetness and fullness of its notes. It is at the same time a gentle and peaceful bird, easily tamed and raised as a cage-bird, and showing great attachment to those who take charge of it. It will live to a great age in a cage or room. Audubon says he has known instances in which birds of this species have been confined ten years. It also gives evidence of unusual sagacity. It can be trained to draw water for its drink from a glass,—and when it alights on a twig covered with bird-lime for the purpose of securing it, "it no sooner discovers the nature of the treacherous substance than it throws itself backward, with closed wings, and hangs in this position until the bird-lime has run out in the form of a slender thread considerably below the twig, when feeling a certain degree of security, it beats its wings and flies off;"—and says Audubon, from whom we now quote, "I have observed goldfinches that had escaped from me in this manner, when about to alight on any twig, whether smeared with bird-lime or not, flutter over it, as if to assure themselves of its being safe for them to perch upon it. Several species of goldfinch are found in the United States."

The Chaffinch is a cheerful little creature, and passes the greater part of the day in action, only reposing from its fatigues during the noon-tide heat; and it, like the goldfinch, builds an exceedingly artistic nest. While the female is sitting on her nest, her mate pours out an uninterrupted flow of song. Chaffinches are exceedingly attached to their young, and utter loud cries at the approach of an enemy.

The Bullfinch is a very docile bird, and though its natural song is harsh and disagreeable, yet it can be trained, as in England, Germany, and Scotland, to whistle many airs and songs in a soft, pure, and flute-like tone, which is highly prized. There are many schools for training them, especially in Germany, the teacher making use of a flute to aid him.

Both the plumage and song of the Siskin are attractive, the greater part of the former being a beautiful green, called the "siskin green." Its song resembles that of the canary. It does not care about staying long in one place, but spends much of its time in wandering over the country, going south for the winter.

Mountains and large, close forests are the favorite resorts of the Mountain-finch, but in the winter season, when deep snow is on the mountains, it descends into the lowlands, and mingles with the other finches. It equals the Chaffinch in its activity, but is inferior to it in the quality of its song.

HANG-BIRDS.

THERE is a beautiful group of American birds called Orioles, or Hang-birds. They are so called because they hang their nests from branches of trees. The most noted of this group is the Baltimore Oriole, sometimes called Golden Robin; also Fire-bird and Fire Hang-bird, because its bright orange color seen through the leaves of the trees resembles flashes of fire.

These birds build their nests of different materials according to the temperature of the climate. In Louisiana its nest is made of moss, so woven that the air can pass easily through it, and is placed in the coolest position; in Pennsylvania and New York, the nest is built of the warmest and softest materials, and so placed as to be exposed to the sun's rays. So firmly do they secure the nest, that no wind can carry it off without breaking the branch on which it hangs.

JERICHO AND THE JORDAN.

JERICHO, "the city of palm-trees" derives all its importance from history. Though now only a miserable village, containing about thirty wretched cottages, which are inhabited by half-naked Arabs, it was one of the oldest cities in Palestine, and was the first place reduced by the Israelites on entering the Holy Land. It was razed to the ground by Joshua, who pronounced a curse on the person who should rebuild it. Five hundred and thirty years afterward this malediction was literally fulfilled upon Hiel, of Bethel, who rebuilt the city, which soon appears to have attained a considerable degree of importance. There was a school of the prophets here in the days of Elijah and Elisha, both of whom seemed to have resided much here. In the vicinity of Jericho there was a large but unwholesome spring, which rendered the soil unfruitful, until it was cured by the prophet Elisha.

Jericho appears to have continued in a flourishing condition during several centuries. In the time of our Saviour it was inferior only to Jerusalem in the number and splendor of its public edifices, and was one of the royal residences of Herod, misnamed the Great, who died there. It is situated in the hollow or bottom of the extensive plain called the "Great Plain," and is about nineteen miles distant from the capital of Judea. In the last war of the Romans with the Jews, Jericho was sacked by Vespasian, and its inhabitants were put to the sword. Subsequently re-established by the emperor Hadrian, A. D. 138, it was doomed at no distant period to experience new disasters; again it was repaired by the Christians who made it an episcopal see; but in the twelfth century it was captured by the Mohammedans, and has not since emerged from its ruins. Of all its magnificent buildings there remains only part of one tower, the dwelling of the governor of the district, which is seen in the middle of our engraving, and which is traditionally said to have been the dwelling of Zaccheus, the publican, who lived at Jericho.

The steep mountainous ridge in the background of our engraving is called the mountain of Quarantania, and is supposed to have been the scene of our Saviour's temptation. This mountain commands a distinct and delightful view of the mountains of Arabia, and of the Dead Sea, and of the extensive and fertile plain of Jericho. According to Mr. Maundrell, Quarantania is a most miserable, dry, and barren place, consisting of rocky mountains, torn and disordered, as if the earth had here suffered some great convulsion. On the left hand, looking down a steep valley, as he passed along, he saw ruins of small cells and cottages, the former habitations of hermits who had retired thither for penance and mortification; for which purpose a more comfortless and abandoned place could not be found in the whole earth. The particular mountainous precipice, whence "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" were shown to Jesus Christ, is, as the evangelist describes it, "an exceeding high mountain", and in its ascent not only difficult but dangerous. It has a small chapel at the top, and another about half way down, founded on a projecting part of the rock.

GOD PROVIDES.

THE world calls us lonely and friendless,
And pities our orphaned estate,
Not dreaming what sweetness of blessing,
May often on poverty wait.

For God in his mercy is teaching
Such lessons of trust in our need,
We daily are led to remember
That he is a father indeed.

Each morning we wake to new mercies,
As we from his bounty are fed,
And feel how directly his watch-care
Provides for each day's daily bread.

For while we are quietly sleeping,
In night's holy ministrant hours,
He breathes with his life-giving spirit,
Above all the beautiful flowers.

He paints with the rose-blush the roses,
Beneath the embrace of the night,
And blanches the heart of the lily
To purest and snowiest white.

The violets too, and the daisies,
Come out from the brown, lifeless sod,
And answer in fragrance and beauty,
The call of the life-giving God.

That we, when the day with its glory
Has banished the night with its gloom,
May gather these tokens of mercy,
And live by their beauty and bloom.

But while we are holding the treasures,
And crying, "Come buy of *my* flowers,"
We know that they only are loaned us,
They all are *God's* treasures, not ours.

WIND SONG.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow swift we fly;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Through the blooming grove we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

PANSIES.

OH, the golden-hearted pansies!
Oh, the velvet-petaled pansies!
With their shining faces lifted upward to the morning cool.
Oh, the beauty of the pansies,
And the blooming of the pansies,
Like a group of rosy children with their faces washed for school.

Oh, the budding of the pansies,
And the blooming of the pansies,
Filling all the air around with the faintest of perfume,
Make me sure that purple pansies—
Yellow pansies—velvet pansies—
Are the favorite flowers of all that in the Father's garden bloom.

INDIAN SUMMER.

THERE is a time, just when the frost
Begins to pave old Winter's way,
When autumn in a reverie lost,
The mellow daytime dreams away;

When Summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low;
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.

She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last, old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his scepter and his throne;
With boisterous hand the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.

Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

ROYAL CHILDREN.

IT is a very mistaken notion some of us have that if we only had plenty of money, and lived in a fine house, and could wear beautiful clothes, we should be perfectly happy. And when we think of princes and princesses, the children of kings and Queens, we are apt to imagine them the most fortunate little people in the world. But whatever we may think, they do not always consider themselves so. We remember reading of the Prince Imperial of France, when he was a small boy, standing at the window of his room one rainy day, and looking out upon some ragged children who were splashing in some pools of water in the street, and crying because he was not allowed to take off his shoes and stockings, roll up his trowsers and go out and play with them. These royal children are generally placed under much severer discipline than our Republican children, too. Louise Victoria, the oldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is described as being a very sweet little girl but with no great fondness for her French and German lessons, as who can wonder, when she is only six years old, and, one would think, might better be playing with her doll or rolling her hoop than to be puzzling her little brain over such long words. Her cousins come on special days to recite with her. But one day the little lady felt disposed to shirk her lesson, so she said to her mother, "I am so tired; I want to lie down!" Her mother, suspecting what the trouble was, gave her permission. Shortly after, the child looked up and asked if her cousins had come for their lessons yet. "Oh!" said her attendant, "they do not come till to-morrow."

Then out came the confession, "Oh dear me! I've laid down on the wrong day. Please let me get up." But little princesses are seldom indulged like other young people, and she was obliged to lie there the full hour. She is said to be not very rich in playthings either, and once when she had the present of a little toy donkey she was so delighted with it that she carried it around in her arms everywhere.

It is related of Queen Victoria's younger daughters, that when they were still young, they had a small kitchen and pantry fitted up with all the conveniences, and it was their favorite pastime to go into it and work like little housemaids. You think it would n't have been quite so nice if they had been *obliged* to do it, and to do it every day? Well, they might not have thought so. But is n't it better on the whole to know how to do a thing than only to make believe? Better to know how to keep a real house than just a playhouse?

But there is no need of envying these little royal people. We do not doubt they would often be glad to exchange their fine clothes and many servants for the privilege of playing in a sandheap, or with an armful of rough blocks they had gathered at a carpenter's shop, or picked up around some new house just being built.

Though in some respects a prince's life may look very desirable to us, yet there are dangers, trials, and sorrows connected with the responsibilities they have to bear that poorer people know nothing of, and many times they can go with safety where a king's life would be in danger.

STRINGING DAISIES.

BONNY bright flowerets, born in the wildwood,
Sweetly illustrating innocent childhood!
Shy as an antelope, brown as a berry,
Free as the mountain air, romping and merry.

Out in the hilly patch, seeking for berries;
Under the orchard tree, feasting on cherries;
Making long daisy chains, down 'mong the grasses;
No voice to hinder them, dear lad and lassies!

Dear little innocents, born in the wildwood;
Oh that all little ones had such a childhood!
God's blue spread over them, God's green beneath them;
No sweeter heritage could we bequeathe them.

MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

THE view presented in the picture is that of an island in the Thames River, England, near Windsor Castle. It is noted for an important event that happened there many hundred years ago, and is still visited by most travelers who pass through England. John I., who was king of England in the thirteenth century, was a very cruel man, and oppressed his subjects so severely that the nobles raised an army to fight against him, and finally succeeded in capturing the city of London. After defeating the king's forces several times, they wrote out a paper, which they called a charter, granting certain liberties to the people, and then sent word to the king that if he would sign it they would stop fighting and go back to their homes. The king knew that he was beaten, at least for the time being, and promised to grant their request. Both armies then advanced to the River Thames, the king's forces on one side and those of his nobles on the other, with the island, shown in the picture, between them. The king, accompanied by some of his ministers, rowed over from his side of the river to the island, while some of the nobles came from the opposite side, and there, in the presence of the opposing armies on either hand, the king placed his name to the charter on the fifteenth day of June, 1215. A small hut now stands on the island, within which is the stone whereon it is said the paper was placed for the king's signature.

Though the king, after signing the charter, hired foreign soldiers to come and subdue his rebellious subjects, yet he died before he accomplished his object, and his successors, for many years, were obliged to place their names to the same paper. This charter is as much reverenced by the English as the Declaration of Independence is by the Americans, and is considered the foundation stone of British liberty. It is always referred to as the Magna Charta, or Great Charter, and the island where it was signed is called Magna Charta Island. It was originally written in the Latin language, and a copy can be seen at the present day in the British museum.

MOTHERING DAY.

CERTAIN observances of stated holy days which were practiced by our ancestors two or three hundred years ago might be revived by this generation with a wholesome effect. Among these is the celebration of Mothering Day, the fourth Sunday in Lent, at which time it was formerly the custom in England for all children to bring to their mother a little gift as expressive of their love to her and gratitude for all that she had done for them. The children who were men and women, and had long left her side to become themselves heads of households, and fathers and mothers, were especially called upon to return on this day with their offerings; the mother, in her turn, giving each a peculiar cake called Simnel, a boiled compound of dough, sugar, and raisins.

The idea seemed to be that the adult returned gladly for one day to the condition of childhood, and came back to pay reverence and love to the mother who had nursed him on her knee.

The custom seems to us very beautiful and significant, and the memory of those old days was the most precious of a mother's possessions. The heart is never so hungry for love or the token of it as when it grows old.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown up man
Only is republican
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and latitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from the feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou shouldst know thy joy,
E'er it passes, barefoot boy!

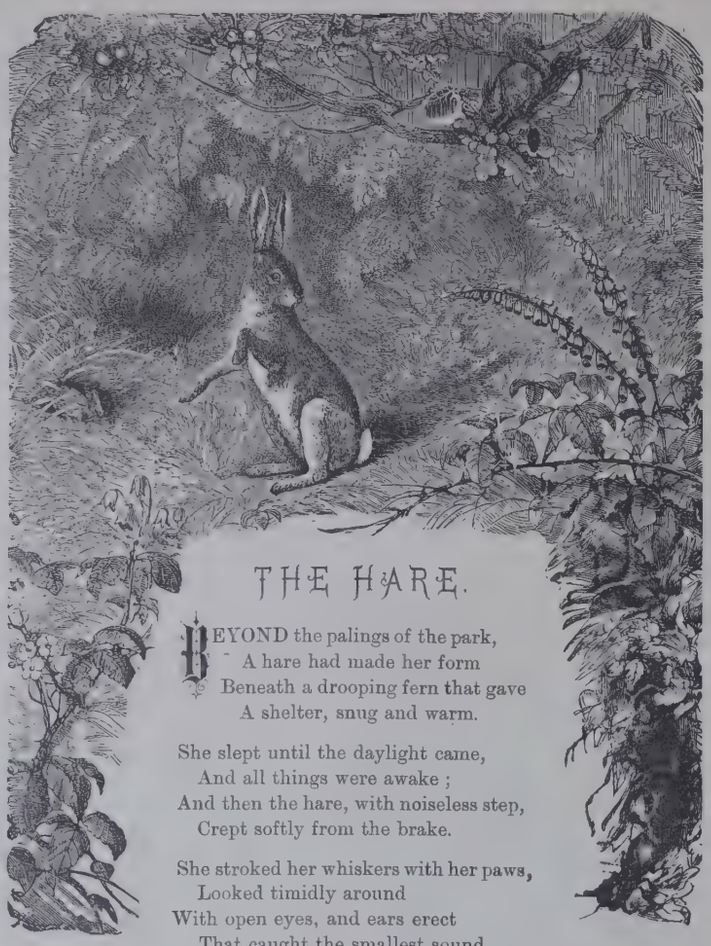
FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

AS we know familiar voices,
Every near and dear one's call,
Coming through the silent chambers,
Waking echoes in the hall—
So with instinct all unerring,
Ever strengthening more and more,
We can read the varied language
Of the footsteps at the door!

Grandpa's faltering tread, now heavy
With the weight of fruitful years,
Nearing yonder golden city—
Almost through this vale of tears;
Steadfast feet that never loitered
Bravely going on before;
By and by we'll miss their music,—
Precious footsteps at the door!

Then, the patter of the children,
Happy darlings! out and in,
Like the butterflies and sunbeams,
With no thought of care or sin;
Little feet that need sure guiding
Past the pitfalls on the shore,
Lest they turn aside to mischief,—
Blessed footsteps at the door!

Then, the matron, glad and cheery,
Hears her good man drawing nigh;
And the children hear the mother
As her busy footsteps fly.
Household music! We all hear it,
While we love it more and more,
And we hope to welcome with it
Angel footsteps at the door!



THE HARE.

BEYOND the palings of the park,
A hare had made her form
Beneath a drooping fern that gave
A shelter, snug and warm.

She slept until the daylight came,
And all things were awake;
And then the hare, with noiseless step,
Crept softly from the brake.

She stroked her whiskers with her paws,
Looked timidly around
With open eyes, and ears erect
That caught the smallest sound.

The field-mouse rustled in the grass,
The squirrel in the trees;
But the little hare was not afraid
Of common sounds like these.

She frisked and gamboled with delight.
And cropped a leaf or two
Of clover and of tender grass
That glistened in the dew.

What was it, then, that made her start,
And run away so fast?
She heard the distant sound of hounds,
She heard the huntsman's blast.

Hoy!—tally-ho!—hoy!—tally-ho!
The hounds are in full cry;
Ehew! ehew! in scarlet coats
The men are sweeping by.

So off she set with a spring and a bound,
Over the meadows and open ground,
Faster than hunter and faster than hound;
And on, and on, till she lost the sound,
And away went the little hare.

Two horsemen met near the statue of a knight with a shield. One side of the shield was of gold, the other of silver. One said the shield was gold; the other that it was silver. They got angry about it, and fit till both were badly hurt. An old priest came along and told them they should have looked on both sides of the shield. We should always look on both sides of the question.

EDNA'S TRIAL.

"MAMMA, one thing I am sure of, and that is, I can *never* be good as long as I have to live with Sandy."

"O Edna, think a moment,—do not speak so; you are blaming your brother for your own sins!"

"Well, he *makes* me naughty. I'm always worse when he's in the house. Does n't that show that I'm not really so bad? I want to be good and keep my temper, but as soon as Sandy comes where I am, he is sure to do something to vex me, and I can't help getting cross and saying something hateful!"

"Come here, my dear;" and the mother laid down her work with that pleasant way which mothers have of showing that they are willing to give their whole attention the case in hand. Drawing Edna close to her side, she said: "I will tell you what it shows; it shows simply that you are not strong enough to resist strong temptations. Nothing is easier for us all than to think ourselves angelic because we happen to live with people of easy tempers, or who smooth our way for us with kindness and love. And I think it shows something else, too,—that you have not that true sisterly feeling toward Sandy which should make you bear with him in spite of his faults and annoyances."

"I don't think he's got a very *brotherly* feeling toward me, or he wouldn't treat me so," muttered Edna.

"I don't defend his conduct," replied her mother. "You know that I have reproved and punished him for irritating you; but I want you to see plainly that what he brings out is really *in* you, else he could not bring it out. It might be possible for a person to live for years without doing anything flagrantly bad: he might, on the whole, seem to be quite good enough; and yet this same person might in the end do some very dreadful things, thus showing himself to have been full of the possibilities of wickedness all the time."

"I don't think that I quite understand you, mamma."

"Well, I will try and make it plainer. You remember the poor little girl with spinal disease whom I took you to see last winter, and you remember also that her mother was hump-backed. When Emma was born, although she was then straight and well-formed, the doctors said it was not unlikely that she would inherit her mother's disease. Yet for twelve years there was no sign of such a thing happening. But the day came at length when she had a fall, bruising her back; and then the dreadful disease, which had been lying quiet for years, made its appearance, and poor Emma is helpless for life; and this case shows that the bad seed was in her all the time. Now does my illustration explain itself?"

Edna looked up and said: "I see what you mean, mamma. I know now that the badness is in me. I cannot be sure I am good until I have resisted the hardest temptations."

"Yes; trials are not sent to make us bad, but good,—to show us our weakness or our strength. Remember this the next time Sandy teases you."

A PICTURESQUE PALM.

THERE are no less than six hundred kinds of palms, and they present in their varied forms some of the most graceful and picturesque as well as some of the most majestic objects to be found in the vegetable world. They stand out, with their light, airy, and plume-like foliage, in beautiful contrast with the deep, dark growth of the underwood. Some kinds reach the height of two hundred feet, while others have stems scarcely visible above ground, and display nothing but a wide-spreading bunch of immense leaves. The trunks of some are smooth, while others are rough with a fibrous covering. All are beautiful.

The bold and erect posture of some of them is proverbially emblematic of perfect righteousness. Thus David says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree." No cathedral has a pillared aisle so magnificent as the famous Avenue of Palms in the Botanical Garden of Rio de Janeiro. The tall stems rise to the height of eighty feet, and their overarching branches interlace, forming a beautiful roof.

The branches, or rather their long leaves, were considered as emblems of victory; and were often used as such on occasions of public rejoicing. When our Saviour made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, some of the people took branches of palm-trees, and strewed them in the way. And in the vision of St. John, the multitude which no man could number were seen standing before the throne, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands.

THE FAN PALM.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

THE earth is full of blessing,
There's beauty everywhere;
And He who made the universe,
Has made it good and fair—

The wild-flowers in the hedge-row,
The blossoms on the trees,
The radiance of the summer sun,
The freshness of the breeze,

The hoar-frost in the winter,
The crystals pure and bright,
Created in their loveliness
In one brief winter's night,

The mountains and the valleys,
The deep, unfathomed sea,
With all its rippling waves that play
And dance about with glee.

There's beauty in the luster
Of every twinkling star;
The colors of the rainbow, too,
How beautiful they are!

We gaze in silent wonder,
And whisper reverently,
"If this world is so very fair,
Oh, what must Heaven be!"

Every apartment of the earth displays the handiwork of our Father. There is a beauty in the structure and a mystery in the life of the leaf, the blade of grass, the smallest insect, which we cannot comprehend. There is an exhaustless richness in the sunlight, there is a grandeur in the forests, the mountains, the oceans, which ever lift the devout mind to the Giver of all good. If we would think of God as often as he gives us something to remind us of his care, he would be in all our thoughts, and we should talk of him and praise him all the day long.

INDIANS.

INDIANS were the aboriginal inhabitants of America, and were so-called by Columbus and the early navigators from the supposed identity of America with India. When the first settlers came to this country, they found the Indians quiet and peaceable; but when the white man trespassed upon their rights too much, their friendship was turned to hatred, and nothing was too bad for them to do. They attacked the "pale-faces," as the Indians called the white people, whenever and wherever they could. Especially was this the case in the New England colonies. They would tear up, or otherwise destroy, the newly planted corn, set fire to the log cabins, and send showers of arrows after those who tried to escape from the burning dwellings. Often the men of the settlement, returning at night from a hunting expedition, found their crops and buildings consumed by fire, and their wives and little ones either carried away into captivity, or cruelly murdered by the tomahawk, or Indian hatchet. But the Indians were not alone to blame. They did not always receive kindness from the hand of the white man. Once they were virtuous and happy; their lakes were full of fish, their woods alive with deer and elk, their prairies covered with buffalo, there was always plenty in the hunter's wigwam, and they wanted nothing.

A missionary once went to a chief of the Mohawk nation in Upper Canada, and asked permission to dwell among them. "What you preach? preach Christ?" asked the chief. "Yes," was the reply. "Don't want Christ; no Christ!" said the chief. The missionary persevered. At last the chief got warm, and, towering to his full hight, with a volcano of fire in his eye, broke out: "Once we were powerful; we were a great nation; our young men were many; our lodges were full of children; our enemies feared us; but the white man came and brought us 'fire-water.' Now we are poor; we are weak; nobody fears us; our lodges are empty; our council fires are gone out. We don't want white man nor Christ. Go!" A fearful reckoning awaits the men who, to build up themselves, tread down others, and thus dishonor God, and cover Christ's gospel with reproach.

BIRDS.

YE birds that fly through the fields of air,
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear!
Ye would teach our souls from earth to rise;
Ye would bid us all groveling scenes despise.
Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
That pleasure is toil—ambition is pain—
That its bliss is touched with a poisoning leaven,
Ye would teach us to fix our aim on Heaven.

Swift birds, that skim o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,
But press still forward, by night or day,—
As in your unwearying course ye fly
Beneath the clear unclouded sky;
Oh! may we, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

THE WATER THAT'S PAST.

LISTEN to the water-mill
Through the live-long day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves:
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thy own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect, and health
May not, cannot last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life,
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never pen'd,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take! oh, hold it fast!—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

STAND UP.

NOT long since a steamer was passing in sight of a drowning man crying for help. "Stand up!" shouted an officer on the boat, who knew that a good foundation for his feet was near the surface. The despairing victim of his own carelessness rose from the baptism of the flood, and walked with gladness toward the green shore.

By how many desponding, weary spirits, wasting in useless struggles their strength, looking for distant help, might this voice be heard from the skies—"Stand up!" God's foundation is beneath, and the fragrant land of harvest-work for glory and immortality is nigh.

Despondency comes not from God. He may providentially permit it, but it is not in him. There is no possible condition of life which can excuse gloomy discouragement or despair; no call for help apart from personal effort which will be answered. Ready for the weakest feet is the Lord Jehovah's way of deliverance; "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

Struggling, desponding soul, look not to pastor or friend; wait not for some imagined aid coming through the mist and gloom. "Stand up!" is the loving command; and the waters shall only lave thy feet, which move toward the wide field of usefulness beyond which is the strength and open vision of heaven. "Stand up!" and bid the waves of temptation recede from thee; and in the end thou shalt find that these temptations, firmly resisted, have wafted thee on to the immortal shore.

A LOST DINNER.

"STAY here and watch for a field-mouse?" said Pussykin, looking at a little hole in the ground, and then surveying her own smooth paws with complacency. "I should think I could, indeed! I can catch him too if he so much as looks out. My mother need n't think it such a great thing for her to go off to the barn and leave me to watch for a little while. What a great many charges she did give me! Dear me! Of course I can watch for a field-mouse as well as she."

Pussykin blinked her bright eyes,—frisked around after her tail once or twice by way of exercise, and looked in at the mouse's door again.

"What a time he is coming out! Does he think a cat wants to wait all day for her dinner? I wish my mother would leave this stupid place and go where we could make our fortunes. There are places where mice are plenty too, for I heard my mistress read about one last night; Poverty was the name of it. She said a man who lived in it was a great mice—'micer' she called it—and he was found to have five hundred laid up in gold in an old chest. But I don't see what he wanted to lay them up in gold for, when he had so many. Five hundred mice would last us a long time, and we could enjoy ourselves. It would be much better than watching so long for one."

Pussykin pranced about once, darted after a pretended mouse in the shrubbery, and altogether kept up so much noise that the real mouse was not likely to appear. Just then a hungry-looking gray cat crept through the hedge and softly approached.

"Ah, I thought I heard music. Was it your sweet voice, my dear?" he asked. "Do you sing tenor?"

"Oh, yes, I can sing ten or a dozen," replied Pussykin, arching her neck. "I sing as much as twenty sometimes."

"What a lovely coat you have!" said Gray-fur, with longing eyes turned toward the mouse's door. "And what beautiful paws! I lived with an old school-teacher once who was always telling the children to 'mind their pawses,' and they had n't any that I considered worth minding. But yours, now—I should think you would want to take care of them and not dig in the dirt too much. Scratching about after field-mice does n't seem fit work for them; it does n't, really."

"No; I do n't like it," answered Pussykin discontentedly; "but my mother left me here to keep watch at this hole 'till she came back."

"I would n't mind watching it for you if you'd like to go away and attend to anything else for a little while," offered Gray-fur eagerly,—"I'm old and not good for much else, but I hate to see a talented young creature like you kept at such stupid work."

Pussy hesitated. She had some misgivings about leaving her post, but just at that moment a brilliant butterfly flew up from a blossom near and spread its bright wings in the sunshine. Pussykin's round eyes opened wide in surprise and delight. What was that? Something far better than mice, no doubt. Any common cat could watch for a field-mouse, but would not her mother be astonished and rejoiced if she should capture this glittering, unknown treasure? What a triumph it would be! And without further words Pussykin darted away in pursuit.

Overhead, backward and forward, flew the butterfly, now alighting on a blossom, now tantalizingly near on a grass-blade, but always up and away before Pussykin could reach him. On followed poor Puss, racing and jumping, now scratched by the thorns of the hedge, now plunged into the mud by the eagerness of her chase, but never overtaking; and at last the butterfly fluttered gayly away, far overhead, and disappeared.

Tired, draggled, and forlorn, Pussykin made her way back to

her post, only to see old Grayfur marching off with the field-mouse in his mouth, and to wait for her mother, with no prize but a humiliating story.

"Well, well," said the old cat, gravely shaking her gray whiskers, "the butterfly wouldn't have been good for anything if you had caught it. Now we must both go hungry; that's what comes of neglecting the plain work before you and chasing off after something that looks grander. And when you hear any more talk about genius, just you remember this: It's faithfulness, and not brilliancy, that earns the most dinners in this world."

THE TORN BOOK

PUT the pretty book away
That your hand is tearing;
Let mamma see the sorry look
Your baby face is wearing.

It is not the book alone,
Your little hand is tearing,
But your own heart's baby peace,
And its quiet feeling.

Go at once to mamma, then,
She'll drive from off thy cheek
The shadow that is lurking there;—
Her voice will comfort speak.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

LABORERS in the oil-wells are often exposed to dangers. One of these oil-men, whose hair turned white during a night of terror, related his experience to a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*. He said there had been a heavy storm about midnight, and, as it was usual with the oil-country residents, he arose and looked out of the window to see if any tanks had been struck by lightning. A bright glare in the sky convinced him that a large tank of oil was on fire a few miles distant, and he went back to sleep, determined to see the first overflow the next day.

"You know that when a twenty-five thousand barrel iron tank of oil has been on fire for twelve or fourteen hours, the burning oil will boil up and flow over the sides just like a kettle of soap. At two o'clock the first grand overflow occurred. As I stood on the hill-side, I heard a man shout, "She's coming," and I saw pipe-line men running away from the tank for their lives. I heard a rumbling sound inside the tank and didn't know what it meant, but a few seconds after, I saw fully five hundred barrels of burning oil shoot up from the tank and boil over the sides. The burning oil floated down the creek for a mile, burning a saw-mill, numerous oil-wells and tanks, buildings, and everything within reach of its devastating breath. When the flow had partly subsided, it was found that a second twenty-five thousand barrel iron tank had been set on fire by the overflow of burning oil.

"I ventured down behind the tank to get a better view from the lower side. While trying to avoid a pool of burning oil, I fell into a sort of quicksand, and stuck fast. My utmost endeavors were of no avail in extricating myself. I yelled at the top of my voice, but so great was the roar of the boiling tanks that my voice sounded weak and far away. Suddenly I heard a cannon, and saw a column of flame and smoke shoot up from one of the tanks; the truth came upon me, and I was stricken senseless. The men were firing cannon balls through the first tank to draw off the oil and prevent a second overflow.

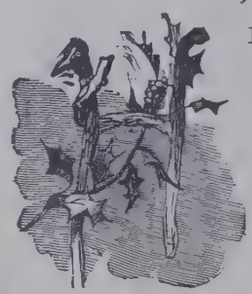
"What a conviction came upon me! It was a matter of seconds. I tried to shout, but the words would not come. With the strength of despair I struggled to get free, but the quicksand held me with the grip of death. All at once I saw a little stream of burning oil running slowly down toward me. My time had come, I thought, and I must be burned to death by inches. The stream of burning oil, now grown larger, was almost upon me,—then all was dark. When I came back to consciousness, I was lying in my own room with my friends around me. In following the supposed course of the overflowed oil, the men found and rescued me just as the burning stream was about to reach me. After a long sickness I found my hair as white as you see it now."

APPLE-TIME.

SHOWER-TIME, flower-time,
Earth is new and fair;
May-time, hay-time,
Blossoms everywhere,
Nest-time, best time,
Days have longer grown;
Leaf-time, brief time,
Make it all your own;
Berry-time and cherry-time,
Songs of bird and bee:
But, of all the gay times,
Apple-time for me!

Wheat-time, sweet-time,
In the closing year;
Sheaf-time, leaf-time,
Now will disappear;
Ice-time, nice time,
For a merry lad;
Snow-time, blow-time,
Earth is lone and sad;
Yellow ones and mellow ones
Dropping from the tree;
Rusty-coats and pippins:
Apple-time for me.

THE PICNIC.



ERE we are at last," cried a chorus of merry voices, as the train stopped at the little station of Elmwood, and a troop of boys and girls, with their teacher, hurried from the cars, and, carrying their well-packed dinner baskets, mad their way across the fields to the beautiful elm grove.

In all their lives, many of these children had never been beyond the brick walls of the great city, and for weeks they had been looking forward to the summer vacation, when they were to spend a day in the country.

"Follow me," said the teacher, and he led the way through a lane where the tall trees shut out the sunlight. Soon they came to a wide opening, where the soft grass spread out like a rich carpet to the edge of a little pond.

"Oh, is n't it beautiful!" cried the children; and leaving their baskets under a tree, they quickly scattered in all directions.

A fine, large swing was hanging from two of the tallest trees, and some of the children rushed toward it. Harry Blake reached it first, and was about to say, "Now I'll have the first swing," when he remembered his teacher's lesson only the day before. It was about the "Golden Rule," and quickly turning to the little group that had eagerly followed him, Harry said, "Come on, boys, there'll be time enough for us all to swing. Let's begin with the youngest first." "All right," was the answer, and one of the boys turned to lift little Minnie Lee into the swing. But the child shook her head, and drew close to the side of her teacher, who had now come up and stood under the shade of a tree near by.

"Let me go," said her sister Mabel, "I'm not afraid;" so she climbed into the swing, and Harry pulled the rope. "Why, it's almost like being a bird," she said, "to fly up so high among the branches."

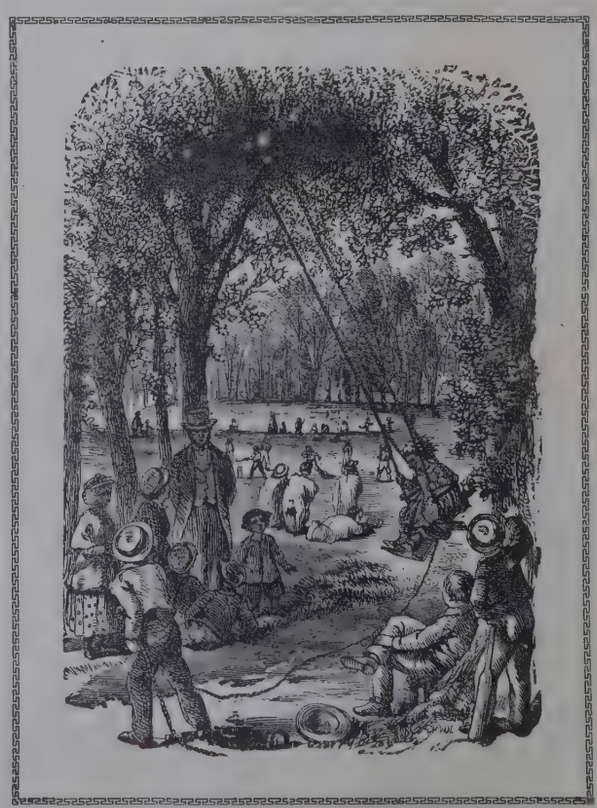
By the time they had all taken their turn at the swing, it was noon. They spread their dinner upon the grass, and no meal eaten at home was ever enjoyed half so much as this one in that leafy nook.

After dinner, they all gathered wild flowers and played till nearly sunset. Then the cars swiftly bore them home, but that little picnic is a bright spot in their memories, and they will be better and happier for the summer day.

RULE OF LIFE.

"THE Bible is so strict and old-fashioned," said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising him to study God's word if he would learn how to live, "There are plenty of books written now-a-days that are moral enough in their teaching, and which do n't bind one down as the Bible does."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he



ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life, *do n't use a crooked ruler.*"

THE USEFUL PLOW.

A COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plow.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark,
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep,
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing
On each green tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plow!

TRANSFORMATION.

WE planted the bare brown stems one day,
When the autumn winds blew cold,
And the dying leaves fell mournfully
In their tarnished red and gold.

And you wondered whether they lived at all,
Those stems so brown and bare,
With never a leaf or a bud so small,
To tell us that life was there.

And yet when the spring hath blessed the earth,
And June smiles warm and bright,
Their glory of roses shall wake to birth
And glow in the summer light!

So we lay them down in their lowly bed,
The dear ones we cherished so,
And sight would tell us that they are dead,
And more we may not know.

But faith looks on to the joyful spring
That she tells us shall yet be ours,
And the new life's glorious blossoming
Into far eternal flowers.

For the secret of life is God's to keep,
Not the wisest sage can tell
How it thrills through the fibres that seem to sleep,
And pours through each hidden cell.

Then well may we wait with patience here,
Nor weep o'er the churchyard sod;
We shall find the lost, whom we hold so dear,
In the glorious garden of God.

THAT LINE FENCE.

OLD farmer Smith came home in a miff
From his field the other day,
While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life,
At her wheel was spinning away.

And ever anon a gay little song
With the buzz of her wheel kept time;
And the wrathful brow is clearing now,
Under the cheerful rhyme.

"Come, come, little Turk! put away your work,
And listen to what I say;
What can I do but a quarrel brew
With the man across the way?

"I have built *my* fence, but he won't commence
To lay a single rail;
His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin—
I am tempted to make a sale!"

"Why John, dear John, how you do go on!
I'm afraid it will be as they say."
"No, no, little wife, I have found that strife
In a lawyer's hand don't pay.

"He is picking a flaw to drive me to law—
I have heard that he said he would;
And you know, long ago, law wronged me so,
I vowed I never should;

"So what can I do that I will not rue
To the man across the way?"
"If that's what you want, I can help you haunt
That man with a spectre gray!

"Thirty dollars will do to carry it through,
And then you have gained a neighbor;
It would cost you more to peep in the door
Of a court, and much more labor.

"Just use your good sense—let's *build* him a fence,
And shame such thoughts out of the fellow."
They built up his part, and sent to his heart
Love's dart, where the good soil was mellow.

That very same night, by the candle-light,
They opened, with interest, a letter;
Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair
Said the man was growing better.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

YES, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The tracks of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruit.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away!

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman:
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise,
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys.

VIOLET AND ROVER.

VIOLET started on her way to school, one morning, with her books in hand, and Rover by her side. Now this faithful dog always accompanied his little mistress as far as the door of the school-room to see that no danger should befall her.

While on her way, she met some of her little school-mates, who were going to have a holiday, and wished her to go to the pond with them to gather water-lilies. They told her that her mother would never know but that she had been to school all the forenoon, and that the teacher would think she was kept at home.

With some hesitation she concluded to enjoy the forenoon with them. After a few moments hasty trudging, they reached the desired spot, and soon had some of the fragrant lilies in their possession.

At length, Violet discovered one much more beautiful than the rest, some distance in the water, which she could reach if she could but get on to that great rock only three or four feet from the shore. But how was she to reach the rock? One plan after another flashed through her mind until she decided to place a board from the shore to the stone. This plan proved successful, but just as her hand grasped her beautiful prize her feet slipped, and down she went into the water. Her mates were all very much frightened, but her faithful Rover immediately sprang in and brought the dripping child to the shore. In this sad plight, she was obliged to return home and tell her mother all about how it happened. She must then have wished she had gone to school as her mother desired. If my little readers are tempted to be led astray in this manner, remember the fate of little Violet and do not yield.

PERFORM good deeds, speak kind words, bestow pleasant smiles, and you will receive the same in return.

HOLY GHOST FLOWER.

IN Mr. Woodward's gardens, at San Francisco, Cal., is a most wonderful flower. As you see in the picture, it is called "Holy Ghost Flower." When the flower is fully opened, a most singular and beautiful appearance is presented. The fructifying column in the center of the flower, with its surmounting anther and the projecting glands of pollen-masses, present a striking resemblance to a dove. Hence the name, *El Espirito Santo*—the Holy Spirit—was reverentially applied to it by the native residents of Panama, where the species of orchids is found.

The form of a dove assumed by the parts of this flower, as described above, is remarkably true to nature. The breast, the extended wings, the head and beak, and even two purple dots for the eyes, are all distinctly shown, and almost as true to nature as the art of man can depict them.

It has been found very difficult to cultivate this plant, artificially, away from its native region, which is comprised within the central portion of the torrid zone of the Western Continent. Some three or four years since, as Mr. Shuman, the chief florist at Woodward's Gardens, was crossing the Isthmus of Panama, he took the opportunity to make a collection of some of the most characteristic tropical plants, among which was a specimen of the *Espirito Santo*, which still occupies the portion of the native wood upon which it was found.

Both the flowers and leaves, with the distinctive dove representation within the center of one of the flowers is shown in the above picture, which was engraved from a photograph of the flower taken of the same while at the height of its show.

Five leaves spring from each bulb of the plant. These leaves are from twenty to thirty inches in length, by five or six inches in breadth—lanceolate in form. The stem of the flower grows from three to four feet in height, bearing upon its summit a spike of globose, fleshy, yellowish white flowers, yielding a very peculiar and delicate perfume.

A carefully prepared representation of the flower was made in wax at the time it was in blossom, which may be seen under a glass receiver at the left hand under the dome of the crystal palace of the gardens. In its native clime, this plant blooms just at the commencement of the rainy season. The flowers hold on about one month.

Sometimes there is a peculiar sensibility connected with the flowers of this species of plant, which makes it a most effective insect trap, so hinged that it immediately closes and holds fast any insect which may alight upon it, when its size is sufficient to inclose such intruders.

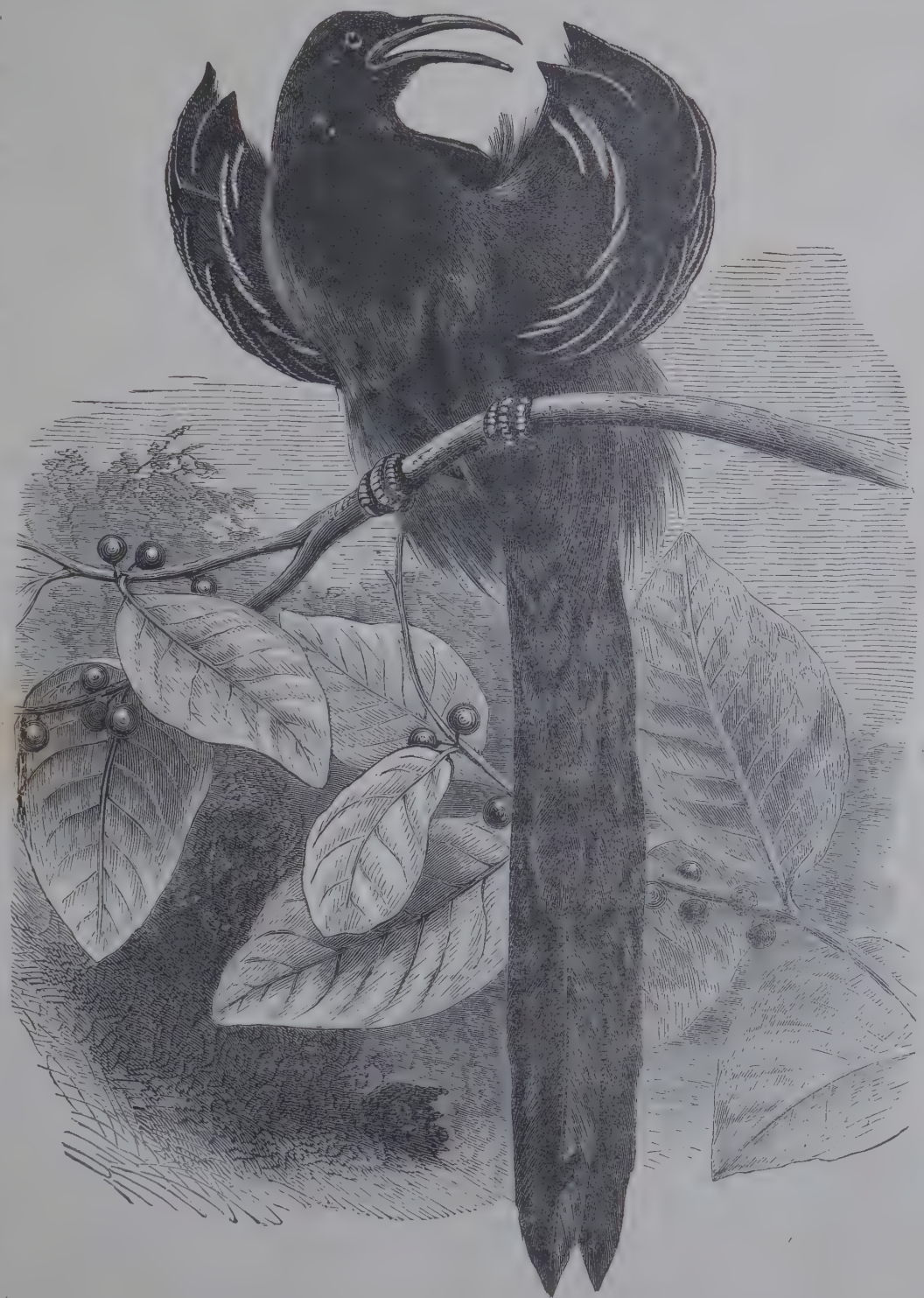
A GOOD name will wear out, a bad one may be turned, a nickname lasts forever.

BIRD OF PARADISE.

AS flowers among the vegetable kingdom are seemingly sent to beautify the world, so birds have their place among living animals, and seem created for the display of beauty. Indeed, they rival the flowers in variety and brilliancy of color, especially our tropical birds. Then, too, the grace of their movements and their sweet songs give an added and indescribable charm.

Among the most brilliant members of the feathered tribe, are those called Birds of Paradise. The natives of the Molucca Islands give them the name of "God's Birds," as being superior to all others he has made. "Not even the humming-birds themselves," says one, "present such an inexhaustible treasury of form and color as is found among the comparatively few species of the Birds of Paradise."

The Great Emerald Paradise Bird is described as a most elegant bird. From the tip of the bill to the end of the long side feathers is about two feet, but to the end of the real tail about twelve inches; the size of the bird being that of the thrush. The bill is slightly bent, and of a greenish color; the base surrounded, for the distance of half an inch, with close-set, velvet-like, black plumes, with a varying luster of golden green. The head, together with the back part of the neck, is a pale gold color, the throat and fore part of the neck, of the richest changeable gold-green. The whole remainder of the plumage on the body and the tail is of a fine deep chestnut, except on the breast, which is a deep purplish color.



From the upper part of each side of the body, beneath the wings, springs an abundance of long, loose, broad floating plumes of the most delicate texture and appearance, in some specimens of a bright, deep yellow, in others of a paler hue, but most of these marked by a few longitudinal, dark red spots. And from the middle of the rump spring a pair of naked shafts, considerably exceeding in length even the long, loose plumes of the side.

This bird is a native of the Molucca Islands, and the islands around New Guinea, particularly in the Aroo. The country where they breed is visited with tempestuous seasons, but these birds are seldom seen at such times; and it is supposed that they then emigrate to countries where their food is to be found in great abundance; for, like swallows, they have their "appointed times."

THE LITTLE BIRD.

A LITTLE bird, with feathers brown, sat singing on a tree;
The song was very soft and low, but sweet as it could be.
And all the people passing by, looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody that ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain; for birdie was so small,
And with a modest, dark-brown coat, he made no show at all.
"Why, papa," little Effie said, "where can this birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that, I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn a lesson from that bird,
And try to do what good she can, not to be seen or heard.
This birdie is content to sit, unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise from dawn to close of day.
So live, my child, all through your life, that, be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks, they'll not forget your song."

JOSEPH'S DREAMS.

JOSEPH was one of a family of thirteen children, twelve sons and one daughter. He, as well as his brethren, was a shepherd. But the angel of the Lord taught Joseph in dreams. These he innocently related to his brethren. In the engraving the artist has given a beautiful illustration of Joseph's dreams.

While pursuing their vocation as shepherds, his brethren sometimes wandered quite a distance from home. Jacob, with the solicitude of a true father, sends Joseph to see if they are all well. When they behold him, even afar off, they conspire against him to slay him. But Reuben proposes to cast him into a pit, hoping that he may be able to deliver him to his father. While Reuben is absent, however, his brethren, having relented at the thought of letting Joseph perish by starvation, lift him out of the pit, and sell him to a band of Ishmaelite merchants. Joseph is now carried down to Egypt, and sold as a slave to Potiphar, a chief officer of the king.

Soon, because of his integrity to the law of God, Joseph is unjustly thrown into prison. But even here the Lord is with him, and Joseph is given a position of some importance. After a time the Lord uses him to interpret the two dreams of the chief butler and the chief baker; and eventually he is brought in before Pharaoh to interpret two singular dreams that disturb him. Joseph explains to Pharaoh that there will be seven years of remarkable plenty, followed by seven years of severe famine. Pharaoh now gladly takes Joseph from prison, and makes him grand vizier of all Egypt. During the seven years of plenty, Joseph lays up vast stores of food throughout Egypt, for the coming famine.

In the years of famine the surrounding nations come to Egypt to purchase food. As the dreadful scarcity reaches into Canaan, even the patriarch Jacob and his sons are in danger of starvation, so the ten sons of Jacob also go down to Egypt to buy food. And they "came and bowed down themselves before Joseph with their faces to the earth." Joseph knows his brethren, and remembers the dreams which he dreamed about them.

After making himself known to his brethren, Joseph sends to Canaan for his father and the whole household; "for," said he, "God sent me before you, to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance."

After Jacob and his sons came to Egypt, Joseph gave his father a possession in the land of Rameses; "and Joseph nourished his father and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families."

THE PROPHET ELISHA.

OF the many good men and prophets whom God sent to warn and instruct his ancient people, none has a more interesting history than the prophet Elisha. We first learn of him at his home, Abel-melolah, a little town situated in the valley of Jezreel, a few miles west of the River Jordan. Here he was ploughing in the field with twelve yoke of oxen, when Elijah, who was at that time a great prophet in Israel, passed along, and casting his mantle upon Elisha, went on his way. Now the Lord had told Elijah of this man, and bade him call him to be prophet of Israel in his stead, for Elijah was then an old man. Elisha seemed to understand what Elijah wanted, and after bidding his family farewell, he followed after him. For some years after this he went about with Elijah, both "ministering unto him" and learning of him invaluable lessons and truths, calculated to fit him for the high place of trust which he was soon to fill. At last Elijah's earthly work was done, but instead of his being called to meet death as other men do, the Lord saw fit to take him to himself alive. Elisha went with Elijah, stopping at various places on the way, till they came to the Jordan. And Elijah took his mantle and smote the waters of the river, and they two passed over on dry land. And when they had gone over, Elijah made known to Elisha that he was to be taken away from him, and told him to ask what he should first do for him. And Elisha said, "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." And the prophet replied, "Thou hast asked a hard thing of me, nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee." "And it came to pass as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up in a whirlwind into heaven." And Elisha saw it, and he cried, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." And he took up the mantle of Elijah which had fallen from him when he went up, and going back to the River Jordan, smote the waters, and they again opened for him to pass through. As he came to Jericho, the sons of the prophets came out to meet him and bowed themselves before him, saying, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest upon Elisha."

While at Jericho, the people of the place complained to him because the waters of the spring which supplied their city were bitter, and made the land around barren. And he went out, and cast salt into the spring, and said, "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters, and there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land." And so it has proved. The city of Jericho has gone to ruin, but near the old site is a pure, gushing spring of water, which travelers speak of as peculiarly sweet and refreshing. And as if ever to keep in memory the miracle, it is called by the natives, "Elisha's Fountain." All around it the land is very fertile, and it is altogether a very pleasant place, being shaded by palms, fig-trees, pomegranates, and other trees.

And as Elisha went on his way to Bethel, he must travel by a very rough and lonely road. But finally he came near the city, and as he was traveling quietly along, probably thinking of the wonderful things he had just witnessed, a group of children came out of the town, and mocking him, began to cry, "Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head." And Elisha looked back upon them and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came two bears out of the woods and devoured forty-two of them. This seems a very hard fate for these thoughtless children to meet; but at this time many of the people of Israel were forsaking the God of their fathers, and worshiping idols and the strange gods of the heathen. This destruction of the children was undoubtedly meant to teach their parents and friends that there was a God in heaven, and that he, his works, and his servants, must be regarded with respect. It should also admonish children and young people of all times to treat the aged with the kindness and respect due to them. And especially should the servants of God, his honored messengers to man, be reverenced, not only because of their age, but because God has chosen them to do a great and holy work on the earth.

We have spoken of only a few of the interesting events in the life of this good prophet. During his long ministry he acted an important part in the public affairs of Israel, and many wonderful miracles were wrought at his word. They are mostly related in the first nine chapters of 2 Kings. He died lamented by King Joash and all the people.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

ON the banks of the celebrated river Euphrates, the empire of the world began. Nimrod, the great-grandson of Noah, founded the first kingdom that arose this side the flood. In Gen. 10 : 10, we read that the "beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar." This Babel was the Babylon of ancient history and renown.

The Assyrian empire, thus established by Nimrod, ruled Asia for about 1300 years. In the year 747 before Christ, it assumed a new form, when Belesis, called in the Bible Baladan, erected on its ruins the Babylonian, or Chaldean empire. This kingdom also had its seat at Babylon, and from this point rose rapidly in extent and power. It reached the summit of its glory under Nebuchadnezzar, about whom we read in the book of Daniel. He added to the kingdom the provinces of Asia Minor, Phœnicia, Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. It embraced, with these additions, all that portion of the world that had then become sufficiently inhabited to be of any importance or power, and constituted the first universal kingdom.

Babylon, the capital and metropolis of this kingdom, had been so enlarged, enriched, and adorned by these powerful kings that the Bible itself calls it "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency." Isa. 13 : 19. It was situated in the garden of the East. The air was pure, the climate mild, and the soil of all that region most rich and productive. This all contributed to its rapid growth. The city was laid out in a perfect square, 15 miles on each side, or 60 miles in circumference. This was the length of the wall, which consequently inclosed a space of 225 square miles. The wall was an immense structure, 87 feet thick, and 350 feet high.

The material for the wall was dug from the ground just outside the line of the wall itself. This clay was formed into immense blocks, or bricks, which were cemented together with bitumen, a gluey substance found in the earth in some parts of that country, and which soon became much harder than the mortar used in brick and stone buildings at the present day. From this, it will be seen that there was around the city a ditch, or moat, of equal cubic capacity with the wall itself. This was an additional defense to the city against the attacks of an enemy.

The space within the walls was divided into 676 squares, each two miles and a quarter in circumference, by 50 streets, 25 each

way, crossing each other at right angles. These streets were each 150 feet wide and 15 miles in length. Besides these, there was a street running around the entire city just inside the wall, 200 feet wide. All these together made 810 miles of streets.

Through the center of the city, from north to south, passed the river Euphrates. On either bank, through the entire length of the city, was built a large quay, and a wall as thick, though not as high, as the outer wall. On each side of the city were 25 gates of solid brass, opposite each of the 25 streets that entered the city on every side. In the river walls were 50 more gates through which the 25 streets that crossed the river passed on either bank. Thus Babylon had 150 gates of brass.

There stood the temple of Belus, three miles in circumference. Its central tower, rising up higher than the pyramids of Egypt, is supposed to have been the original tower of Babel, built soon after the flood. The immense building in the center of the picture is designed to represent this temple.

Just this side the temple of Belus is seen another large structure. This was one of the royal palaces, three and a half miles in circumference. There was another one, eight miles in circumference, at the other end of the bridge, across the river, not shown in the picture. And there was a subterranean passage under the river, connecting these two palaces together.

The hanging gardens constituted another wonder of this royal city. Immense structures containing vast quantities of earth, resting on arches, and rising tier on tier, they equaled in height the walls themselves; and with grottoes and castles, and full-grown forest trees, they seemed like veritable mountains of beauty and verdure, which they were designed to imitate.

The wealth of all the nations was poured into the lap of this proud city. All that human ingenuity could accomplish, all that gold could buy, was lavished upon it. And when the sun, which nowhere shown clearer than in the pure atmosphere of that fair land, rose upon Babylon, it looked upon a scene of beauty and splendor such as it never beheld upon this earth before, and never since has seen. Marble palaces reflected its dazzling light. Lofty monuments caught and flung over the city its rising splendors. Columns, and domes, and towers grew radiant with the brightness of its beams. Princes of renown, with gorgeous retinues flashing with diamonds and gems, displayed their glory in the streets of the city. Wise men and philosophers adorned its society. Children, light-hearted and happy, mingled in the throngs of its public palaces, and made its parks and gardens ring with their merry glee. With mirth and music and song passed the gay hours along in the city of Babylon.

To the north of Babylon were the provinces of Media and Persia. The inhabitants of these provinces, growing strong, at length rose up against the king of Babylon. Two years after the death of Nebuchadnezzar, by whom the Jews were carried captive and Jerusalem destroyed, the war broke out that was to overthrow that kingdom. After twenty years' success, the Persians, under Cyrus, laid siege to Babylon, the only city that held out against them in all the East. But Belshazzar, the Babylonian king, and all his subjects, shut up in their city, felt perfectly secure; for who could scale their lofty walls, or break down their brazen gates? And they had provision stored up there to last them 20 years, and land which they could till, enough to raise sufficient provision for each year's demand. So they mocked at Cyrus from their towering walls, and bade defiance to all his efforts.

No human power could force an entrance into the city. But God had said that the city should be overthrown; and he put it into the heart of Cyrus to accomplish the work by stratagem.

The Babylonians held a yearly feast to celebrate their victories over their enemies, especially their conquest of Judea. In these feasts they gave themselves up to all sorts of excesses, drunkenness, and revelry. Cyrus learned the night upon which this feast was to be held, and determined to make his attack upon the city in that night, as he supposed the Babylonians would then be entirely off their guard. So he dug an immense trench around one side of the city, from the river above to the river below, to form a new channel for the water. And when the fatal night arrived, he turned the river into this new channel. At the same time, he drew off what water he could into an immense artificial lake above the city. By these means, he so reduced the water in that part of the river which ran through the city, that men could wade through it in every part. Meanwhile, he had stationed a company of picked soldiers at the point where the river entered the city above, and where it came out below, giving them orders that when they found the water low enough to wade in, they should pass in through the channel of the river under the wall, into the city, and make their way immediately to the palace of the king, seven miles and a half away, where they were to meet, and overpower the king's guard, and slay the king.

The soldiers entered in as commanded. They found what Cyrus supposed they would find,—the city given up to lawless confusion, every man intent on his drunken revelry, none to command, and none to obey. And in the reckless carelessness of that night, the gates in the river walls had all been left open, so that the soldiers of Cyrus, having once entered the channel of the river, passed without opposition into the heart of the city. They pressed their way on as stealthily as possible, giving no alarm, till the two companies of Persian soldiers met, as had been arranged, at the palace of the king.

Let us now look into that palace, and see what had been happening there. Belshazzar had been feasting with a thousand of his lords. They brought out the vessels of gold and silver, which had been taken from the temple at Jerusalem, and drank their wine in them, and praised their gods of gold and silver, and brass, iron, wood, and stone. Wild with wine, the noise of their revelry was running high, when suddenly there appeared a hand, gleaming with fierce, unearthly light, tracing strange characters upon the palace wall. A sense of his fearful guilt seized upon the king. His countenance changed to a deathly hue, and his knees smote together. In wild haste the soothsayers and astrologers were summoned to interpret the alarming omen. Their arts and incantations failed them. They could neither read the writing nor tell its meaning. In their despair, the queen spoke of Daniel, the captive Jew, and he was called. This man, whom the king had forgotten in supposed security, he was glad to receive help from in his distress. Daniel read the writing, and this was the sentence: "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." See the whole account of this feast in the fifth chapter of Daniel.

Scarcely had Daniel finished the interpretation, when the noise of bloody strife was heard in the entrance to the king's palace. The Persian soldiers had just then reached the place; and falling upon the king, they slew him, as Daniel had declared. The gates were soon thrown open, and the Persian army entered into the city. Then, from street to street, from limit to limit, was heard the shout of the victors and the wail of the van-

quished. The voice of mirth and revelry was changed to the sounds of slaughter. And the night which they thought to make joyous with wine, was made horrible with blood.

And now began great Babylon's decay. Two years after this, Cyrus gave permission to the captive Jews to take the gold and silver vessels of their temple, and return to Jerusalem. The seat of empire was removed to Susa. Babylon's huge gates of brass were soon taken away, and its walls demolished. Xerxes plundered the temple of Belus of its immense wealth, and then laid the lofty structure in ruins. In the year 294 before Christ, New Babylon was built in its neighborhood, and men and material were drawn from the old city to supply the new. The princes of Parthia ravaged it. About the end of the fourth century, it was used by the Persian kings as an inclosure for wild beasts. And about the end of the 12th century, or 700 years ago, the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace were so full of venomous reptiles that a person could not go near them without danger; while to-day there is scarcely enough left, even of the ruins, to mark the spot where once stood the largest, richest, and proudest city the earth has ever seen. So wonderfully has God fulfilled his word.

THE FALLING OF THE STARS.

ON the night of the 13th of November there occurred one of the grandest and most remarkable sights ever witnessed in this world. It seemed as if all the stars in heaven were being hurled from their places and cast unto the earth. It is called the great star-shower of 1833. Of course we are not to understand that those stars which constitute the heavenly bodies are here referred to; because most of them, being many times larger than the earth, could not fall to the earth. But these were meteors, such as we have all seen occasionally shooting through the heavens, and which have all the appearance of falling stars.

Many are still living who witnessed this wonderful scene. Prof. Olmstead, of Yale College, said of it:—

"Those who were so fortunate as to witness the exhibition of shooting stars on the morning of Nov. 13, 1833, probably saw the greatest display of celestial fireworks that has ever been seen since the creation of the world, or at least within the annals covered by the pages of history.

"The extent of the shower of 1833 was such as to cover no inconsiderable part of the earth's surface, from the middle of the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west; and from the northern coast of South America to undefined regions among the British Possessions on the north, the exhibition was visible, and everywhere presented nearly the same appearance. The meteors did not fly at random over all parts of the sky, but appeared to emanate from a point in the constellation Leo, near a star called Gamma Leonis, in the bend of the sickle. This is no longer to be regarded as a terrestrial, but as a celestial phenomenon; and shooting stars are now to be no more viewed as casual productions of the upper regions of the atmosphere, but as *visitants from other worlds*, or from the planetary voids."

The *Christian Advocate and Journal* of Dec. 13, 1833, describes it as follows:—

"The meteoric phenomenon which occurred on the morning of the 13th of November last, was of so *extraordinary* and interesting a character as to be entitled to more than a mere passing notice. . . . The lively and graphic descriptions which have

appeared in various public journals do not exceed the reality. No language, indeed, can come up to the splendor of that magnificent display; and I hesitate not to say that no one who did not witness it can form an adequate conception of its glory. It seemed as if the whole starry heavens had congregated at one point, near the zenith, and were simultaneously shooting forth, with the velocity of lightning, to every part of the horizon; and yet they were not exhausted—thousands swiftly followed in the tracks of thousands, *as if created for the occasion*."

The *Journal of Commerce* said that "three hundred miles this side of Liverpool the phenomenon was as splendid as here; and that in St. Lawrence county there was a snow-storm during the phenomenon, in which the falling stars appeared like lightning. In Germantown, Pa., they seemed like showers of great hail."

Such is the universal testimony of eye-witnesses respecting the great extent and wonderful appearance of this great display of falling stars.

Rev. 6: 13 exactly describes the way the stars fell in November, 1833. And soon the rest will be accomplished, the heavens depart as a scroll, and Christ appear to take all his people to their heavenly home.

TRUE EASTER.

THE world for the dead Christ weepeth,
And holdeth her Lenten fast;
Doth she think that Christ still sleepeth,
And night is not o'erpast?
Nay, but the word is spoken,
Nay, but the tomb is broken,
And "Christ is risen! Yea, Christ is risen indeed!"

Long past is the Lenten moaning,
Long past is the bitter night,
Long past is the Easter dawning,
Now it is noonday light;
Set every song to gladness;
Why should the Bride have sadness?
Her "Lord is risen! Her Lord is risen indeed!"

He suffered *once* and forever
The cross, the smiting, and pain;
Once did the sepulcher sever,
But never, never again,
Earth nor hell can bereave us;
Jesus never will leave us,
For "He hath risen! Yea, He hath risen indeed!"

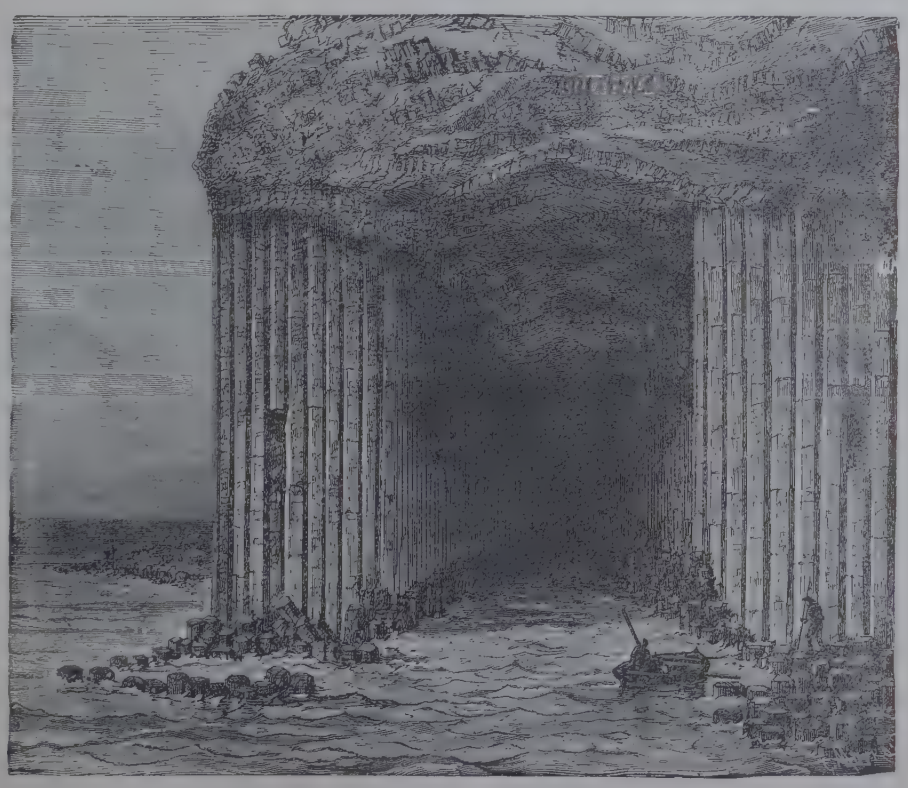
Always so ready to ease us,
Always so willing to stay,
Pray, pray that the living Jesus
May walk with us day by day,
Always the Easter glory,
Always the same glad story,—
"The Christ is risen! The Christ is risen indeed!"

FINGAL'S CAVE.

IN the Atlantic Ocean, off the northwest coast of Scotland, is a small island known as the Isle of Staffa. It is one of the group of islands called the Hebrides, but it is such a rocky, barren place that no one lives there. In the hard basaltic rock of which the island is composed, are numerous strange caves, which give to the place its only interest. The most remarkable of these is Fingal's Cave, of which we have a representation in our picture. This opens into the rugged coast of the island with a noble gateway, the height of which, from the rocky floor to the top of the arch, is

177 feet, and the breadth nearly 54 feet. The depth of the cave from the entrance to the farther end is 227 feet, and for the whole distance the sides are supported by massive columns of rock, of different forms and sizes, many of them being from two to four feet in diameter. From the roof of the cavern hang numerous whitened stalactites, sparkling with crystals.

The sea at all times flows into the cave, covering the rocky floor at the entrance to the depth of eighteen or twenty feet, but the water becomes shallower as you go in, until at the farther end it is not more than eight or nine feet deep. The action of the waves has broken many of the columns near the entrance of the cavern. The whole cave is lighted from without, so that it is easy to see the entire length of it. People often go in there in boats, and they say the air is dry and wholesome, and not at all damp and foul, as it is in many caves. It must be grand and solemn to float away into this great natural cathedral, with its innumerable pillars, its vaulted roof, whose beautiful lights of purple and gold are reflected in the water; and to listen to the waves surging always in deep and measured tones against the rocky sides. It is to this cave that the poet Scott refers in his "Lord of the Isles," when he says,—



"The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
And all the groups of islets gay,
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the templ's deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, wo'd raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still between each awful pause
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolong'd and high,
That mocks the organ's melody."

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

. . . .

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand:
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart;
For a smile of God thou art.

THE brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold !

Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow
Though they flowed so far apart,
And filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart !

THE LAKE-SIDE.

THE shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night;
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light.
Tired of the long day's blinding heat
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the Hills! where, cool and sweet,
Thy sunset waters lie !

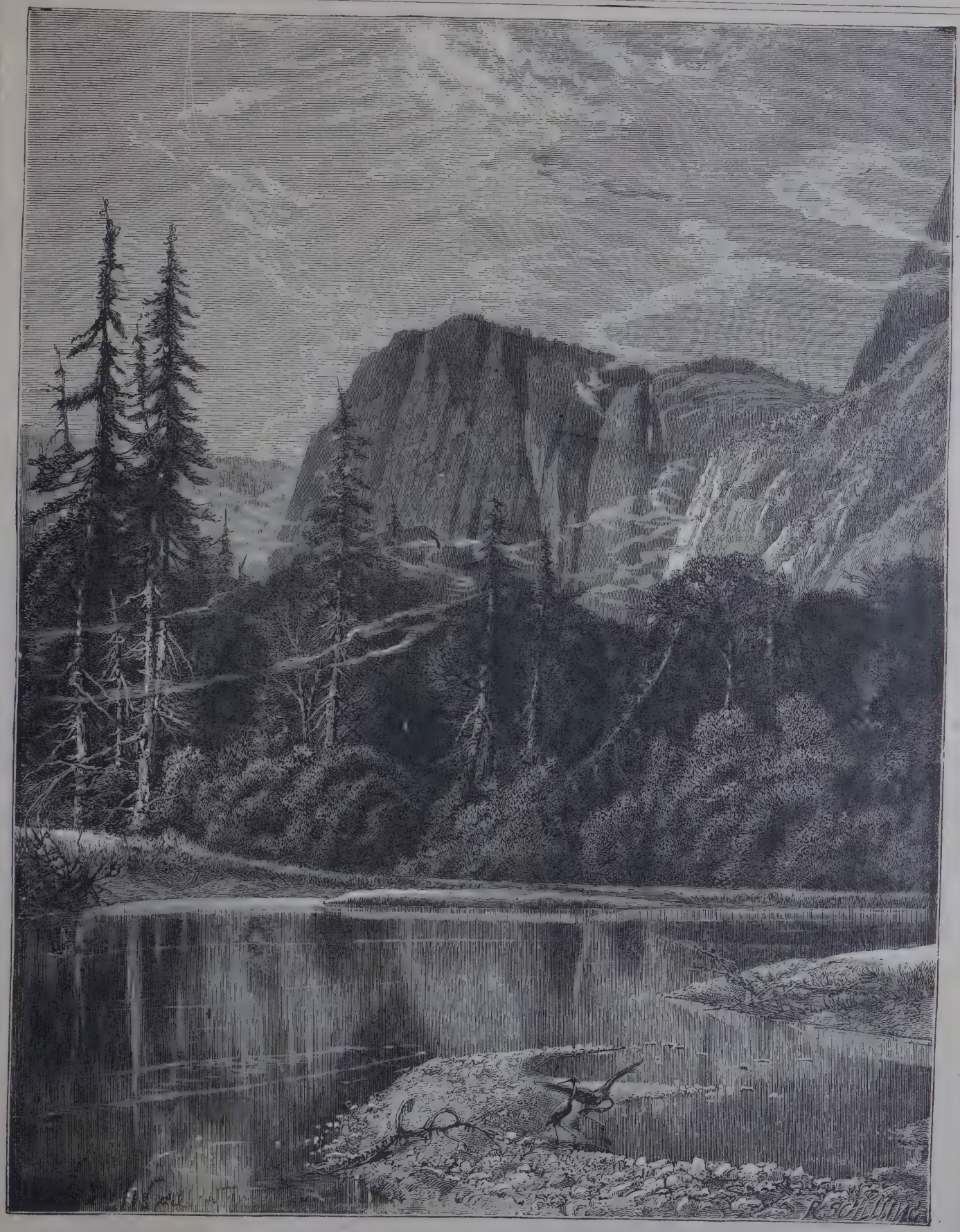
Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle and reach and bay,
Green-belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away.
Below, the maple masses sleep
Where shore with water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,
Of old, the Indian trod,
And through the sunset air looked down
Upon the Smile of God.
To him of light and shade the laws
No forest skeptic taught:
Their living and eternal Cause
His truer instinct sought.

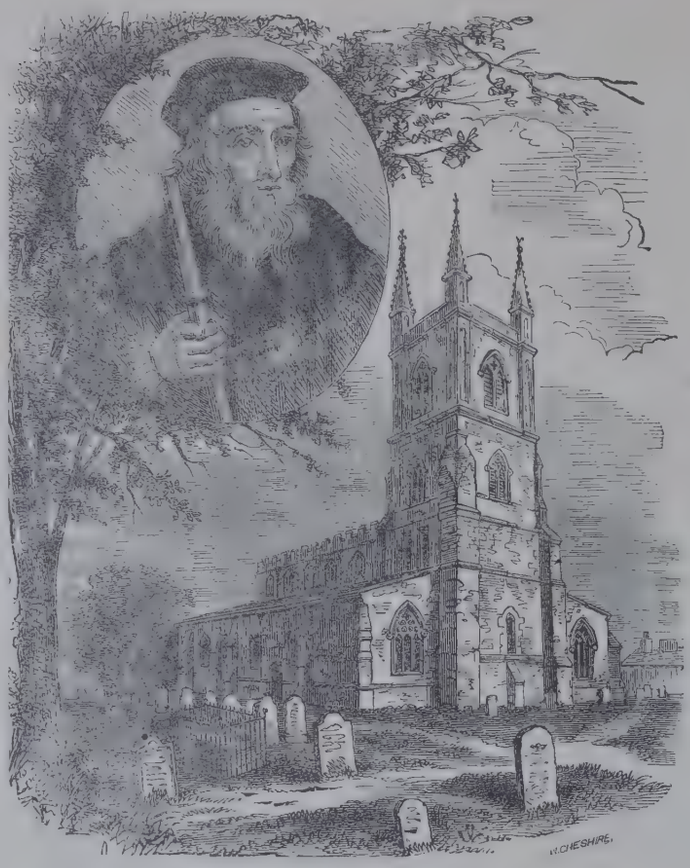
He saw these mountains in the light
Which now across them shines;
This lake, in summer sunset bright,
Walled round with sombering pines.
God near him seemed; from earth and skies
His loving voice he heard,
As, face to face, in Paradise,
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, O our Father! that, like him,
Thy tender love I see,
In radiant hill and woodland dim,
And tinted sunset sea.
For not in mockery dost thou fill
Our earth with light and grace;
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will
Behind thy smiling face !

I SHOT an arrow in the air;
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?
Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.



MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.



WYCLIFFE AND HIS CHURCH AT LUTTERWORTH.

JOHN WYCLIFFE was born in 1324, in Yorkshire, England. He has been well called the "Rising Sun of the Reformation," for certainly he was the greatest of all the reformers before Luther. He became a student at Queen's College, Oxford, in the year 1340, being about sixteen years of age. Very early in his ministry he became famous for his learning, piety, and zeal.

In 1348 a terrible pestilence, called the "black death," appeared, which greatly stirred the heart of young Wycliffe with thoughts of death and the judgment, and it is said that he spent days and nights calling upon God to show him the path he ought to follow. He studied the Bible, and found his way marked out in it. But the word of God was kept from the people by the church, and Wycliffe now began to demand that it should be given them. This caused trouble at once, for the Romish Church requires unquestioning obedience, and will not allow her children to read the Bible. But Wycliffe was not terrified; he had found the truth, and he was not afraid to make it known. From this time on, he was not allowed to speak in peace.

In 1374 he was presented by the king with the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. About this time, he began to speak out his mind boldly against papal doctrines and doings, and he styled the pope "Antichrist." This enraged the pope, who issued several bulls against him, summoning him to London; but being acquitted, he returned to Lutterworth.

He now labored earnestly to get the word of God before the people; and in 1380 his translation of the New Testament was completed, the Old Testament being finished two years later. This was a great event. All classes were eager to see and read this new book, and Wycliffe had a great number of persons who went from village to village, and from town to town, bearing copies of parts of them. He also labored with great zeal in the pulpit, preaching not only on Sundays, but on week-days.

He had a paralytic stroke, which left him in ill health, yet still he worked on; but on the 29th of December, 1384, while in his church at Lutterworth, in the midst of his flock, he fell down, again stricken by paralysis. He was carried home by loving friends, and after lingering two days, died. After his death, so great was the hate of the Romanists, the council of Constance condemned all his writings, and decreed that his body should be exhumed and burned, which sentence was carried into effect. Wycliffe was a great man, and he accomplished a great work.

MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

ANN HAZELTINE, the daughter of John and Rebecca Hazeltine, was born in the town of Bradford, Massachusetts, in the year 1789. The house where she lived with her parents is still standing, and is visited with much interest as the home of the first American lady who went to Asia as a missionary.

When a mere child, Ann was remarkable for her strong, clear, active mind, as well as her tender conscience; and as she grew older, she did not disappoint the hopes of her parents and friends. When quite young, she became an earnest Christian. She was a very studious girl, and obtained a thorough education at the academy in her native town. In 1810 she became acquainted with Mr. Adoniram Judson, a young graduate of Brown University, where he had taken the honors of his class. He had been for two years teaching a private school in Plymouth, but shortly before this he had become much interested in the subject of religion, which led him to enter as a student at the Andover Theological Seminary, where, to use his own words, he went, "not as a professor of religion, and a candidate for the ministry, but as a person deeply in earnest to learn the truth." He was naturally of a very zealous disposition, and when he became satisfied of the truth, was anxious to carry it at once to those who sat in darkness. It was while attending a meeting held in Bradford, in the interest of foreign missions, that he first met Miss Hazeltine.

This chance meeting led to an intimate acquaintance, and two years later, in February, 1812, Ann Hazeltine sailed for India as the wife of Mr. Judson, who was leaving his native land to become a missionary to the heathen. Naturally possessed of remarkable strength of character, trained from early childhood to habits of earnest piety, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of love and sacrifice, she was a worthy and fitting helpmeet for the zealous young missionary, so glad and anxious to relinquish all his bright earthly prospects, if he might but labor in the cause of his Master.

Owing to various hindrances, it was more than a year before they reached their destination, Rangoon, in Burmah. They set themselves with great earnestness to the learning of the Burmese language, and that without grammar, dictionary, or help of teachers who could speak English. Mrs. Judson learned to speak

the language sooner than her husband, but his habits of thorough and deep study enabled him to become master of the Burmese, and in a few years he was able to translate and publish the New Testament and parts of the Old, to help in their work.

Mrs. Judson was not physically strong, and her earnest and untiring work in the mission, together with the unhealthfulness of the climate, proved too hard for her. In 1821 her continued ill health made it seem best for her to return to the United States for a short time, but her husband remained at his post of duty. While in this country, her efforts among the people for the help of the mission were very constant, and probably resulted in more real good than would her personal labor in Burmah during the same time. It was then that she wrote and published the little book called, "History of the Burman Mission," which aroused so great an interest in the subject. In the spring of 1823, though still far from enjoying good health, she returned to her field of labor, accompanied by another missionary and his wife, who were sent there to help in the work.

Things now began to look very hopeful for the mission; but soon after Mrs. Judson's return, the English made war on Burmah, and all foreigners in the country were arrested by the Burmese authorities. Mr. Judson was taken from his dwelling, and thrown into the "death-prison" with all the other white foreigners. His wife, being a woman, was allowed to remain in her own house, but was guarded by ten ruffianly men. After a little time, by sending presents to the governor of the town, she obtained her liberty, and was finally allowed to visit her husband in prison. She found him and his fellow-prisoners suffering terribly, not only from their chains, but from filth and suffocation. The brave woman now went to the king and officers of the government to plead for at least some mercy in the treatment of the prisoners, and they were finally placed in an open shed in the prison inclosure. There, though far from comfortable, their condition was much improved, especially after Mrs. Judson had obtained permission to bring them mats and food.

She now began to work for their release by appealing to the queen, who had treated her kindly before their misfortunes. But the queen now refused to interfere; the hardships of the prisoners were increased, and the good woman was refused the privilege of visiting them. The officers of the government were sent to the house to take their money and all other things of value. She succeeded in hiding some silver money, but the rest they took, with almost everything else, although they finally consented to leave the books, medicines, and wearing apparel.

Again the faithful wife, by her presents and her earnest pleadings, obtained partial relief for the prisoners; and almost every day for a year and a half she walked two miles to the prison, usually with her baby in her arms, besides carrying food, and in other ways administering to the comfort of the sufferers. But for her efforts, they must all have perished. One morning she found them all gone, and the jailer refused to tell her where. She learned in some way that they had been removed to another place, six miles distant, where they were to be executed. She was told that it was of no use to follow; but taking her child in her arms, she started out. She found the prisoners chained two and two, and almost dead from fatigue and suffering; but she obtained partial relief for them. Mrs. Judson is said to have been a beautiful woman, and to have had great power of language, and even those cruel heathen officers found it hard to resist her appeals.

At last the Burman king was forced to ask conditions of peace of the English, and the prisoners were released and allowed to seek protection with the British army. Here they were very kindly treated, and everything possible done for their comfort and the restoration of their health. The sufferings endured by both Mr. Judson and his faithful wife during the time of his imprisonment, are too terrible to relate. They were reduced almost literally to skin and bone, and a few weeks more of such treatment must have ended their lives. If possible, Mrs. Judson's mental suffering had been more severe than that of her husband, and, too, her physical strength was less than his. Soon after their release, although they were then comfortably situated, and things beginning to look favorable for their work, the devoted woman sickened and died, and was buried there in a strange land. She was worn out by her sufferings and privations; and when relief had at last come to her beloved husband, her life went out like a flickering candle. She had lived and toiled through persecution and almost death; and now, when the sun of prosperity begins to look forth with promise of better days to come, of peace and joy, and liberty to prosecute the one aim and desire of her life, her burden falls from willing shoulders, and another must do the work she loved to anticipate accomplishing.

But "she being dead yet speaketh." Through all time the story of her noble life will serve to make others strong to do their duty; and in that glad day so soon to dawn, she, with all who have suffered for Christ's sake, will receive a rich reward.

WATER-LILIES.

FAIR water-lily, with heart of gold,
With dainty apparel, laid fold on fold,
Kissed by the ripples that come and go,
Tell me, whence cometh thy raiment of snow?

Dark is the soil where thy rootlets twine,
Whence come thy beauty and fragrance divine,
Waving aloft at the sweep of the tide,
Pure as a virgin, and fair as a bride?

Often thy house is the stagnant mere,
That gathers its blackness year by year;
Shining above it in stainless white,
Swingest thou ever a thing of light.

Down in this great wide world below,
Where teeming millions go to and fro,
Angels look ever and wait to bear
Their tidings above of the robes we wear.

And nightly the shining ones sing on high,
And the music rings clear through the starlit sky,
Down in the world, 'mid the 'mire and clay,'
Souls have been walking in white to-day."

THE PINE-APPLE.

THE pine-apple plant, of which we here have a picture, is highly esteemed, and much cultivated for its fruit. It has a number of long, sharp-pointed rigid leaves, looking much like those of the century plant. These all grow from the root, and from the midst a short flower-stem is thrown up, bearing a single spike of flowers, and therefore a single fruit. From the top of the fruit springs a crown, or tuft, of small leaves, capable of becoming a new plant, and very generally used by gardeners for planting.

The pine-apple is a native of South America, where it grows wild in the woods; and from there it has been carried to Africa and the East Indies, where it has become almost like a native plant, and scarcely requires cultivation. It is also raised to some extent in Great Britain and other temperate countries, but always in hot-houses, as it requires a high degree of temperature and very careful treatment. The fruit so grown, however, is said to be even superior in delicacy of flavor to that raised in the open air in its native countries.

LIKE a beautiful flower, full of color but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.

THE TAPIOCA PLANT.

IN the warmest parts of the earth, and mostly in Brazil, grows the plant from which tapioca is obtained. Its most common name is the *Manioc Plant*, though it bears several other names much resembling this. You will all, perhaps, be surprised when you learn that the juice of the plant is deadly poison to both man and beast, and you may wonder how we are able to eat it without injury. It is indeed wonderful that man should be able to convert a poisonous plant into an article of food, which is used all over the world.

But let us first notice the plant itself. It is a shrub, with very crooked branches, and grows to the height of six or eight feet. The accompanying picture shows a small branch bearing leaves, flowers, and fruit. The flowers are of different colors, and the fruit is composed of three cells, each containing a shining seed. Behind the branch shown in the picture, may be seen a cluster of roots. These are the only parts of the plant which furnish food. They always grow in clusters, and are from one to two feet long, often reaching the size of a man's thigh, and sometimes weighing thirty pounds.

These roots are stripped of their rinds, and ground into a pulp, or paste. This is put into sacks, and submitted to a heavy pressure, for the purpose of removing the poisonous juice. The cakes of flour that remain are baked or dried on hot iron plates. This process causes whatever juice remains to evaporate. The natives call this flour *cassava*, and the poorer classes make cassava bread their chief food. The flour can be kept for a number of

years, if preserved from moisture, and is very nutritious, half a pound a day being enough for one person.

But the tapioca which we eat, is taken from the juice itself! After it is pressed out of the flour, it is left to stand for a long time, during which a starchy substance settles at the bottom. The poisonous fluid being turned off, the substance that remains is thoroughly dried, and shipped to all parts of Europe and America, where it is called tapioca, or Brazilian arrow-root. So much of this is now used that the plant has been transported to other parts of the world, and is made an important article of commerce. It is less affected by the climate, soil, and ravaging animals than most other crops, and an acre of it is said to furnish support to as many persons as will six acres of wheat.

Some kinds of Manioc are not poisonous. The roots of these varieties are sweet to the taste, and are roasted in hot ashes and eaten with butter.

SOMETHING ABOUT GOLD.

AS pure gold is so very soft—too soft, indeed, for any practical purpose—it is alloyed with copper or silver, the first alloy producing a reddish color, second a pale-yellow gold. Our gold coin, like that of France, Belgium, and Holland, contains one-tenth of copper and silver—mostly copper. For jewelry, the alloy differs with the quality, and is estimated by what we call carats. A carat is the twenty-fourth part of any given quantity. Thus, when gold is called twenty-four carats, it means that it is all gold; when twenty carats, that of every twenty-four parts twenty parts are gold. Eighteen carats is the most common alloy used by jewelers, and keeps as well as pure gold. Twelve carats is only half gold, and is a low alloy, which is apt to tarnish more easily, and lose its lustre, requiring more frequent cleaning.

THE SEA-ANEMONE.

HOW many beautiful things God has made! He covers the earth with flowers, and he fills the seas with many things as beautiful as flowers.

Go down on the beach when the tide is low, and you may see upon the rocks among the sea-weed a lovely pink blossom, shaped like a daisy, with fringed petals growing around a very thick stalk. If you touch this flower it disappears, and in place of the pink petals there is nothing to be seen but an ugly little stump, of a dull red color. Let the stump alone for a while, and it will gradually unfold until the bright pink flower is restored in all its beauty.

This is the sea-anemone, which, after all, is not a flower, but a queer little animal that lives on sea-insects and small fishes, which it catches with those beautiful rosy fingers. We see in our picture one variety of these curious little creatures. The thick stump is the body of the animal, and the lovely flower that crowns it is a circle of arms that spread out far and wide to catch any straggler within reach, and bring it to the open mouth in the center, where it is rapidly swallowed up.

The sea-anemones are not all pink, but they are all wonderfully pretty. The star-anemone is of a pale green color, sometimes tinged with pink. Others are light brown or dark brown, orange-colored, salmon, or white; sometimes they are striped with two or three shades, sometimes mottled in different

colors. The pink anemone, which is often large enough to fill a saucer, is, however, for size and beauty, the queen of sea-flowers.

These little animals love to hide themselves under projecting rocks and among mosses and sea-weeds. They sometimes remain for a long time on a particular rock, but can move at will from one part of the sea to another.

THE CEDAR.

A WIDELY-SPREADING tree is the Cedar of Lebanon, generally from fifty to eighty feet high, and when standing singly, often covering a space with its branches greater in diameter than its height. The spreading branches, when the tree is exposed on all sides, are very large in proportion to the trunk. The leaves, produced in tufts, are straight, about one inch long, and slender, tapering to a point. Dr. Pococke, who visited Syria in 1744, says the wood of the cedar does not differ from ordinary white timber in appearance, nor does it seem to be harder. Although it has a fine smell, it is not so fragrant as the juniper of America, which is commonly called cedar, neither is it so beautiful. The number of the Cedars of Lebanon appears to diminish in every succeeding age. Travelers formerly counted between thirty and forty, till now there exist but seven. From their size, however, and general appearance, these seven may be fairly traced to Biblical times. Around these celebrated antiquities there is a grove of yellow cedars which seem to number from four hundred to five hundred trees, or shrubs.

Frequent mention is made of the Cedar of Lebanon by the inspired writers. No tree in the vegetable kingdom is so often made use of in the sublime poetry of Scripture as the cedar. The prophet Ezekiel gives a most magnificent and graphic description of this celebrated tree: "Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. * * * Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters. * * * All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young." (Ezekiel 31 : 3, 5, 6.) Here is described the great number and length of its branches and the close-woven, leafy canopy characteristic of the Cedar of Lebanon.

The roots of the cedar spread to an amazing extent, and strike deep into the earth, which is essentially necessary for the security of a tree of such size, when assailed by the raging tempest. A figure is taken from this circumstance illustrative of the security, as well as the spiritual growth, of the saints: "Israel shall cast forth his roots as Lebanon." (Hosea 14 : 5.) The cedar was employed by the ancients in building their most noble and sacred edifices. It was used to a great extent in rearing the temple of Solomon. There were first three rows of stones, then one of cedar wood. The wood-work of the roof of the celebrated mosque, now the cathedral of Cordova, in Spain, which was built in the ninth century, was made of cedars brought by the Moors from Africa. It has also been found fresh in a temple in Utica, in Barbary, supposed to be two thousand years old.

Jesus is compared to a cedar. "His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars." (Song of Solomon 5 : 15.) This intimates his strength, height, comeliness, duration, influence, and the refreshing shadow which he affords to his saints. The people of God are likened to cedars, because they are rooted in Christ, shall grow up to the lofty stature of divine perfection, and flourish as eternal evergreens in the paradise of the blessed.

THE DEAD SEA.

THE Dead Sea fills up the southern end of the Jordan Valley. The mountain chains which shut in the valley become here steeper, wilder, and bleaker. In some places they rise in lofty precipices of naked rock from the bosom of the waters; in others they retire, forming wild nooks and yawning ravines, fitting homes for the wild goats which still inhabit them. The scenery of the lake is bare and desolate, but grand. The water is clear and sparkling, a deep and beau-

tiful azure when the sky is cloudless, but reflecting vividly every changing hue of the firmament. In summer, when the heat is intense, a thin, whitish, quivering vapor hangs over the surface of the water, and gives a strange dreamy indistinctness to the mountains. At the northern and southern ends, the flat plains are parched and barren, in part covered with fine sand, and in part with a white nitrous coating like hoar frost. Brackish and sulphur springs occur at intervals around the whole border of the lake. Some of them are warm, and send up clouds of steam. At one or two places along the western shore, and also at the southern end of the lake, are slimy pools and marshes, whose exhalations of sulphureted hydrogen taint the atmosphere for miles. Strewn along the northern shore, especially near the mouth of the Jordan, lie large quantities of drift-wood, brought down by the swollen river, and it is everywhere encrusted with salt crystals. The great depression, the fierce rays of an unclouded sun, the white soil below reflecting the sun's rays, give the whole basin of the Dead Sea a temperature like that of a furnace. Never did I suffer so much from intense, suffocating heat as during the days I spent on the shores of this lake.

Yet still it cannot be called a "sea of death" in that sense in which travelers in former ages were wont to represent it. It has been stated that no vegetation could exist along its shores, and that no bird could fly over it; that, in fact, its poisonous exhalations are fatal alike to animal and vegetable life. This is altogether untrue. At every little fountain along the shores, the vegetation has a tropical luxuriance. I have seen the oleander dipping its gorgeous flowers into the lake; and I have seen the willow and the tamarisk and numerous other shrubs flourishing where their stems were at certain seasons immersed in the waters. The cane-brakes on the shore abound with wild fowl; and occasionally flocks of ducks may be seen swimming far out on the sea. The water, however, is intolerably salt and bitter, and no fish could live in it. Yet it is not altogether destitute of living creatures, a few inferior organizations having been found in it by recent naturalists. Its specific gravity is so great that the human body will not sink in it. I have tried it myself, and can, therefore, testify to the truth of the fact. This is easily accounted for. The weight of water increases in proportion to the quantity of salt it contains in solution. Ordinary sea-water has about *four per cent* of salt, whilst that of the Dead Sea contains more than *twenty-six per cent.*—*Porter.*

This sea is forty geographical miles in length, and its greatest width is nine miles, although these dimensions vary somewhat according to the time of the year. Its greatest depth is about thirteen hundred feet; and the surface of the sea is some thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, thus making it the most depressed sheet of water in the world. For this reason it can have no outlet; but though the Jordan and its tributaries daily pour an immense amount of water into the sea, the evaporation is amply sufficient to carry off the supply.

A PAINTER was once employed to paint a picture of Alexander the Great. In one of his battles he had been struck with a sabre upon the forehead, and a large scar had been left upon his right temple. The artist sketched him leaning upon his elbow, his fingers covering the scar. The likeness of the king was taken, but without the scar. So when we hold up the characters of others before the world, let us lay the finger of Christlike charity over the scars.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

VEGETABLE and floral wonders of California are as great a surprise as its mineral products. The fruits are superior in size, but lack in flavor, though there are exceptions. Apricots are abundant and fine. The grapes grown are almost wholly foreign varieties. The perpetual summer allows a constant succession of the same vegetables. Celery is in market all summer, asparagus from February to June. The large vegetables are obtained because growth never ceases. A hedge of fuchsias ten feet high, the stems as thick as a man's arm, would be a sight worth some trouble to see. At one place a division fence was formed by ivy-leaved geraniums, and covered with flowers; also a hedge of rose geraniums nine feet high; a Giant of Battles rose, six feet high, with a head eight feet broad; scarlet geraniums trained to the top of a house three stories high, accompanied by Lamarque rose; a century plant in blossom fourteen years old, stem forty feet high; and a hedge of myrtle three feet high and three feet wide.

"THANKS."

THIS world of ours treats us pretty much as we treat it; if we hit it, it surely hits back. If we persist in bumping against and jostling every one we meet on life's pathway, we will be bumped and jostled in return. But if we live and let live, and give as well as take, this world is not, after all, such a bad place to live in.

Learn to express gratitude while young; for when middle age comes, even if the feeling is in the heart, the words come slowly and awkwardly.

But while it is the height of rudeness and ingratitude to scant one's thanks, yet it is quite possible to go too far the other way, and be too prodigal of them. The greatest charm of gratitude is its sincerity; and while it is perhaps better to overwhelm a friend with acknowledgments than never to thank him at all, yet to thank a man for giving you a glance at the morning paper with as much fervor as would be appropriate if he had saved your life, takes all the beauty away from the courtesy, and renders it a bore. Several seasons ago an English lady, who was staying at one of our fashionable watering-places, and who evidently realized this fact, used to grade her acknowledgments according to the size of the favor received, thus:—

"Tha-anks."
"Thanks much."
"Thanks awfully."
"A thousand thanks."
"Thanks no end."

A set of saucy young folks who heard of it, and who were staying at a place much less fashionable, but infinitely more jolly, used to fire the whole set off in one terrific volley at each other in return for the slightest civility. But the English lady was right in principle, if she did show it in an absurd manner. Thanks should be appropriate to the occasion.

But above all, do not use that curt, underbred word, "Thanks," when you have occasion to acknowledge a favor. Say heartily and kindly, "Thank you." The slightest civility is worth as much as that, and it will make friends and keep them as nothing else will. The boy who forgets to say "Thank you" is a boy whom none will remember or try to please. And why should they? If he does not appreciate a favor enough to return so easy an equivalent as a simple "Thank you, sir," no one will care to do him a favor at all.

UP in the higher Alps the snow is sometimes piled so high, and is so evenly balanced, that the crack of a whip or the shout of a voice may give sufficient vibration to the air to bring down the whole mass upon the travelers below. So in our moral world there are souls just hovering over the abyss of ruin; a word or even a look from us may cause them to plunge down into the depths from which there is no return; or a helping hand stretched out to them in a moment of peril may lead them back to the safe, pure paths of virtue and peace.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from the frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

A SHOWER.

A COOLING breeze
Stirred all the trees
With music soft and sweet,
The rain-drops fell
In the quiet dell
Like the patter of fairy feet.

The flower held up
Its fragrant cup,
To catch the welcome rain.
Each lily bell
In the beautiful dell
Swung to the low refrain,
As soft the rain
O'er hill and plain,
Gladdened the growing grain.

THE SEED WE SOW.

PLANT blessing, and blessing will bloom;
Plant hate, and hatred will grow;
You can sow to-day, to-morrow will bring
The blessing, which proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed—the seed you sow.

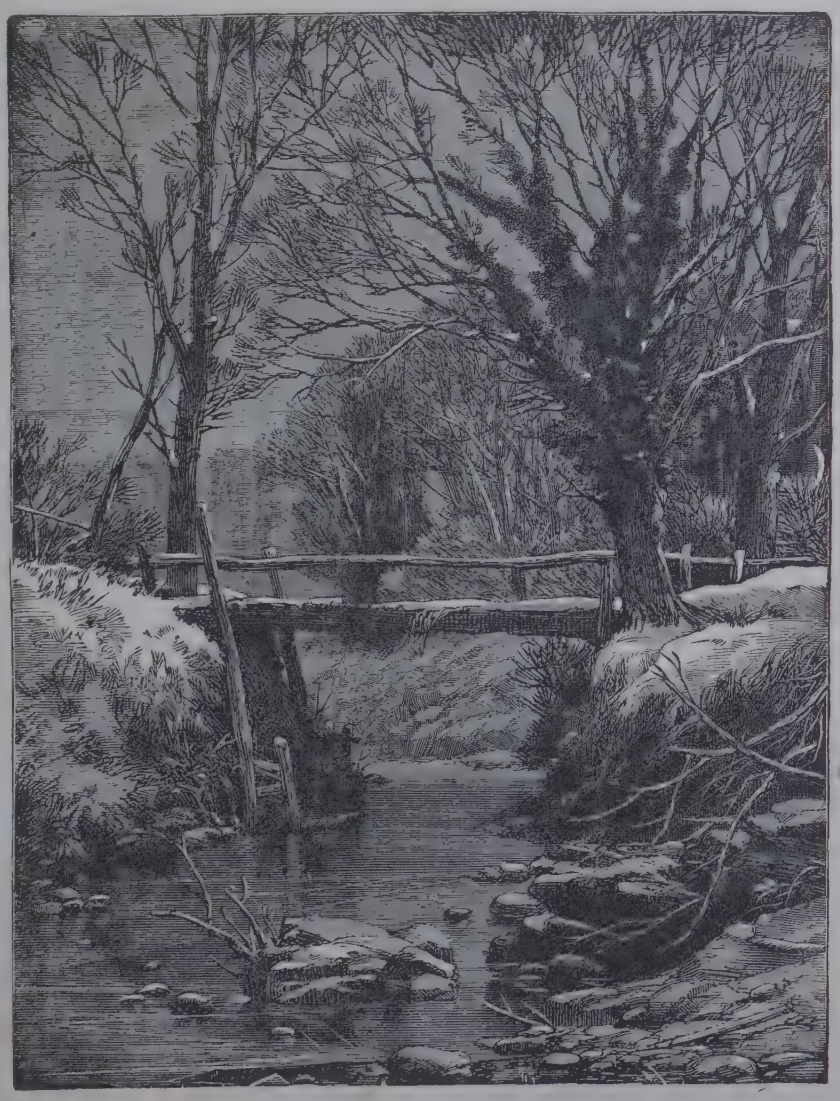
DEAD LEAVES.

THE forests that with springtime were bursting into light,
And spread to full, free Summer their canopies of green;
Fall, Nature's artist, painted with colors rich and bright,
And all the Autumn landscape in warmest hues was seen.

They burned in gold and crimson, they burned themselves away,
It left them brown, and shriveled their panoply of flame;
They danced upon the rattling boughs, they carpeted the way,
They flung themselves upon the breeze without a home or name.

We call them dead: they rustle down and lie beneath our feet,
They cover all the frosty ground, they fill the chilly air;
And though our tread above them seem softer and more sweet,
The trees that once have loved them, stand desolate and bare.

We call them dead: the dying year perchance has thought so,
But a newer year will find them with newer beauties rife—
When the sweet arbutus opens, and the early violets blow,
They draw from last year's leafy mold their sustenance and life.



OUR BABY.

FUNNY thing a baby is,
Curious little creature;
Funny is its little phiz,
Comic every feature.

Helpless thing a baby is,
Tiny hands uplifting
O'er the troubled tide of life,
Into which 't is drifting.

Mystery a baby is—
Memories of heaven
Still must hover in the soul
Such a short time given.

Solemn thing a baby is,
Since it must inherit
All the loss and gain of life,
All the sin and merit.

Funny, helpless, mystic, sad—
Let me tell you, Freddy,
Half the good and sweet of life
Is in getting ready.

Yours the sunshine—take it all
While you're weak and tiny;
By and by the days that come
May not be so shiny.

JACK.

THE picture on this page is copied from the photograph of a real dog. His name is Jack Willard. His master has taught him quite a number of tricks. He has learned to go to the meat-market alone and buy his own dinner. Many persons, knowing this, give Jack money; and so sometimes he gets more dinners than are good for him, and is made sick. So his master told the man who keeps the market to give Jack but one dinner a day. At first the dog did not like it at all because he could not get meat for his money every time he went. Now how do you think he saved his money? He dug a hole out by the ice-house, and buried it there. His master saw him do it, and so would give him no money to buy his dinner next day. Finally Jack went and dug up his money, and bought his dinner. He has often been watched since then, and always carries his extra money to the same spot, and never forgets that he has money in his bank. Jack still lives, and goes to market every day, besides doing many errands for his master.

Many children might take lessons from the dogs, and so learn to be quick and faithful in doing the errands on which they are sent.

THE RABBIT.

RABBIT is the name commonly given to several species of the hare family. The pretty little creatures are found in almost every part of the world, although they are said to be natives of Spain.

They build their nests in the ground, usually in meadows, but sometimes they are found in cultivated fields at the foot of a hill of corn, or some other plant that will afford them shelter.

During the summer and autumn months, when there is plenty of clover, they fare pretty well, and are somewhat shy of the farm buildings; but when the fields have all been cleared, they venture into the orchards and gardens, where they feed on the apples, and the leaves of the garden vegetables. They are especially fond of cabbage.

Although the rabbit is a very harmless appearing animal, yet he sometimes does a great deal of mischief. In the winter, when the snow is deep, and he can find nothing to eat, he gnaws the bark from the young fruit-trees, frequently destroying an entire orchard.

The poet Cowper, who lived in England about one hundred years ago, had a pair of them of which he was very fond; and as he lived alone most of the time, his rabbits were a real comfort to him. He is said to have spent several hours a day with them, feeding them and watching their pretty gambols; and when one of his pets died, he wrote a nice little poem about it. This certainly shows the poet to have been a very kind-hearted man.

In the mild October days, when the summer's work is done, and everything snugly stored away for winter, or later on, when the first light snow has fallen, the farmer lads like to get together and go hunting the rabbit and other small game. But boys, does it not make you hard-hearted to find your sport in destroying life? Did you ever think that perhaps life was as dear to the little rabbit as to you? Think of it the next time the one you are chasing looks at you so appealingly out of its great, frightened eyes, and see if you cannot find better sport.

BEAVERS AND THEIR HOMES.

ONE bright October morning my uncle, whom I was visiting, said to me, "I must go to mill to-day; wouldn't you like to ride over to T—— with me?" Now the road to the village led for two miles through the pine woods; and though it was an old country all around, this road had never been settled, because the land was not worth the trouble of clearing, so Uncle said.

Well, I shall never forget that ride, though it was years ago. The tall pines rose on either side of us, but along the roadside were shrubs and small maple trees, from which the bright leaves fell, and carpeted the winding road before us, while the yellow autumn sunlight fell in strange checkers on our path. We crossed some pretty brooks and one strong, dashing creek. On the bridge over it, uncle stopped his team, and pointed up the stream a little way. "There," said he, "are the remains of an old beaver-dam." As I looked, I could see it plainly, also on the edge of the creek were some strange grassy mounds, which he said had once been beavers' lodges; and when the dam was whole, and the stream high, they had been in the water. Uncle said he well remembered, years before, when the country was new, that the beavers had had a prosperous settlement there. Never having heard of such a thing before, I was delighted with his description of these interesting animals and their strange ways.

The beaver is about two feet in length, and quite short in stature, its body being thick and heavy. It has small ears, and its eyes are small, and wide apart. Its fur is soft and close, and is considered very valuable. The tail, however, is the most curious part of the animal. It is broad and flat, nearly half as long as the body, and is covered with a kind of horny scales instead of fur like the rest of the body. The beaver lives mostly in the water, and when on land, has a slow, wriggling gait, which makes him appear quite awkward.

Beavers build in colonies, and usually choose the place for their homes on some shallow, running stream, though they sometimes build on the borders of a lake. In the first instance, they have to construct a dam across the stream in order to make the water deep enough so it will not freeze to the bottom in winter. To do this they select a shallow part of the brook or river, and if they find on the margin a large tree of soft wood so situated as to fall across the stream readily, they at once commence to cut it down. If they do not find such a one convenient, and the stream be of considerable size, they go further up, and cut one, and float it down to the proper place.

Their front teeth answer the purpose of a wood-cutter's hatchet, and they begin the work of felling the trees about a foot and a half above the ground. The beaver lives on the bark of certain trees, such as the willow, birch, poplar, and alder; so they eat much of the bark and wood which they gnaw off in cutting down these trees. While some of the more able-bodied are employed in felling large timber, others traverse the banks, and cut down smaller trees and poles, which they drag to the water with their teeth, and then float them to the place where the dam is to be built. Still others are employed in bringing earth, which they pack in among the trees and sticks, and thus make quite a solid dam. If at any time these dams are injured by a freshet, the busy architects repair them at once.

They usually choose their site and commence their building in the latter part of August, though they sometimes begin earlier. Their greatest work is to make the dam, and this done, their next care is to go about building their houses. These are built partly in and partly above the water, near the edge of the pond, and have two openings, one facing the land and the other the water. They are usually in the shape of a dome, and the walls are frequently two feet thick, neatly plastered within and without, and so solid as to be impenetrable to the rain, and able to resist the strongest winds. Various materials are used in making them, such as wood, stone, and a kind of sandy earth not easily soaked by water.

THE FLAMING FOUNTAIN.

THE State of Pennsylvania is famous for its vast mineral wealth. Mountains of coal furnish fuel for the country; mines of iron afford ore for the furnaces, and material for a thousand articles of necessity and comfort; and then vast fountains of oil, hidden in the earth, pour out their treasures to furnish light for millions of dwellings in all parts of the world. Sometimes, instead of oil, gases burst forth from the earth, furnishing illumination enough for the entire region.

In the town of Kane, on the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, near the Philadelphia and Erie Railway, there are noted sulphur and iron springs. Here, in the spring of 1878, a well was sunk more than two thousand feet into the mountain, which, though failing to strike oil, opened veins of oil gas, enough to light a city. The well was finally abandoned, and the casings used in boring were pulled out, when the hole rapidly filled with water, which poured in until the imprisoned gas accumulated beneath in sufficient quantities to lift the column of water, over a third of a mile deep, when it blew the water out in a volume of spray over the top of the well.

From that time this process has been going on; and at intervals of from six to ten minutes this vast body of gas, spray, and water, is blown out into the air in a column a hundred feet high. Sometimes the gas is set on fire, and the mingling of flame and spray produce most beautiful rainbows in the night.

In the winter the water freezes, and after weeks of cold weather the frozen foam stands in a mass more than a hundred feet high, sparkling in the sunshine, a most magnificent spectacle, bright with a light that seems to remind one of the jasper walls of the city of God, the New Jerusalem.

SEEING THROUGH WATER.

CURRENTS in the very bed of a river, or beneath the surface of the sea, may be watched by an arrangement that smugglers used in the old days. They sank their contraband cargo when there was an alarm, and they searched for it again by the help of a so-called marine telescope. It was nothing more than a cask with a plate of strong glass at the bottom. The man plunged the closed end a few inches below the surface, and put his head into the other end, and then he saw clearly into the water. The glare and confused reflections and refractions from and through the rippled surface of the sea were entirely shut out by this contrivance. Seal hunters still use it. With this simple apparatus the stirring life of the sea bottom can be watched at leisure and with great distinctness. So far as this contrivance enables men to see the land under the waves, movements under water very closely resemble movements in the air. Seaweeds, like plants, bend before the gale; fish, like birds, keep their heads to the stream, and hang poised on their fins; mud clouds take the shape of water clouds in air, impeding light, casting shadows, and taking shapes which point out the directions of currents. It is strange, at first, to hang over a boat's side, peering into a new world. And the interest grows. It is exciting to watch the big fish swooping, like hawks, out of their seaweed forest, after a white fly sunk to the treetops to tempt them. Some one has suggested plate-glass windows in the bottom of a boat; it would bring men and fish face to face, and the habits of the latter could be leisurely watched.

LIFE, as it runs out, is daily letting us down into Christ's bosom; and thus each day and hour is a step homeward, a danger over, a good secured.

THE DRIPPING WELL OF KNARESBOROUGH.

WHAT the guide-books have to say upon that most remarkable natural curiosity, the Dripping Well of Knaresborough, England, I do not know; into the geology and chemistry of the wonder I have not inquired; I have only looked at it with the eyes of an ordinary sight-seer of a meditative turn of mind, and have been well repaid. A huge mass of rock has fallen from the face of the cliff, and seems ready to take a still further leap into the stream beneath. A constant drip of water flows over the front of this rocky fragment, whose face is polished as smooth as marble. The water apparently rises out of the rock itself, and does not filter from the cliff above, for between it and the rock there is a wide crack into which the visitor may easily pass. A perpetual shower of the coolest crystal descends into a little pool below, and looks as if nature had determined to outdo all artificial shower-baths with one of her own. Depending from the rock are miscellaneous articles, enduring the full force of the drip: hats, shoes, toy-houses, birds, birds'-nests, and other objects, both elegant and uncouth, are hanging in the midst of the rainfall; they are all enduring the process of petrifaction, which the water accomplishes for them in a few months. Drop by drop the liquid falls, and leaves a minute deposit of stony matter every time; and thus slowly, but surely, the whole substance becomes coated and covered with lime, and absolutely transformed into stone. The old fable of the foes of Perseus turned into stone might have been actually accomplished here if the hero's enemies could have been induced to remain long enough in the shower-bath. We have heard of a certain damsel who wished to be considered a fine lady, and declared herself to have been upon some great occasion, quite *putrefied* with astonishment; she might here have been "putrefied" in the most wholesome manner. A museum in the inn contains a small selection of petrifactions; these curiosities appear to command a rapid sale, for there were none to be disposed of, and many bespoken.

GIRLS' MANNERS.

THE *Christian Union* utters a wise word to the girls, which we trust may be so heeded by them that the faults which it seeks to correct may never appear in their manners:—

If our little girls greet their brothers and sisters, and perhaps even their parents, boisterously,—if, instead of "Good morning!" they cry, "Halloo, papa! Halloo, mamma!" and call playmates in the streets in the same rough manner,—who will be surprised if this style follows them as they grow up and appear as young ladies?

Referring to this unlady-like manner and mode of address, a gentleman writes that, passing two pretty, well-dressed, stylish-looking young ladies in the public street, he was surprised to hear one meet the other with "Halloo, Sid!" and the other respond, "Halloo, Tude!" to her friend's greeting; and he remarks that it was just what two lounging young men might have said, or stable-boys, for that matter.

It might not have been so much out of the way for the latter, but I confess it sounded very odd and offensive in what I supposed to be two well-bred young ladies—as much as if I had heard two beautiful, gay, and rose-colored birds begin to swear.

It was so unnatural and out of place. It may be the "style" for young girls or ladies to greet each other with a "Halloo!" but I can't like it or get used to it. These things may seem but trifles, but they make all the difference between nice things and very common things.

A CLERGYMAN on his way to a missionary meeting overtook a boy, and asked him about the road, and where he was going.

"Oh!" he said, "I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister. "What do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary-box, and I always go to the missionary meeting. I belong."

Now that is what we want. Every child should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of any one else. Linch-pins are little things; but if they drop out, the wagon is very likely to come to a stand-still. Every child should be able to say, "Why, I'm part of the concern!"

THE CHAMOIS.

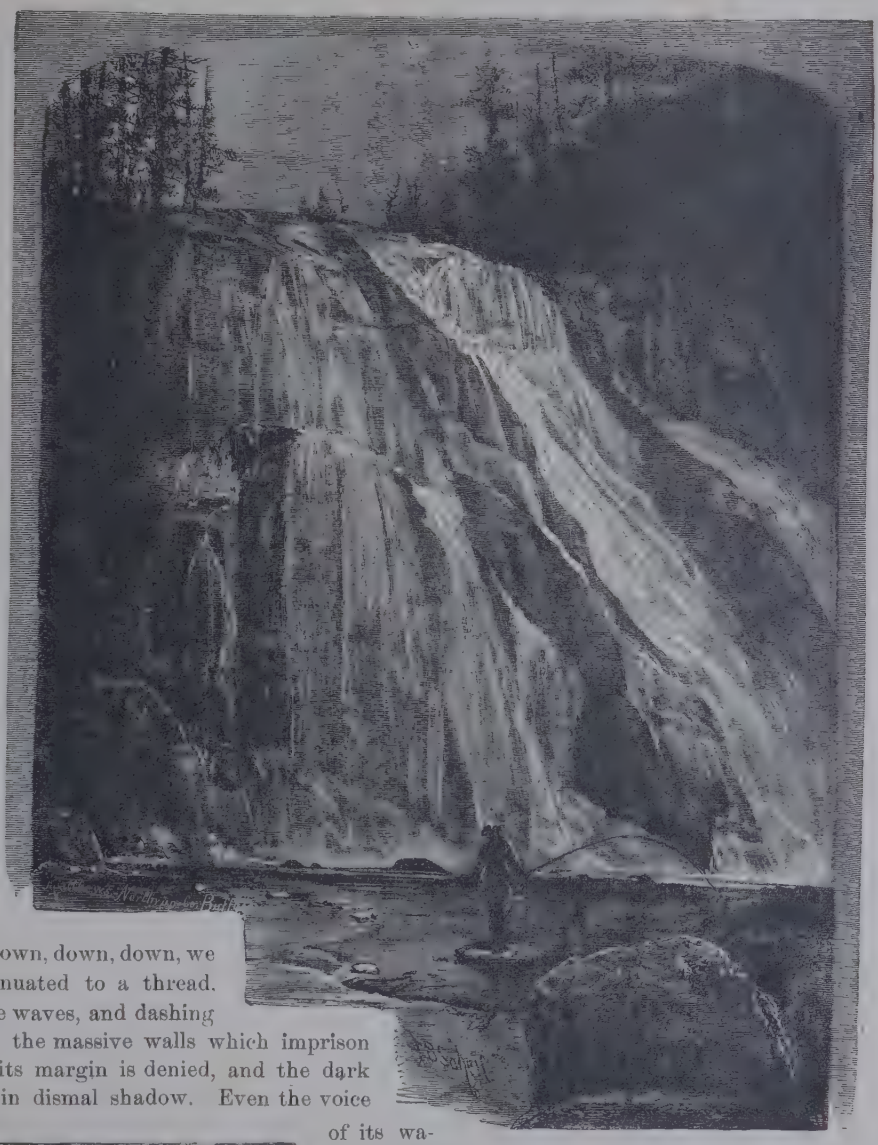
THE chamois so closely resembles the goat in its appearance, that it is often supposed to belong to the goat family; it is, however, a true antelope. Its horns are short, and curve backward, and are formed just like those of other antelopes. It is a very swift animal, and can run up and down steep cliffs with astonishing ease and rapidity. Its sense of smell is very remarkable, and enables it to scent the approach of a man long before it can see him. And its hearing is as quick as its scent is keen. Like many others of the antelope family, the chamois, when feeding or resting in herds, post one of their number as a sentinel, to give the alarm in case he scents or sees any danger. This he does by making a peculiar warning whistle, when the whole herd at once take to flight. It is remarkable that the herd always run *from* the danger, which shows that the chamois has the power not only of informing his companions of danger, but also in some way of making them understand from what direction the danger is coming. Facts of this nature, of which there are abundance on record, prove that although the sounds of animals' voices appear to us to be without any definite signification, yet they possess the power of communicating ideas to others of the same species. When their attention is aroused by anything suspicious, they have a habit of gazing fixedly in the direction of the object which has excited their alarm, and will remain still as if carved out of the very rock on which they stand, halting in one fixed attitude for an almost incredible length of time. Their ears are as acute as their nostrils, so that there are very few animals which are more difficult to approach than the chamois.

Owing to its wonderful power in bounding along the sides of very steep places, and from ledge to ledge of rocks,—now leaping over a fearful chasm, then sweeping away like the wind over a glacier; again throwing itself down a dangerous precipice, landing, as if by a miracle, upon some slight projection, so slight as to escape the notice of even a practiced human eye, then rushing along narrow paths, above fathomless abysses, suddenly darting up rocky barriers which rise like a wall, and escaping over the summit of some Alpine peak,—the pursuit of the chamois is one of the most exciting and perilous of human undertakings. It can seldom be taken alive, and never thrives in captivity.

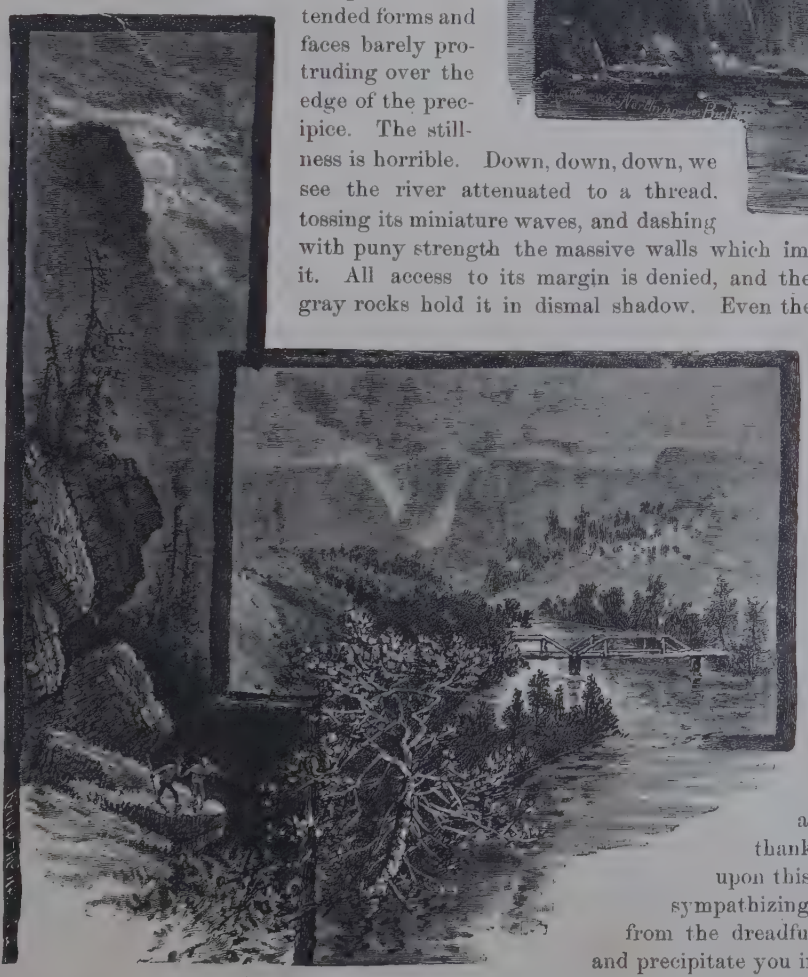
The habits and wonderful powers of this animal, so well suited to the wild life it must lead among the mountain crags and rugged precipices, where it has its home, are a striking illustration of the wisdom of Him who made all things for his own glory.

GREAT CANYON.

OUT in Wyoming Territory is some of the most beautiful scenery to be found anywhere. The most picturesque portion of it is situated in what is called Yellowstone Park, a glimpse of which is given in the cut below. It is reached by the new branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad.



Gibbon Falls, represented in the second cut, are at the head of one of the most remarkable canyons in the world,—a gorge through volcanic rocks fifty miles long, and varying from one thousand to nearly five thousand feet in depth. In its descent through this wonderful chasm the river falls almost three thousand feet. At one point, where a passage has been worn through a mountain range, our hunters assure us that it is more than a vertical mile in depth, and the river, broken into rapids and cascades, appears no wider than a ribbon. The brain reels as we gaze into this solemn solitude. We shrink from the dizzy verge appalled, glad to feel the solid earth under our feet, and venture no more, except with extended forms and faces barely protruding over the edge of the precipice. The stillness is horrible. Down, down, down, we see the river attenuated to a thread, tossing its miniature waves, and dashing with puny strength the massive walls which imprison it. All access to its margin is denied, and the dark gray rocks hold it in dismal shadow. Even the voice of its waters, in their convulsive agony, cannot be heard. Uncheered by plant or shrub, obstructed by massive boulders and by jutting points, it rushes madly on its solitary course, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the rocky firmament. The solemn grandeur of the scene surpasses description. It must be seen to be felt. The sense of danger with which it impresses you is harrowing in the extreme. You feel the absence of sound, the oppression of absolute silence. If you could only hear the gurgling river, if you could see a living tree in the depth beneath you, if a bird would fly past, if the wind would move any object in the awful chasm, to break for a moment the solemn silence that reigns there, it would relieve that tension of the nerves which the scene has excited, and you would rise from your prostrate condition and thank God that he had permitted you to gaze, unharmed, upon this majestic display of natural architecture. As it is, sympathizing in spirit with the deep gloom of the scene, you crawl from the dreadful verge, scared lest the firm rock give way beneath, and precipitate you into the horrid gulf.



MEIRINGEN, SWITZERLAND.

THE scene in the picture is that of the charming village of Meiringen. This quaint old village, nestling at the base of lofty mountains, is the most picturesque that I have seen. The engraving shows very well its general character. In the evening the Falls of the Alpbach were lighted up with colored fires, with charming effect. They flashed against a background of dark rock and darker forest, like a cataract of diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, as the vari-colored light—now white, now green, now purple, now crimson—played on the snowy cascade with a wondrous beauty that words cannot describe. The effect was magical.

Lying as it does among the secluded valleys of the Alps, and so almost shut away from the great busy countries around it, Switzerland has not a very eventful history; and it is only in these later days that the country has come to be of much interest to the people of other nations. Now, however, scarcely any one thinks of visiting Europe without devoting a generous share of time to wandering over this romantic and picturesque region. Nowhere do such extremes of climate meet as in Switzerland, where eternal Alpine snows are fringed with green pastures, and huge icebergs rise above valleys blest with a delightful summer.

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

HERE is Fanny looking at the geometer spider as it makes its beautiful web, and she learns therefrom lessons of patience and perseverance. The insect is not discouraged if it fails the first or many times, through gusts of wind or otherwise, to make any of the rims or circles of its wheel-like web; but with the greatest patience it tries again, and if necessary makes additional fastenings to the branches of the tree and to the neighboring bushes. And so Fanny asks herself, If this little insect perseveres under difficulties, and keeps on until perfect success crowns its efforts, why should I be discouraged if my first attempts at anything fail? and why should I not try again, and persevere until I, too, am perfectly successful, whether those efforts be in new studies or anything else?

THE path of duty in this world is not all gloom, or sadness, or darkness. Like the roads of the South, it is hedged with everblooms, pure and white as snow. It is only when we turn to the right or left that we are lacerated by piercing thorns and concealed dangers.

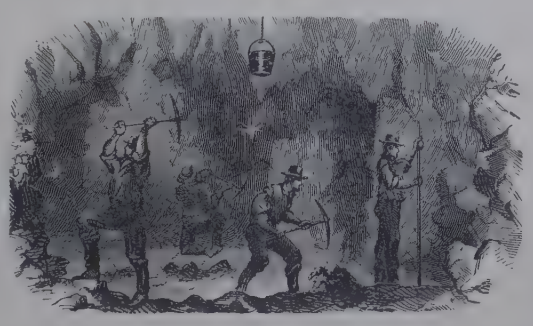
A LUMP OF COAL.

I WONDER if any of my little readers, while warming themselves before a blazing fire, ever think where the coal comes from. "Oh, of course!" says one; "it's dug out of the mines." And very important he looks after telling me that; for doesn't he live in the coal regions, and know all about it? Hasn't he seen the miners with their black faces, and counted the long trains of cars loaded with coal, the engines ahead, puffing and panting as if they had the asthma and couldn't get their breath?

Yes, to be sure; but I wonder if he knows how the coal came to be in the mines, and the strange way in which it was made and stored there for man's use, ages and ages ago? Now I hope that you won't shake your heads and go off to play, for it is really an interesting story, if I can only make you understand it.

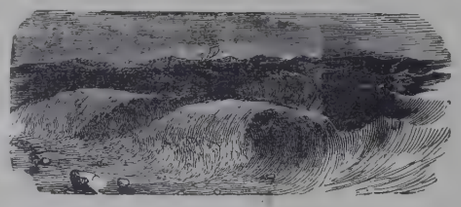
You have all been in the woods, haven't you? And perhaps some of you live where there are miles and miles of them, and the trees stand close together. There are few such woods now; but the whole country was covered with them once, before the white man came here to live, and began to cut them down. But before the flood there were immense forests, and the trees were many times larger than any which we now see. They were of great durability, and would know nothing of decay for hundreds of years. At the time of the flood these forests were torn up or broken down, and buried in the earth. In some places, large quantities of these immense trees were thrown together and covered with stones and earth by the commotions of the flood. They have since petrified, and become coal, black and shining.

People were a long time finding out that coal would burn and make a good fire, for we do not hear that it was used until about six hundred years ago. They had such a plenty of wood that they did not need it, I suppose; and, besides, there were no steam engines, or mills, or iron-works, then. But finally wood becoming scarce, and very dear, they chanced upon coal.



THE LIGHT-SHIP.

THE engraving is a representation of a new form of light-ship which has recently been invented in England. As our readers probably know, these light-ships are anchored off the coast, in the vicinity of rocks, or other dangers to vessels, to show the mariner how to avoid shipwreck.



Light-ships are made with very great strength, so as to resist the powerful action of storms and waves, and are moored in places where it is impossible to erect a light-house. The vessel in the cut is constructed with four wing-like projections, proceeding from a central circular deck. The deck itself is protected by an iron bulwark, sloping outward at the top. Openings are made through the deck to the cabin below.

The body of this light-ship is divided into numerous water-tight compartments, so that it would be almost impossible to sink her, even in the roughest weather. There are 48 light-ships on the United States coast, and one is stationed off Nantucket, which is 22 miles from the nearest land. Let us rejoice at every invention which is calculated to preserve the lives of the brave seamen "who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters."

The history of light-houses is an interesting topic. All commercial people, from time immemorial, have had light-houses, or towers, or pillars, for the protection of shipping. But it is the moderns who particularly excel in these life-preserving structures.

The United States has nearly 500 light-houses on her coast, and they are run by the government at a cost of about $1,000,000 per annum. The most noted light-house on our seaboard is said to be that of "Minot's Ledge," in Massachusetts Bay, one and one-half miles from land. It was built in 1847, on iron piles one foot in diameter; but in a terrific storm four years later, these iron piles were twisted off like straws, and the whole building swept away. It has been rebuilt, in the form of an immense granite tower.

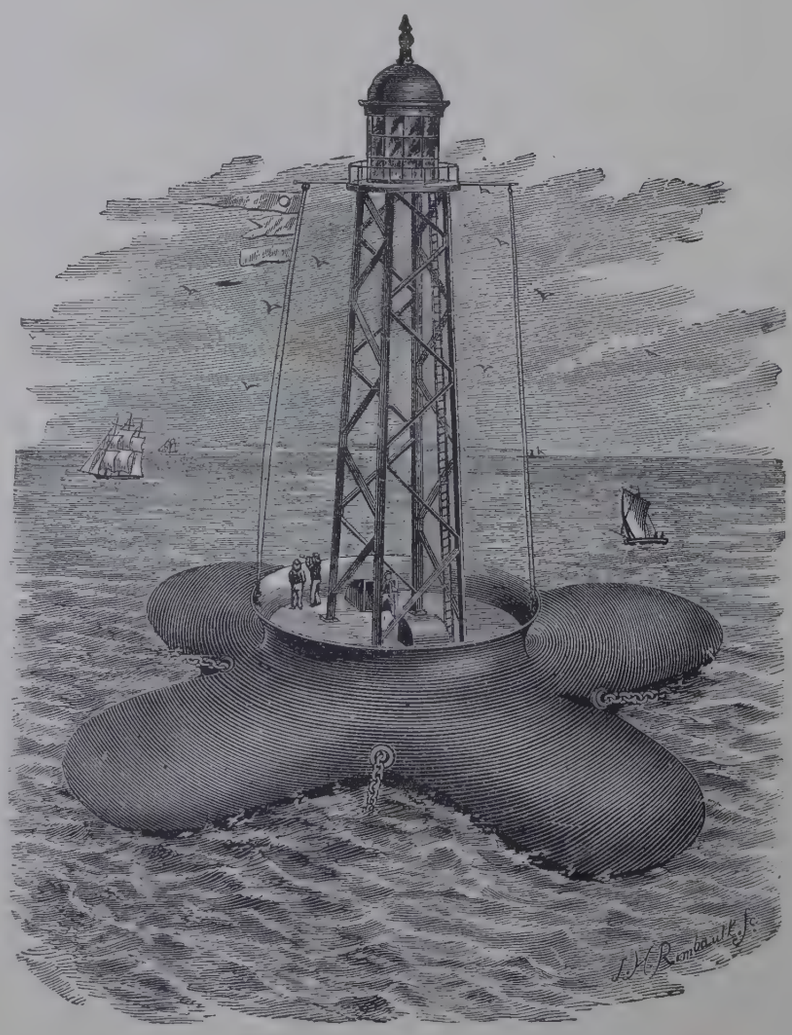
Great Britain has 324 light-houses on her dangerous coast, and 47 light-ships. France has 224 light-houses. The cost of erecting light-houses is immense, as they are often built in places where it is difficult to get the material.

The first light-house proper in England was built in 1760, called "The Eddystone Light-house," in the English Channel. It shows the presence of a dangerous reef of rocks, 600 or 700 feet in length, and which are entirely covered at high water. This is said to be the most distinguished light-house on the globe. It is a giant stone tower, 77 feet high, of great strength, and is now over one hundred years old. Its lamp is furnished with sixteen powerful Argand burners, visible in clear weather thirteen miles. In heavy storms the waves break over the light, and occasionally crush in the panes. (See next page.)

A very remarkable light-house is the "Tower of Cordouan," at the mouth of the Garonne, in the Bay of Biscay. It is 50 feet in diameter at its base, but diminished very much at the top. It is 115 feet high. The interior is very highly ornamented. There are several fine rooms and an elegant chapel.

Scarcely less notable than the preceding, is the cast-iron light-house on the coast of Bermuda. This tower is 150 feet from its base to the top of its lantern.

The Bell Rock Light-house, situated off the east coast of Scotland, eleven miles from the main-land, in the German Ocean, is a noted structure over 100 feet high; and its history is very interesting. It was built in 1810.

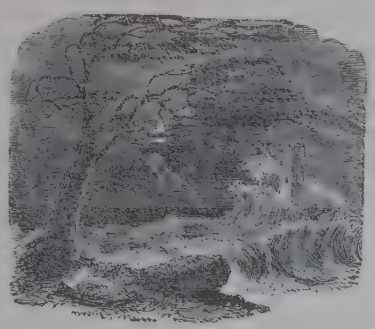


The Skerryvore Light-house, on the west coast of Scotland, is 138 feet high, and has doubtless saved hundreds of valuable lives, and much treasure. It is to show the presence of the Skerryvore Rocks, which lie in the path of large vessels sailing from Glasgow to Liverpool around the north of Ireland.

The sea-lights of the ancients were often mere fires kindled upon headlands and promontories. The Greek poet, Homer, in his Odyssey, refers to these. So also the poets Hero and Leander.

The most noted ancient light-house was the "Pharos," of Alexandria, commenced by one of the Ptolemies, and finished about B. C. 300. The historian Josephus says it was 550 feet high. It was built of white

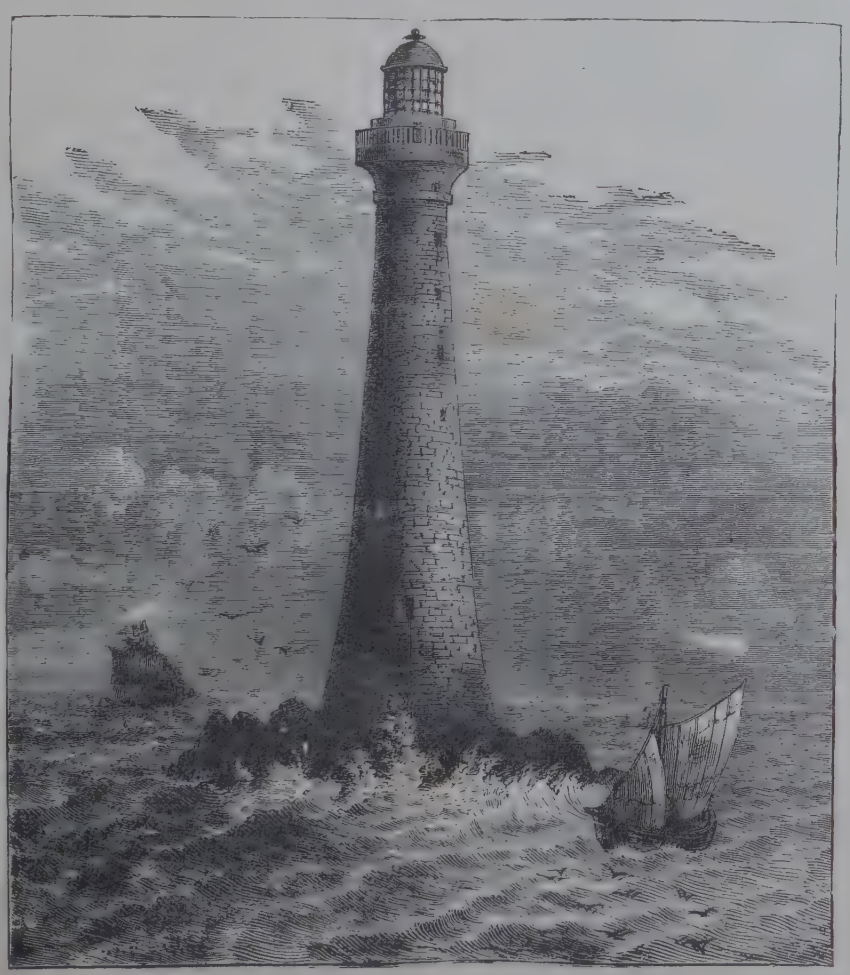
stone, and its design and workmanship are said to have been superb. The light could be seen for a great distance. It is also mentioned that in the top of this tower was a burnished mirror which reflected a vast area of the country of Egypt. By it also the approaching fleet of an enemy could be discovered many leagues distant upon the waters. This celebrated tower stood upon the island of Pharos, whence its name. It existed for some 1600 years, but is supposed to have been finally destroyed by an earthquake.



The Eddystone Light-house is a subject of perennial interest. The old light-house, which Smeaton commenced to build in 1759, came to be considered quite unsafe, not so much through any weakening of the structure itself, as through the threatened undermining of the rock upon which it stood. The heavy strokes of the sea in a storm upon the tower, exerting an immense leverage, were seriously straining the rock, and in 1877 the light-house was finally condemned. Moreover, the sea in stormy weather frequently rose above the top of the lantern, thus eclipsing the light, and destroying its distinctive character. In the growth of commerce, and the increase of the number of light-houses since the Eddystone was built, this is a matter of very considerable importance. It was judged best, therefore, to make the new tower higher than the old, thus extending its range, and overcoming this difficulty of obscuration.

A good foundation was found for the new tower 120 feet from the old one. Work on the rock was begun July 23, 1878, and the first stone in the new structure was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, on August 19, 1879.

The design of the new structure is somewhat different from that of Smeaton, and the tower is considerably taller, rising 160 feet above the level of the sea, the lantern being placed at an elevation of 130 feet instead of 72 feet, as in the old structure. By this the range is increased from 14 to 17½ nautical miles, the light itself being also more powerful, the lamps, two in number, giving an illumination equal to that of 722 candles. In clear weather only one is lighted, but in bad weather both are used.



They show a white double-flashing half-minute light, and a white subsidiary light is also displayed from a lower story in order to indicate a treacherous reef inside the Eddystone, called the Hand Deeps, while on the summit of the tower are two huge bells for use in foggy weather. The new light-house is constructed entirely of granite, of which 4,668 tons have been used, against 988 tons which had been required by Smeaton. Even in fine weather it is a difficult matter to land upon the reef, and should the sea be the least "lumpy," this is effected by means of a rope. The interior accommodation is on a scale proportionate to the massive exterior. There are nine stories, devoted, beginning at the base, to huge water-tanks, oil-rooms, store-rooms, kitchen, lower light-room, bedroom, service-room, and lantern. The kitchen contains a commodious range, and the bedrooms are fitted up for the three keepers of the light-house with every comfort.

An iron shaft runs up the center of the tower to the lantern, through which the machinery for the operation of the two fog-bells and the revolving lights is worked. The various stories are reached by the usual spiral staircase of wrought iron. The new light-house was inaugurated on the 18th of May, 1882, when, with suitable ceremonies, the Duke of Edinburgh visited the completed works, lighted the lamps, and set the machinery in motion.

The upper part of Smeaton's structure has been taken down and re-erected on the Hoe at Plymouth, as a memorial to that remarkable engineer, the stump alone remaining on the reef.

Light-house building requires great skill and patience. Light-house keeping, when the situation is isolated and dangerous, requires the exercise of great qualities of endurance. Says "Chambers' Journal,"—

"It is difficult to realize to the full the horrors and the privations which must attend the life of a light-house keeper. In most isolated light-houses it has been found strictly necessary to have three men on the spot at one time, in order to lessen the terrible loneliness of such a situation."

RURAL LIFE IN PALESTINE.

WE need not be told that our picture represents a scene in some Oriental country; and there is about the whole that air of quiet simplicity which makes us almost sure that it is in the Holy Land. It really rests one to look at the picture, with its expression of calm, happy contentment, and makes one almost long to go back to those early days when heaven seemed not so far from earth.

The habits and customs, as well as the dress, of the people in Palestine are very simple; and what seems strange to us is that they have not materially changed during thousands of years.

The modes of life in that country at the present time are but little different from those in the days of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and in some instances even the work of those hands so long returned to dust, still remains. The houses are built square, with flat roofs. The best of them are built of stone, and have a court in the center; but many are made of only mud, while some among the poorer classes, especially shepherds, dwell in caves and grottoes, and sometimes in tents.

The scene represented in our picture may be in the country; but it is more probably in the outskirts of a village, as the children appear to be leaning against an old stone ruin, whose very massiveness seems to give an air of security. There is nothing to tell us which of the many villages of Palestine we have this glimpse of; but from the name the artist has given his picture, we conclude that it is Bethlehem. The word itself means *house of bread*, and the use of the term was fully justified by the fruitful fields and vineyards that surrounded the town in the days of old, before the land was left desolate.

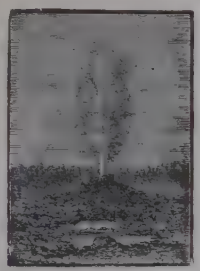
No village in all the Holy Land is so rich in pleasant and sacred associations. How many "children of Bethlehem" rise up before us as we think it all over, from the time when Jacob, with aching heart, buried his dead "in the way to Ephrath which is Bethlehem," to that other joyful day when "peace on earth, good will toward men" was proclaimed above the plains of Bethlehem.

The scene before us seems to be in harvest-time, and the woman coming with the sheaf of grain on her head reminds one of the gentle Ruth who gleaned in these very fields of Bethlehem after the reapers of Boaz. Perhaps this woman is the mother of the children who are so patiently waiting. The boy, with his fine Hebrew face and shepherd's pipe, seems a fit representative of that shepherd lad who finally came to be the poet king of Israel. The lamb may be one of a flock such as he kept for his father on the fields of Bethlehem,—the very fields where so long afterward the shepherds were keeping their flocks by night when the joyful tidings were made known to them of the birth of the *Son of David*, the Saviour of the world; and over these same hills the glad feet of the hurrying messengers sped to seek the infant king.

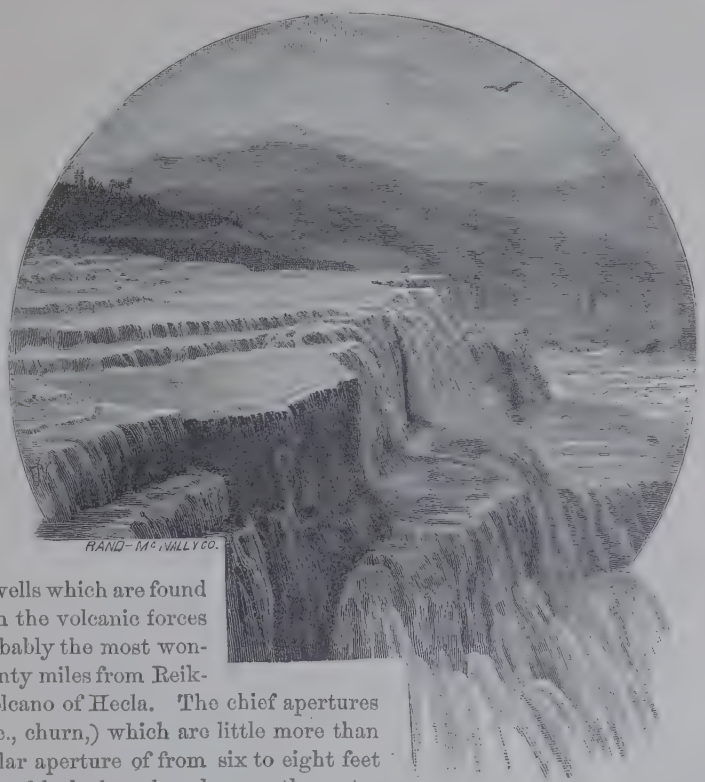
Near the gate of the little town is the well of Bethlehem, for whose cool waters David so longed when he had become a man of war, and was faint and weary with the battle. Surely "the streams most sweet are those at which our young lips drink." A little way out of the town is the tomb of Rachel; and we may easily imagine that the feet of our little shepherd lad and his sister have often visited the sacred spot where for nearly four thousand years has quietly rested Jacob's best-loved wife, alike undisturbed by the joys or sorrows, triumphs or defeats, of her restless children. Verily, "thou Bethlehem in the land of Judah art not the least among the princes of Judah."

WHEN the question was asked of a wild Arab in his own desert, "How do you know there is a God?" the man looked again upon his questioner, and answered, "How do I know there is a God? How do I know whether a man or a camel passed by my tent last night?" The Lord is known by the footsteps of his providence.

HOT SPRINGS AND GEYSERS.

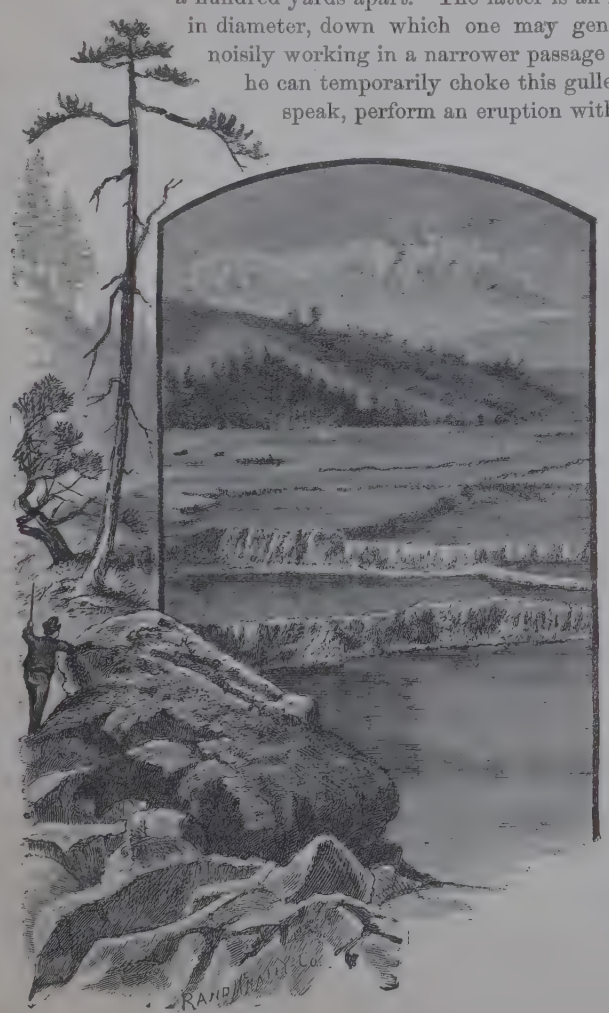


THE famed Mammoth Hot Springs are situated in the northwestern portion of Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, close to the romantically beautiful Gardiner River. They are entirely surrounded by high and beautiful mountains, which give a charming landscape picture to their situation. Two views of them are presented on this page. They are within a few miles of Mount Evarts and Bunsen's Peak. In this vicinity are found remnants of enormous terraces, originated from deposits by evaporation from the heavily impregnated waters of the springs in that neighborhood.



As we see the wonderful works of the hand of our Father in Heaven, do not "our hearts burn within us" as we almost hear his voice speaking to us through the ripples of the river, the roar of the rushing torrent, or the murmur of the leafy temples above us?

Geyser is a term applied to the eruptive thermal springs and wells which are found in various parts of the earth's surface in evident connection with the volcanic forces at work below. The geysers in the Yellowstone region are probably the most wonderful of all, but the best known group is in Iceland, about seventy miles from Reikiavik, sixteen miles north of Skalholt, and within sight of the volcano of Hecla. The chief apertures are two, respectively called the *Great Geyser* and the *Strokr*, (i. e., churn,) which are little more than a hundred yards apart. The latter is an irregular aperture of from six to eight feet in diameter, down which one may generally safely look, when he sees the water noisily working in a narrower passage about twenty feet below. If, by throwing in a sufficient quantity of turf, he can temporarily choke this gullet, the water will in a few minutes overcome the resistance, and, so to speak, perform an eruption with magnificent effect, bursting up sixty feet into the air, brown with the turf that has been infused into it, and diffusing steam in vast volumes around. The appearance of the Great Geyser is considerably different. On the summit of a mount which rises about fifteen feet above the surrounding ground, is a circular pool or cup of hot water, seventy-two feet across at its greatest diameter, and about four feet deep, being formed entirely of silicious crust of a dull gray color. At the edge this water has been found to be 188 degrees Fah.; in the center it is considerably higher. From the center descends a pit, up which a stream of highly-heated water is continually but slowly ascending, the surplus finding its way out by a small channel in the edge of the cup, and trickling down the exterior of the crusty eminence. Every few hours the water, with a rumbling noise, rises tumultuously through the pit in jets for a few feet above the surface of the pool; by and by it subsides, and all is quiet again. Once a day, however, or thereabouts, this tumult ends in a terrible paroxysm, which lasts perhaps a quarter of an hour, and during which the water is thrown in repeated jets from sixty to eighty feet high, mingled with such volumes of steam as obscure the country for half a mile around. When quiet is restored, the chalice, and perhaps twenty feet of the pit, are found empty, and the visitor obtains, so far, a sight of the internal arrangements and structure of the geyser. In a little time the water reascends to its usual level, and there remains for the next day or two, with only those minor disturbances which have been described. If a visitor be tolerably near on the windward side, he may catch glimpses of this grand spectacle,—the eruption of a water-volcano, it may be termed,—and he must needs be charmed with the beautiful jets as they curve outward and fall, as well as impressed by the sublimity of the whole scene. The water of the Great Geyser contains soda in various forms; but the chief ingredient is a charge of about thirty-one grammes of silica to six gallons. This forms the incrustations around the pools, reaching to the bulk of a little hill in the case of the Great Geyser. The small cut at the head of this article is a picture of a geyser in Yellowstone Park.



THE LITTLE HAYMAKERS.

HURRAH! the grass is tangling
In the fields so fair;
For little ones are playing
In merry fashion there.
"Oh, joy," say they, "comes with the day
When John begins to cut the hay.

"We're happy little children,
So much to make us glad;
We doubt if little princes
Know half the joys we've had;
But of all days, the merriest day
Is when we toss the new-mown hay."

Then away with books and lessons,
And off to the grass so sweet,
So fresh and green, so cool and clean,
So pleasant to one's feet.
"For joy," say they, "comes with the day
When John begins to cut the hay."

"SWEETHEART MOTHER."

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine,
As I went down the street,—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossomed sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
Where, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong;
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look:
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of an open book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will,—
A face with a promise in it,
That, God grant, the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,
I hold that this is true,—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grow.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts,
Since time and earth began!
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man!

THE friend who holds the mirror to your face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
Your faults, your smallest blemishes within;
Who friendly warns, reproves you if you sin,—
Although it seem not so, he is your friend.

But he who ever flattering, gives you praise,
But ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays
To come with eagerness and grasp your hand,
And pardon you, ere pardon you demand,—
He is your enemy, though he seem your friend.

JOHN BUNYAN.

IN the little village of Elstow, near Bedford, England, in the year 1628, was born John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress." His father was a tinker, and brought up his son to the same trade, giving him but little education. While a mere child, Bunyan seems to have had very serious thoughts and questionings about life, death, and the hereafter. As he grew older, however, he says that he was so much taken up with the village sports and pastimes with young companions that he forgot his former terrors, and came to be the gayest among the gay. At the age of twenty he married one as poor as himself. But though they had not between them so much household stuff as a spoon or a dish, his wife Elizabeth had two books left her by her father when he died. These were, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety;" they proved to be to Bunyan "meat in due season." By the reading of these books he again became much exercised in regard to religious things. He had a very tender conscience, and suffered much because of the sins of his past life. He was sorely tempted and buffeted by Satan for some time, but gradually his mind became more quiet, and he found peace in believing.

But Bunyan was not satisfied in finding the Saviour precious to his own soul; he must needs teach the gospel of salvation to his friends and neighbors. So he began to preach to the poor people of Bedford. For five years he kept on with his good work, when a change in the political affairs of the kingdom put him in prison, together with many other good people.

The first picture on this page is of Bedford Jail, where this good man was confined for twelve years. His persecutors continually told him that if he would promise to stop preaching, he should immediately be released. But neither sneers, threats, nor poverty could shake his resolution; he always firmly answered, "If you let me go to-day, I will preach again to-morrow." But he lost no opportunity of preaching to the prisoners. He also spent what time he could in writing. Indeed, it was during this twelve years of imprisonment that he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress," which has given him such a world-wide fame. The misery of Bunyan's family and his own courage at last seemed to prevail on his persecutors; and the rigor of his confinement was relaxed, and in 1671 he was released altogether. In 1678 he published the first part of his great work, and in 1684 the second part. At first it was read by only humble people, but they received it gladly. It soon, however, had a very rapid circulation. During the life of the author ten or fifteen editions were published, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that it was eagerly read and reread by English-speaking people in all parts of the world. It was also translated into other languages; and probably no book except the Bible has been so universally read and admired by all classes,—the rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant.

After his release from prison, Bunyan continued to preach without further molestation. He finally came to be quite a popular preacher, and the people of Bedford built him a chapel to speak in. Every year he was in the habit of making a journey to London, where large crowds gathered to hear his sermons. In the summer of 1688, though in feeble health, he set out on a labor of love,—to reconcile an angry father to his son. His errand accomplished, he was on his way home, when he was caught in a heavy rain-storm and completely drenched. He rode on, however, to London where he intended to spend the night, and continue his way home the next day. But he was taken with a violent fever, and died there after a few days, at the house of a friend, who did all in his power to save the life of the good man. His constitution had been so enfeebled by his long imprisonment that the disease found him an easy prey.

He was buried in a humble graveyard in the suburbs of London, now known as Bunhill-fields. His friends had an appropriate monument put over his grave, with his own sculptured form lying on the top. The second picture on this page will give you an idea of his tomb. The great and good Dr. Watts, the author of so many of our favorite hymns, also rests in this graveyard. Bunyan, by his high integrity and patient endurance of the evils that surrounded him, has gained a name that will outlive even the world itself.

IN SUMMER DAYS.

A DEEPER blue is in the sky,
And softer winds are blowing;
The white clouds lift their snows on high,
To greet the glad sun, blazing by,
And whiten and brighten and melt and die,
In the noon-light warmly glowing.

Through meadows green the brooklets gleam,
The alders' gnarled roots laving;
Daisies and buttercups nod and dream,
And mosses creep from the gray rock's seam,
From loftiest trees the wild vines stream,
Their leafy meshes waving.

Beside the river, cool and deep,
Strays the fisher, idly dreaming;
Fresh from the hills the breezes sweep
O'er the cove where water-lilies sleep,
And he lingers still his watch to keep,
Till the evening stars are gleaming.

In fields where freshest clover springs,
The herd contented grazes.
The bobolink on the hazel swings,
With a shower of song and a flutter of wings,
And every wayside thicket rings
With music's wildest mazes.

O glad, bright hours! O breath of balm!
O heart, thy song upraising!
O endless voice of the ceaseless psalm,
That all things breathe through summer's calm,
From mountain pine to tropic palm,
God's love forever praising!

THE RETURN.

WELL, wife, I have come back home again, and this time I've come to stay,
To care for you and the children here, until we can move away.
You do not believe me, I see full well, by the look on your care-worn face,
But I'm making arrangements even now, to remove to a prettier place.

You need not look at me, old girl; I am sober enough to-day;
For a month I have n't drank gin or rum, and sober I mean to stay—
Long years ago I found a man in the dust and slime of the street;
I lifted him then as a brother should, and stood him on his feet.

I helped him to fight his desire for drink until at last he was free,
And a month ago he came back again, and did the same thing for me.
He went and bought back the homestead farm, the farm that was once my pride;
I could not drink it all up again, no matter how much I tried;

For he had the deed made out in your name, and will send it to you, and then
He gave me money to move out there, and give me a chance again.
So I went out there a month ago. There were some things I wanted to do,
And some few things I wanted to get, before I came back for you.

There was first the heifer you raised yourself, the one that you valued more
Than all the rest, that I sold to Jones, for the liquor-bill at the store.
I wanted to buy her back again, and I found the very next day
That Jones was keeping the critter yet, but had moved ten miles away.

So I went to the house and paid for her, and then we went out to see
If, after these years of change for her, Little Jen would remember me.
I called to her as you used to call, "Come here, Little Jen, Little Jen;"
But somehow, as soon as I saw her start I could not call her again,

And all I could see was your face, you know, as it looked to me that day
When I told you that Jones had bought Little Jen, and come to take her away.
I sat me down on an old oak stump, and Jones he opened the gate
And Jen came through, and looked up and down, and then came to me right straight,

And something rose up in my throat, as if it was there to stay,
For her very look seemed forgiveness, wife, for selling poor Jen away.
I put my arms up around her neck, and Jones he kind of smiled,
And she put her head close down to mine, and then—I cried like a child.

I suppose Jones thought it was childish-like for me to be shedding a tear,
But I felt more like a man that day than I have for many a year.
Jen has not been used very well, I guess, and she does not look very bright;
She is poor and thin, and was tired out before we got home that night;

But I guess she knows she is home to stay, for as soon as we got to the hill
She lifted her head and snuffed the air, and then trotted off with a will;
And although it was dark, save the feeble light from the young half-moon and the stars,
She knew where she was, and went on alone straight down to the pasture bars.

And I bought two sheep for Benny and Joe, in place of the ones I took
Away from them, and sold to Tim, the butcher down at the Nook.
The trees we chose for the boys have grown, save the maple, so tall and slim,
It was struck by lightning the very day that we buried our little Jim.

It was his tree, too. There is something more I did not mean to tell,
But I cannot wait. We have moved him there; he is buried by little Nell.
I know how you grieved when his grave was made so close to the city's street,
In the midst of the hurrying, bustling crowd, with its restless and eager feet.

You know how he longed for the country air, and the smell of the grass, new-mown,—
The rose-bush he planted on Nellie's grave is bending over his own.
His garden-bed on the farm is gone, but the eglantine by the door
That he planted there is as fresh and green as it was in the days of yore.

And on Sunday, wife, when we go out there to church in the old-time way,
We will take a part of that eglantine to plant where the children lay.
It is not so much I have done this month, although I have tried my best;
The spirit is willing, but flesh is weak, and I often have to rest.

The spirit is willing, but flesh is weak, you can see by my shaking hand;
But I mean to work with the will of a man till I stand where I used to stand.
Are you glad? Are you glad, little woman, say? You are sitting so still and white,—
What! crying, too? There, there, don't cry; we are going back home to-night.

JOHN MILTON.

NEARLY three centuries ago, in a comfortable dwelling in one of the suburbs of London, was born that great master of epic poetry, John Milton, so well known as the author of "Paradise Lost." The din of the great city into which he came was in striking contrast to the quiet reserve of the life which followed. The parents of Milton were people of some culture. The father, a student of Christ College, was noted for being a firm believer in the Protestant faith, which was then very unpopular in England. For this cause he was disinherited by his family; but although he was now obliged to make his fortune by his own energies, he was still, in the intervals of his business, a busy student, being unwilling, as he said, to give up his liberal and intelligent tastes "to the extent of becoming altogether a slave to the world." He also wrote verses, and was an excellent musician. His wife was a most exemplary woman, well known through all the neighborhood for her benevolence. Thus we see that in his childhood and youth Milton had every encouragement toward the high and refined tastes for which he was so remarkable, even when a child. He partook largely of the noble spirit of his parents, and through all his life remained an unbending advocate of freedom. His childhood is said to be well described in one of his poems:—

"When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end,—born to promote all truth,
All righteous things."

His father spared no pains in his education. He was a diligent student, and it is related that before the age of ten he had a very learned teacher, "a Puritan, who cut his hair short;" and at twelve, in spite of weak eyes and severe headaches, he often studied till midnight. After a time he was sent to Christ College, Cambridge, where he made rapid progress in his studies, especially in the classics. While here, he wrote his celebrated hymn, "The Nativity." His close application to study, and much use of "midnight oil," had severely taxed his eyesight, and near the close of the year 1652, his light went out in utter darkness,—Milton was hopelessly blind. Yet with a fixed resolution and a will undaunted, he continued to study and write until the close of his life.

It was during this period, when persecuted on account of his bold defense of liberty, and deserted by his friends, his home cheerless on account of domestic troubles, that he could see with his inner sight what his mortal eyes had failed to behold,—those glorious visions of a lost world redeemed by the sacrifice of One Infinite. The outgrowth of these high conceptions was "Paradise Lost," which is perhaps the most widely known of all Milton's works. It is related that Milton showed this poem to a friend, who, upon reading it, said, "Thou hast said much of Paradise lost; what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" whereupon Milton replied nothing, but fell to musing, and as a result, produced a sequel poem, "Paradise Regained."

His life was simple and majestic, his writings approaching the sublime. He stands out alone in the corrupt age in which he lived, the second greatest poet of his time,—a man seeking after simplicity, purity, and holiness.

His remains lie in the churchyard at St. Giles, where a small monument marks his last resting-place.

THE OLD CHURCH AT HORTON, ENG., MILTON'S HOME.

THE SAILOR BOY.

IN Holland, where the Rhine flows into the sea, there lived, in 1666, an admiral, who understood the sea as well as a general does the land. His name was Michael Adriaanszoon de Ruiter,—a name honored by every true Hollander. He was born at Vliessinger, Zeeland, in 1607. His parents were poor people, and wished to train their son to a trade; but he longed to venture upon the sea and become a sailor.

Accordingly, he sailed on a ship which traded with Morocco. The merchant, who followed the good maxim, "Your own eyes are better than another's glasses," himself sailed with the ship, and soon found that the sailor, Ruiter, was very useful, and, what was more important, a true man. He therefore trusted him in many ways in which it is not usual to trust a ship-boy.

Once, when the annual fair at Morocco was near, the merchant became so sick that he could not make the voyage to Africa. He resolved, "I will trust to no one but Ruiter the ship's cargo, which I will send to the market of Morocco."

Then he summoned him to his presence, and said: "Michael, you see how I am situated. I cannot go to Morocco. My bookkeeper is an old man. What, think you, should I do?"

"Send another trusty man, Mijnheer," said Ruiter.

"Right!" cried the merchant. "But whom shall I send?"

"That you must know better than I, Mijnheer," was Ruiter's reply.

"It is an important business," said the merchant.

"I know it is," said Ruiter.

"Hear!" continued the merchant. "You must undertake the business. You shall be my supercargo." (Thus he is called who has charge of merchandise sent by the sea.)

So it was arranged. Ruiter received clothing and pay suited to his rank. The sailors looked surprised when their young comrade came on board as supercargo; but they thought, "The merchant is no fool, and he has chosen the right man." This was soon very evident. The ship sailed away, landed at Morocco, and Ruiter arranged in the market-place his goods, which consisted of fine woolen cloths.

There ruled in Morocco at that time a Bey, or prince, with despotic power. The property and lives of all the subjects were at his disposal, and also all who came into the country for the purposes of trade. There was neither right nor justice. No man's head rested very firmly between his shoulders.

One beautiful morning the Bey himself, with a long retinue of courtiers, came and stood before Ruiter's booth. He examined the cloth, and a piece of superior quality pleased him greatly.

"What is the cost?" asked he.

Ruiter named the price his master had fixed. The Bey offered half of it.

"I am not a cheat," said Ruiter, "who asks half more than the thing is worth, that he can, at last, take the half of what he has asked. The price is fixed. Besides, it is not my property. I am only my master's servant."

All that was lawful; but in Morocco there was no law. Everybody looked alarmed, except Ruiter, as they saw the angry face of the Bey.

"Do you not know," said the Bey, "that I am the master of your life?"

"I know that well, Heer Bey," said Ruiter; "but I know also that I have not asked over much, and that I have a duty, as servant of my master, to care for his interest, and not to think of myself. That I will do until death, and you shall have the cloth not a penny cheaper. Do what you are willing to answer for before God."

The merchants, when they heard these words, were full of fear. "Good-bye, Ruiter," thought they, "you will never see another sunrise."

They were mistaken. The Bey looked upon the handsome young man with angry eyes. All waited for the brief command, "Off with his head!" but he said, "I give you until to-morrow for reflection. If you do not change your mind, make your will."

Then he went away. Ruiter calmly put the cloth in its place, and began to wait upon his other customers.

Now arose an uproar among the merchants. "For Heaven's sake, give him the cloth," cried they. "If he cuts off your

head,—and he will do it, as sure as you live,—then your life, and all your master's goods, and the ship besides, are lost.' And what will become of us? Give it,—'tis but a trifle,—and save the rest and yourself."

"I am in God's hand," said Ruiter. "He who is not true in small things, how shall he be true in great things? If my master loses a penny through me, I am not a faithful servant. I shall not yield a hair."

On the following morning Ruiter stood in his booth. The Bey approached and looked grimly at Ruiter. Behind him walked one who was clothed in garments red as blood, and had a broad-sword in his hand. The people of Morocco knew him, and shunned him as fire. He was the public executioner. The Bey paused before Ruiter's booth, and looking sternly at him, cried out, "Have you as yet come to a conclusion?"

"Yes," said Ruiter. "I shall give the cloth not a penny less than I asked yesterday. If you wish my life, take it; but I will die with a clear conscience, and as a true servant of my master."

All the people held their breath, for the one clad in the red garment examined the edge of his sword, and smiled like a demon in his bloody work.

Then the face of the Bey changed, and suddenly became clear and bright. "By the beard of the prophet," cried he (and that is the highest oath of a Turk), "thou art a noble soul. A truer servant I have never met, and would to God I had such an one." Then he turned to his attendants, and said, "Take this Christian for a model." To Ruiter he said, "Give me thy hand, Christian. Thou shalt be my friend." He threw a purse of gold upon the table, and said, "It is, thou may'st believe, as much as thou hast asked. I will make of the cloth a robe of honor, as a memorial of thy fidelity."

Ruiter returned to Holland with large profits; but he said nothing of this occurrence to his master, who learned it first from others.

This was the beginning of Ruiter's great fortune. He soon became captain of his master's ship, and after his master's death, he entered the naval service of Holland. He rose rapidly, and finally attained the highest rank, that of an admiral, and won many victories over the enemies of his country.

THE MAGPIE.

ON a fine sunny day, In the sweet month of May, When the flowers unfolded, just ready to bloom, The birds in the bushes, Jays, robins, and thrushes, Flashed out in the light with their loveliest bloom. Said the Thrush with a trill, As he whetted his bill, "Good day, neighbor Robin, how fares it with you?" "Quite well," Robin said, As he nodded his head, And picked from the ground a bright crystal of dew. Quoth the Thrush, "I've a mind (Long, indeed, I've designed) To ask a few friends for a sociable call; And the day is so fine I shall ask them to dine; Will you favor me, pray, with your presence withal?" Bowing low, he replied. Said the Thrush, "Bring your bride!" And flew to the woods to invite other friends; And they brushed up their wings, From the Linnet that sings To the gravest old bird that his counsel extends. I am sure 'twas a sight That would give you delight, In the shade of the grove when the party were met. And the strains mingled there With the balmy May air, In a musical treat I shall never forget. But a Magpie was there, For the Thrush did not dare To pass her quite by, 'twould have given offense. And her voice was soon heard, Breaking in every word, And chatting away without reason or sense. She had stories to tell Of the snowdrops that fell In August, she saw them come down, with her eyes. And in her own nest, I heard her protest, She had a bright star that fell down from the skies. But the birds gave a look, And a sober old Rook Bowed low as he said, at the chatterbox winking, "People often do speak, Though their heads are so weak, It is plain to the world that they talk without thinking."

SOME one has said we cannot prevent the birds' flying over our heads, but we can prevent them building their nests in our hair,—a pleasant way of saying that we must not harbor evil. We are not to blame if a wrong thought enters our mind, but we are to blame if we cherish it.

THE AMERICAN OSPREY.

THIS bird has not the same easy, graceful sailing motion, when resting on its outstretched wings in the light air, that the vulture has; nevertheless, it is a pleasure to watch it hovering in mid-air over its watery hunting-ground. As it is not a lazy bird, like its unpleasant relative, but on the contrary, is endowed with great activity and energy, its motions are accordingly different.

Hark! There sounded his discordant, shrill whistle; and see! there sits our fish-hawk on the topmost branch of yonder lofty pine. Out stretches his neck, a few clumsy, preparatory flaps of his great wings, and he is launched out into space. For a few seconds he beats the air with long, powerful strokes, and then, steadying his wings, he shoots along, and rests over the unquiet waters below.

Almost motionless are his wings, but his head moves incessantly; his piercing eyes searching the depths of water for the unwary fish that shall approach too near the surface. A moving object arrests his eye. The strong wings, with a few strokes, carry him a short distance away for a good swoop. Down he shoots, with eager talons, brushes the wave, and then, having missed his prey, again mounts aloft, ashamed of his failure, but in no wise disheartened.

Ah! that swoop was successful, and now the little ones at home shall feast.

The osprey is seldom more than four feet long, from tip to tip of outstretched wings, and usually it is smaller than this. It is very powerful, and has such confidence in its own strength that it will attack almost any inhabitant of the water. Occasionally this hardihood has led it to destruction; for instances have been known where it has essayed to carry away so large a creature as a seal. It would sink its talons so deeply into the would-be victim's flesh that it could not withdraw them when the seal dived, and would thus be drawn under and drowned.

HUGE and strong are the blocks of stone in the old castle of Banias, in Syria, defying the shocks of earthquakes for centuries, but now the masonry is loosening. Can you imagine how? Little seeds fell into the crevices between these rocks; there they sprouted, and now their stout, hard growth is forcing the great stones apart. Even so will little sins rupture a strong character.

THE BUTTERFLY.

IT seems almost incredible that the caterpillar, crawling along the earth, destroying the leaves of plants and trees, can ever become such a beautiful winged creature as the butterfly, flitting among the flowers, and gathering the honey from them for its food; yet such is the case. The caterpillar is the first state of these interesting insects. It has the power of spinning a net, or cocoon, in which it envelopes itself, and is inactive while in this chrysalis state, during which time it is passing from the grub, or caterpillar, to the butterfly. When fully developed, an acid is ejected from its mouth, which softens the cocoon, and the perfect insect flies out from its silken home. The wings of some are brilliantly colored, others are of more somber shades, and some pure white. They have a soft, downy appearance, and are covered with a fine dust, which, on the larger species, looks like small feathers. While in the caterpillar state, their mouths are formed for strength, that they may eat the tough leaves and foliage of different kinds upon which they subsist, and among which some species make sad havoc, while others are not so destructive.

But the butterfly seeks a different kind of food, which is the honey from flowers; therefore the mouth also has undergone a change, which is that of gaining a peculiar tongue. It is of two long, slender pieces, each one being grooved, and is so placed that when they are projected the grooves fit together and form a tube. With this they are enabled to draw the honey from the flowers. When not in use, it is coiled up in spiral form in the mouth. The disippe butterfly is very beautiful and of large size; the color is a yellow shade of brown, and the wings are heavily veined with black; also a border of black round the edge, with rows of white spots through it; the body is black, slightly marked with white. Others are more gaily colored.

When walking through the fields on a summer day, one may see many varieties of these beautiful insects flying about in the sunshine, for they love the light and heat. The butterfly deposits its eggs, from which are produced the young caterpillars, on or near the shrubbery which is to nourish them, and shortly after this the butterfly dies, the object of its existence having been accomplished. From these caterpillars the chrysalis is formed, and this again develops into the butterfly. It seems a wonderful chain of existence, very beautiful and interesting to consider. How many of our little readers have been out hunting butterflies; or watched their graceful flight, and seen their brilliant wings glisten in the sunshine?

ONE of the greatest virtues boys and girls can have is self-respect. This is the feeling that lifts them above resenting petty affronts, that keeps them proudly aloof from low company, and that preserves them from dealing in flattery and toadyism. It is not very common among the young, for it is partly the result of experience and reflection; but wherever it is found, it is a sign of solidity of character and an omen of success in life.

NO CAUSE FOR ENVY.

"MR. RIDGEWAY," said a young man to Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars, "you are more to be envied than any other man I know." "Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway; "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied." "What, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment; "why, you are a millionaire. Think of the thousands your income brings you every month." "Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway, "all I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I cannot eat more than one man's allowance or wear more than one suit of clothes at a time. Pray, cannot you do as much?" "Ah! but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rental they bring you!" "What better off am I for that?" replied the rich man; "I can only live in one house at a time. As for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it. I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I." "But you can buy splendid furniture and costly pictures, fine carriages and horses; in fact, anything you desire." "And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen, and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life; cannot buy back my youth; cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then what will all avail, when in a few years I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me." These words suggested to the young man some new thoughts, and he left the merchant with a sober air, busily thinking of his own prospects, and how till now his aim had been to accumulate money. But this way of putting it was new to him, and he pondered over the lack of true happiness to be found in riches.

THE SNOW-STORM.

IN the upper regions,
By companies and legions,
The vapors collected in crowds,
And counseled and blustered,
And marshalled and mustered,
And formed themselves into clouds.

Down from the other world,
Down to the nether world,
Silently, solemn, and slow,
Soft as the eider-down,
Light as a spider-gown,
Came the beautiful snow.

Then faster and faster,
Till over the pasture,
Over the ponds and the lakes,
Over the meadow-lots,
Over the garden-plots,
Lay the beautiful flakes.

Then with the snowing,
Puffing and blowing,
Old Boreas came bellowing by,
Till over the by-ways,
And over the highways,
The snowdrifts were ever so high.

I WISH.

SAID the first little chicken
With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken
With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken
With a faint little moan,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch!"

THE mind that would be happy must be great,
Great in its wishes, great in its surveys;
Extended views a narrow mind extend.

BE AS THOROUGH AS YOU CAN.

WHATSOE'ER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to Heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck that surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me;
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty,
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Our hearts without it—
Never doubt it—
Are the worlds without a sun.

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you,
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now and ever,
Be as thorough as you can.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun,
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House, and raiment, and food, and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!"

WORDS AND DEEDS.

WHERE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds,
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow,
Raise us from what is below.

THE PALM TREE.

IS it the palm, the cocoa palm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isle of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm,—

A ship whose keel is palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with?

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

What does the good ship bear so well?—
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

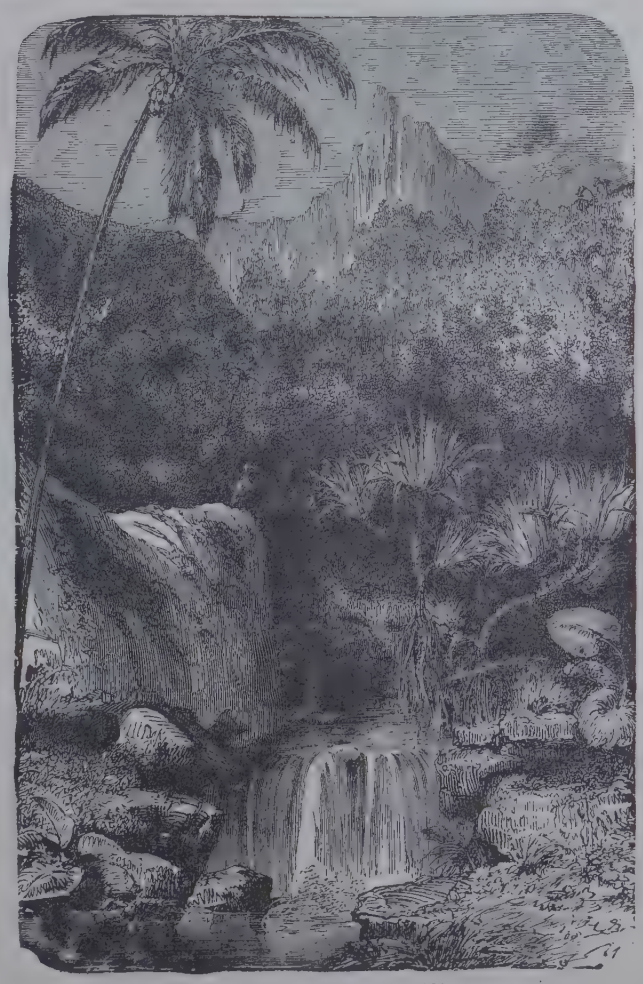
What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

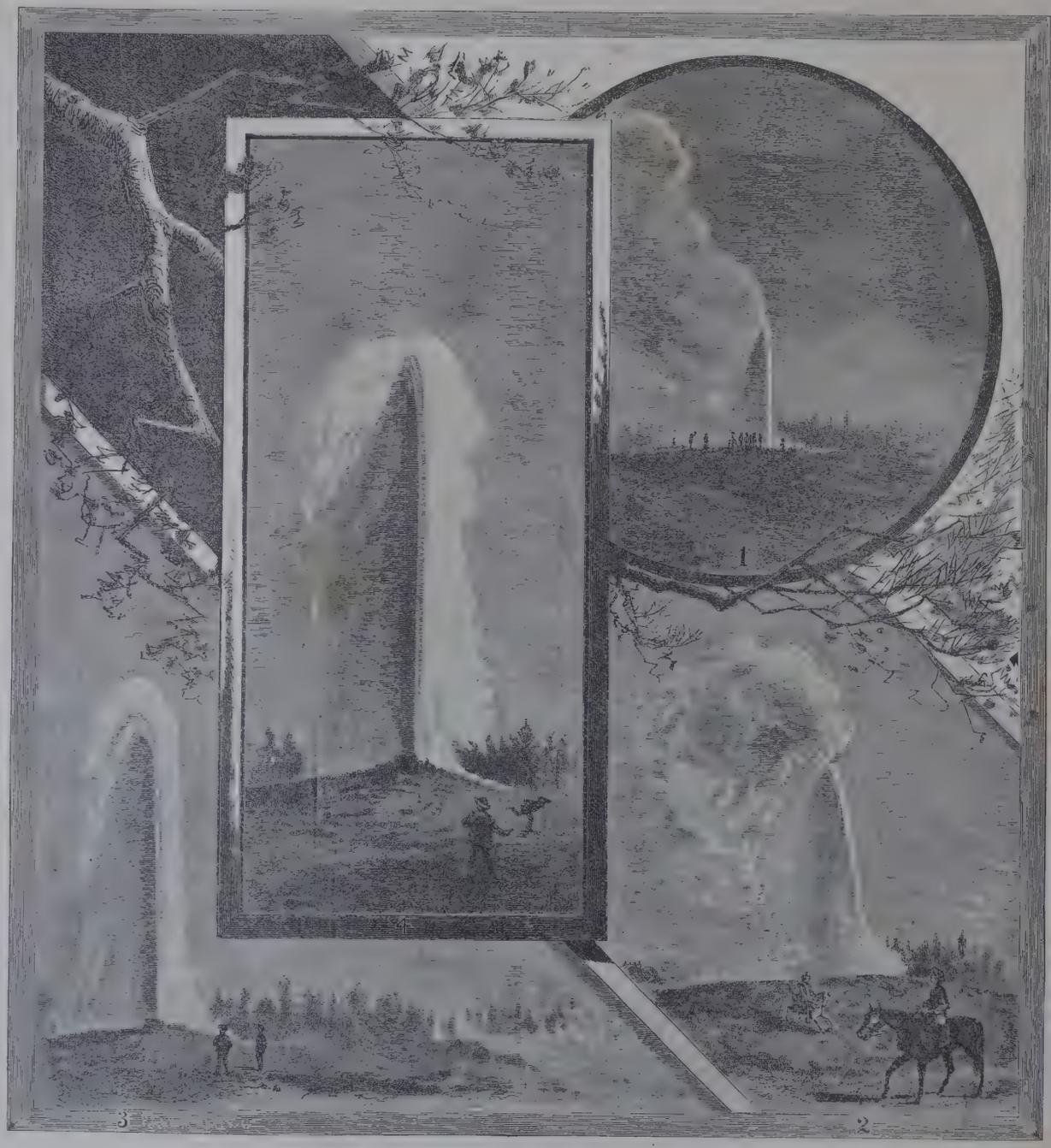
In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm-thatch shields from the sun aloft!

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.



A SCENE IN WESTERN AFRICA.



GEYSERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE geysers of the United States are in the northwest of Wyoming. The most remarkable of these are the Beehive, the Giantess, and Old Faithful, the latter so called for its regularity; it spouts at intervals of about an hour, throwing a column of water six feet in diameter to a maximum height of one hundred and thirty feet, and holding it up by a succession of impulses from four to six minutes.

The Beehive is a cone three feet in height, twenty feet in circumference at the base, and three to four feet in diameter at the top. When in action, which occurs once in about twenty-four hours, it throws a column of water, entirely filling the crater, to a height of two hundred and nineteen feet. The eruption lasts about eighteen minutes, and the stream does not deflect more than four or five degrees from a vertical line.

Two hundred yards from the Beehive is the Giantess, a large geyser with an oval aperture, and eighteen by twenty feet in diameter. When not in action, no water can be seen in its basin, although its sides are visible to the depth of one hundred feet, but a gurgling sound can be heard at a great distance down. When an eruption is about to take place, the water rises in the tube with much spluttering and hissing, sending off vast clouds of steam. It will stand sometimes for several minutes within forty or fifty feet of the surface, foaming, and gurgling, and spurting jets of hot water nearly to its mouth. When it finally bursts forth, it will throw a column of water the full size of its aperture, to the height of sixty feet, and through this rise five or six smaller jets to the height of two hundred feet.

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

ROUND the ancient tower of Shiloh
Night has come, so still and dark;
Round the sacred tabernacle
And the golden-covered ark.
Now the fathers, worn with labor,
And the mothers, tired with cares,
Find the rest, serene, refreshing,
Which the blessed night prepares.

Now the bright-eyed Hebrew children,
After active, noisy games,
Hide-and-seek, or ball, or marbles,
Rest their hardy, sun-browned frames.
Eli sleeps, the priest, gray-headed,
With his beard along his breast,
Like a pictured saint so peaceful,
And his dreams are with the blest.

Deeper in the solemn shadow,
Low upon his little bed,
In the bloom of childish beauty,
Samuel rests his curly head.
So they sleep and wait the morrow,
When new day to life shall call,
And the sleepless God of Israel
Watches, faithful, over all.

But the child starts in his slumber—
Does he dream, or does he hear
Voice that calls him in the darkness?
Now again it fills his ear;
Voice like that of ancient Eli,
Tender, fatherly in tone,
Thrice to Samuel clearly calling,
As a father calls his own.

Through the silent tabernacle
Cautious trip the little feet;
Hand and spirit both are ready
For obedience complete.
Never stops the child to question—
Lingers not to frame reply—
Straight he seeks his aged master,
Softly saying, "Here am I."

Yet his heart is full of wonder,
And the question of surprise,
Eager, earnestly appealing,
Looks from his wide-opened eyes.

But 't is not the voice of Eli;
See; he sleeps; but wakes to say,
"I called not, my son; thou dreamest;
Lay thee down till coming day."

Now again resounds the summons
Through the tabernacle still,
And the wondering childish sleeper,
Quick to wait on Eli's will,
Stands and waits to know his bidding;
Till the priest, so simple, mild,
Learns at length the truth momentous,
That the Lord hath called the child.
"Seek once more, my son, thy pillow;
If the call shall come again,
'Speak thou, Lord, thy servant heareth;'
This shall be thy answer then."
Calls again the voice majestic;
And the child, with accents clear,
Answers bravely, "Speak, Jehovah!
I, thy servant, now will hear."

* * * * *

Do you think, my precious children,
That the Lord called him alone?
Are there, think you, no more Samuels
Whom he loves—his very own?
Did he only call the Hebrew
In the midnight, long ago?
Was that willing boy in Shiloh
All the child that God can know?

Has the Lord one message only,
Only work for one to do?
In the service of his altar
Is there left no place for you,
Where quick hands may do his bidding,
Where light feet may walk his ways,
By whose lips be nobly spoken
Pure, brave words of truth and grace?

O my children, let the story
Teach you of your life to-day;
Now to you Jehovah calleth:
"Will ye love me and obey?
Still my service, glad and holy,
Makes the soul of childhood sweet;
Still I ask the trust of children,
And obedience complete.

"Will ye walk with me, your Father,
Giving heart and life to me?
Will ye follow and believe me
Till my face and home ye see?"
In the light and in the darkness
Searching ever, voices call:
"Will ye take Him now, ye children,
Yours forever and for all?"

So within the tabernacle
Of your Father you may bide;
Safe in love, unfailing, tender,
You may dwell unterrified.
As he calls you, blooming children,
Give him hands and hearts and ears,
Spirits bowing low to answer,
"Speak, O Lord, thy servant hears."

GIVE, while ye may, a friendly word
To cheer the burden-bearer;
It helps to win a crown of life,
And you may be the wearer.

THE RAIN-TREE.

SOME travelers in South America, in traversing an arid and desolate tract of country, were struck with a strange contrast. On one side there was a barren desert, on the other a rich and luxuriant vegetation. This remarkable contrast was due to the presence of the *Tamai caspi*, or the Rain-tree. This tree grows to the height of sixty feet, with a diameter of three feet at its base, and possesses the power of strongly attracting, absorbing, and condensing the moisture of the atmosphere. Water is always to be seen dripping from its trunk and branches in such quantity as to convert the surrounding soil into a veritable marsh. It is in summer especially, when the rivers are nearly dried up, that the tree is most active. If this admirable quality of the Rain-tree were utilized in the arid regions near the equator, the people there, living in misery on account of the unproductive soil, would derive great advantages from its introduction, as well as the people of more favored countries where the climate is dry and droughts frequent.

THE USE OF AN ENEMY.

ALWAYS keep an enemy on hand, a brisk, hearty, active enemy. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move, never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is twofold. It permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster; and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault, you desire to know it; when you become aware that you have a fault, you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may *not* sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing, he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and this mental *qui vive* must be worth something.

He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who are your friends, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say, or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything, and insist on proof, and *proving* is very hard work. There is not a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around, and you will find your friends; for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

IN the southern part of England, in the beautiful valley of the Severn, and on the banks of that noble stream, lies the ancient city of Gloucester, with its regular streets, its majestic cathedral, and other relics of by-gone days. There are in this city three places which the traveler visits with special interest. One is the old church of Mary de Crypt, where lie the ashes of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools; another is the little inclosure which marks the spot where the good Bishop Hooper was burned to death in the reign of the Bloody Queen Mary. The third, and to us just now the most interesting, is the Bell Inn, in which was born one of the greatest reformers that England ever gave to the world.

George Whitefield, the sixth son of Thomas and Elizabeth Whitefield, was born Dec. 16, 1714. His father died when he was but two years old, and George was ever afterward his mother's favorite child. The fact that he was born in an inn, like the Saviour of the world, seems to have made quite an impression on the boy's mind. When a mere child, he used to tell his mother that he wanted to be a minister when he was grown, because, having been born in an inn, he ought to be better than other men.

As the boy grew older, he was very anxious to learn, but as his mother was poor, he seemed likely to have no advantages except the schools of his native town. At the age of fifteen he

left school and assisted his mother in the inn for two or three years. Finally, through the influence of some of his mother's friends, he obtained a situation at the University of Oxford, where he could partly earn his own way. This was when he was in his eighteenth year. While at Oxford, Whitefield became acquainted with John and Charles Wesley, who were the leaders of a class of young men in the University who "lived by rule and method," and were therefore called *Methodists*. Whitefield soon became one of the little company; and from this time on, he began to have a remarkable religious experience.

He now fully decided to devote his life to the ministry; and every hour was studiously given to preparation for the great work to which he had solemnly dedicated himself. Says his biographer: "He visited the prisoners in the jails, and the poor in their cottages, and gave as much time as he could to communion with God in his closet." Whitefield was ordained to the ministry before he had completed his twenty-first year. He was anxious to spend more time at the University, and felt that he was not yet prepared to enter upon so important a work; but Bishop Benson and others in authority were so impressed with his piety and earnestness that they almost insisted upon his taking orders. He preached his first sermon in the church of Mary de Crypt, in his native town. Of this sermon, he himself says: "As I proceeded, I perceived the fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amidst a crowd of those who knew me in my childhood days, I trust I was enabled to speak with some degree of gospel authority. Some few mocked, but most, for the present, seemed struck; and I have since heard that a complaint was made to the bishop, that I drove fifteen people mad the first sermon. The worthy prelate, as I am informed, wished their madness might not be forgotten before the next Sabbath."

Perhaps no man since the days of the apostles has so completely devoted himself to the work of preaching the "gospel as it is in Jesus" to all classes of men, rich and poor, high and low, as did George Whitefield. He took for his motto: "*This one thing I do;*" and his life fulfilled these words. He was accustomed during the greater part of his ministry to speak to the people as many as forty hours in a week, and sometimes more. Outside the pulpit his labors in conversing and praying with his converts were almost incessant. During one week while in London, he is said to have received one thousand letters of inquiry from those who wished to be saved.

Shortly after he entered the ministry, he was invited to go to London, where he preached in some of the first churches in the city as well as to the prisoners in the jails, and in the open air to the poor people who gathered to hear him on the commons. He gained many warm friends among all classes. He traveled throughout England, Wales, and Scotland, his earnestness and eloquence everywhere bringing him great crowds. Says he, in speaking of his labors at one place: "It was wonderful to see how the people hung upon the rails of the organ-loft, climbed upon the leads of the church, and made the church itself so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain. Sometimes almost as many would go away for want of room as came in, and it was with difficulty I got into the desk to read prayers or preach. Persons of all ranks not only publicly attended my ministry, but gave me private invitations to their houses."

He was frequently obliged to preach in the open air on the moors and commons, where as many as twenty thousand people often gathered to hear him. These were solemn seasons to him, as his own words testify: "The open firmament above; the prospect of the adjacent fields; with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and all so affected as to be moved to tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching night, were almost too much for me: I was occasionally all but overcome."

Mr. Whitefield's labors were not confined to England. He came to America seven times, where he assisted the Wesleys in their missionary labors in Georgia, and labored and preached extensively in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other towns of the East. His success in this country was as great as in England, and he came to be greatly loved and venerated by all good people. He established an orphan-school at Savannah, Georgia, where children, black as well as white, found a home. He brought over from time to time quite large companies of homeless children from London to his Bethesda, as he named it.

It was while on his seventh visit to this country that he was called to lay down his armor, and go to his final rest. He preached and labored to the very last, and only went to his room a few hours before his death. His health had been failing for some time, but he could not bring himself to give up, and take needed rest. The day before his death he said, "I am weary *in* the work, but not *of* it." He died at the house of Mr. Parsons, first pastor of what is now known as the Old South Church, in Newburyport, Mass. At his own request, he was buried in the vault beneath Mr. Parsons' pulpit, where his bones still rest. One who attended service in this church during the summer of 1882, writes in a letter: "After the sermon, the sexton took us down into the vault under the pulpit, and there we saw all that is left of George Whitefield. To think that that is all that remains of that great man, and that those bones and that little heap of dust was once a warm, living human being, that thought, and moved, and spoke, and loved just as fondly as we do! And he walked those very aisles, and spoke his wonderful words from that very pulpit! Whitefield's monument stands in the corner of the church, where everybody can see it."

THE BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.

CHRISTMAS was past. New Year's day had gone to the great grave of its almost six thousand ancestors. The Christmas tree had begun to drop its needle-like leaves, and to look bare and homely. Charlie looked at it one day for a long time. Then he drew a very deep sigh, and cried :—

"Oh, dearie me! I do wish Christmas would come oftener than once a year."

"But it won't," said Amelia, his sister, playfully pinching his ear, "and so it's no use to wish."

"I know that," rejoined Charlie, brightening up a little, "but what shall we do with this old tree?"

"Suppose we put it out on the balcony," said his sister.

"Capital! capital!" he exclaimed. "And we'll put lots of bread crumbs on the stand. Maybe the sparrows will come and eat them up."

So the dead Christmas tree was lifted out upon the balcony, and its stand and branches sprinkled with crumbs.

Charlie watched his tree all day, but the sparrows did not visit it. They had not yet discovered its riches. The boy pouted and murmured,—

"It's no use to watch : they won't come!"

"Don't be too hasty in your judgment, my son," said his mother. "I guess they will find it out soon. You must learn to be patient. Pleasant things are worth waiting for."

His mother was right, as mothers usually are. The sparrows did find a rich breakfast the next morning, under the Christmas tree, and chirruped their gratitude so loudly that Master Charlie heard them. He ran to the window, shouting,—

"'Melia! 'Melia! The sparrows are on my tree! Oh, see!"

And all through the long and dreary winter the birds came to the tree on the balcony with their merry chirp, chirp, to eat the crumbs which the children placed there daily. I cannot tell you how much enjoyment Charlie and his sister found in watching the beautiful creatures; but I do know that they learned to love the saucy, jolly little fellows.

WHAT we are able to do, we often know not; but what we are, temptation shows.

AN ANT FUNERAL.

MRS. HUTTON gives this account of some ants which she saw in Sidney. Having killed a number of soldier ants, she returned in half an hour to the spot where she had left their dead bodies, and in reference to what she then observed she says :—

I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance away, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they re-appeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden; then two with another dead ant, and so on until the line extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the sand, into each of which a dead ant was laid, where they now labored on until they had filled up the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstance attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked by the body of the ants and killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, when they were all dropped into it.

WE cannot get away from a book that has once been read. The companionship of thought is terribly close. Our friends we may evade, our enemies we may avoid; but the written words, the unspoken thoughts that we have once admitted to the shrine of our minds, are there forever.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

ENGLAND once had a king she did not like. The grim leaders of the people cut off his head. They would have given the same sharp medicine to his son had he not run away to France. But his escape was a very narrow one, for one day the soldiers searched the very woods, and passed beneath the very oak, in which he was concealed. I guess his royal heart beat to a very plebeian tune called Fear, as he looked down from the branches of the old oak, and saw the swords and lances which glistened in the hands of the men who sought his life. He had a narrow escape. But he finally got away, and lived to be Charles II., king of merry England.

To narrowly escape is to be *nearly caught*. Now I think it is better to keep out of danger than to be very nearly destroyed by it. Don't you? What, then, do you think of those boys and girls who, without intending to become very wicked, trifle with sin. They make short incursions into the devil's territories, meaning to return to the narrow path after tasting a few of the apples of sin. Are they not foolish children? Satan's spies are everywhere, looking out for such stray ones the moment they cross the lines of right, truth, and duty. These straying children *may* escape, and get back into the pleasant way. But they *may not*. And if they do not, alas for them! If sin once binds them fast with its heavy chains, they will be lost; for the true Book says, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked *shall not go unpunished*." Willfully wicked sinners cannot escape from the hand of God. Is it not better, therefore, to stay within the path which Jesus trod?

STRIVE to be correct and truthful in everything you say, remembering that a little lie or a little uncharitableness is no better than a little theft. Never use by-words; they will add nothing to the truth, and will disgust well-bred people.

KEEPING STEP.

TWO little girls were walking homeward on a moonlight evening. I overheard one of them say, "Sister Annie, it don't make any difference how fast we walk, the moon keeps up with us every step of the way; it don't move at all, and yet it is always going along with us." And so it is with our Father in heaven; though he seems far away, he is keeping step with us always in the march of life.

SABBATH CHIMES.

THERE'S music in the morning air,
A holy voice and sweet,
Far-calling to the house of prayer
The humblest peasant's feet.
From hill and vale and distant moor,
Long as the chime is heard,
Each cottage sends its tenants poor
For God's enriching word.

The warrior from his armed tent,
The seaman from his tide,
Far as the Sabbath chimes are sent
In Christian nations wide,—
Thousands and tens of thousands bring
Their sorrows to His shrine,
And taste the never-failing spring
Of Jesus' love divine!

If, at an earthly chime, the tread
Of million, million feet
Approach where'er the Gospel's read
In God's own temple seat,
How blest the sight, from death's dark sleep
To see God's saints arise;
And countless hosts of angels keep
The Sabbath of the skies!

THE JAPANESE.

JAPAN, sometimes called the Sunrise Kingdom, consists of a body of islands forming an empire, lying off the coast of Asia. The coasts of Japan are much broken by bays and inlets, and are very difficult of access, not only from the multitude of rocks and islands that surround them, but from the prevalence of gales and fogs. The rivers are numerous, but none are large; they are mostly mountain torrents, with short and rapid courses. Though there are some large plains, the surface of the country is in general very much broken by hills and valleys. The soil is fertile, and is almost everywhere cultivated. Even the rugged mountain sides, where the plough cannot be used, are often built up in terraces, and tilled by hand. The abundant rains of spring and summer make a luxuriant growth of vegetation. The weather, however, is subject to sudden changes, and violent thunder-storms are very frequent. Earthquakes are so common that the natives pay very little regard to them.

The Japanese people are of medium size, and mostly of a yellow color, though some are brown and others nearly white. Their eyes are small, oblique, and deeply sunk in the head. Their noses are thick and short, and their hair heavy, black, and glossy. Some of the ladies who are not exposed to the sun have perfectly fair skins and blooming cheeks. The dress of men and women is very much alike. It consists of a number of loose, wide gowns worn over one another, and fastened at the waist by a girdle. The sleeves are very long and wide, and the part of the sleeve that hangs below the arm is used as a pocket. The women usually wear brighter colors than the men, and often border their robes with gay embroidery or gold. Upon occasions of full dress, a cloak is worn, together with a sort of trousers called *hakkama*. Within doors, socks are the only covering for the feet, but shoes are worn out of doors. These shoes consist of soles of straw matting or wood, and would seem very awkward and inconvenient to us. They are always taken off and left at the door on entering the house. Neither men nor women wear any covering on their heads, except occasionally as a protection from the rain. They screen their faces from the sun by the fan, which is carried by all classes, —ladies, priests, soldiers, and beggars.

These people have many curious customs. If you were to make them a morning call, they would at once offer you a cup of tea and a pipe. At the conclusion of the visit, sweetmeats are handed you on a sheet of white paper ornamented with tinsel; these are to be eaten with chopsticks, and if you do not eat the whole, you are expected to fold up the remainder in the paper and carry them away with you. At grand dinners each guest is expected to take with him a servant or two to carry off in baskets the remnants of the banquet. Thus many things are made custom with them, which in our country would be considered quite rude.

The houses of the Japanese are as singular as the people. The houses of the better classes are of stone, or are constructed of a frame-work of bamboo or lath, covered with tenacious mud; and this, after receiving a coat of plaster, is either painted or becomes bleached by exposure. Moldings are often arranged in diagonal lines over the surface of the building, and these being painted white, and contrasting with the dark ground behind, give the houses a curious piebald look. The roofs are often of tiles, colored alternately black and white, the eaves being extended low down in front of the walls, so as to protect the inmates from the sun, and the oiled paper windows from the effects of the rain. At night, sliding doors, or shutters, are put on outside the paper windows.

A raised floor extends over the whole area of the house inside. This floor is a neat platform about two feet high, and is always covered with thick matting, except that on the front edge there is a strip of bare plank. The mats are neatly woven, and bound with cloth; they are all of uniform size, and placed in rows upon the floor so neatly as to have the appearance of one piece. One who has visited these houses says: "This matting is always clean as clean can be, and the naked part of the floor not only clean, but polished until it fairly glistens." In the house there is no furniture, no table, no chair, no bedstead. Upon the clean mats the people sit to take their meals, and to converse with their friends, and on them they lie down at night to sleep, having then a stuffed quilt for a cover and a hard box for a pillow.

Taken as a whole, the Japanese are an intelligent and interesting people. Those who wish to learn more about them will find no lack of books on the subject.

PICTURES.

OF all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth best of all.

GOING HOME.

HEIMGANG! So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers chanting surges,
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgang! Quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue
That hath shaped Melancthon's prayer
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey toward "God's Acre"—
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary,
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!" We are going home.

THE WAVE.

WHITHER, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"
"I am the Wave of Life;
Stained with my margin's dust,
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time.'

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

OTOCYON.

THAT funny ears! Yes; the little creature in the engraving has not a very long story to be told of him, but is of considerable interest for it seems to stand by itself, while, at the same time, it bears a relationship to the fox, and is a member of the great dog tribe, which includes our domestic dog, the jackal, wolf, and fox.

It is sometimes called the Eared Dog, because of the great size of its ears, which are nearly as long as the head itself. The ears are the more prominent that they are well covered with fur, and always stand erect.

It is found in Southern Africa, where it is plentiful enough; but as its fur has no commercial value, the otocyon is seldom heard of away from its home. It is smaller than the English fox; the fur on its back is gray in color, and becomes dark as it reaches the tail, which is covered with long dark hair. The limbs are somewhat darker in color than the body. It is sometimes mistaken for another member of the same family, the fennec, whose large ears give it some sort of resemblance to the otocyon. The fennec, however, lives in the northern part of Africa, and is a much more valuable animal. Its fur is much sought after because of its warmth. The fennec, too, is much smaller than the otocyon, being only a foot long, with a tail eight inches in length. Bruce, the great African traveler, is said to be the first European to make mention of the fennec, which, he says, builds its nest in trees. This mistake he made, probably, because the little fox-like creature has the most unfox-like ability to climb trees, even the tall date-palm offering no obstacle to the fennec when in search of its favorite food, the date. It is seldom seen abroad during the day, but issues forth in search of plunder under cover of the night.

SENTENCE ON A JUDGE.

GEORGE was invited to spend the day with one of his school-mates, the son of Judge ——, who lived in a beautiful house, and was surrounded by everything to entertain his young visitor agreeably. George's sisters were sure he would have such a good time, and were on a tiptoe of expectation for his return.

"Oh, tell us all about it; hav'n't you enjoyed yourself grandly?" they exclaimed when he came home.

"First-rate," he cried; and as soon as he was rested he began to satisfy their curiosity by giving an account of himself.

"But, mother," he said, stopping short in his recital, and looking earnestly toward her, "I do n't like Tom's father at all."

"Why not?" she asked. "I do n't," repeated George, "no, I am sure I do n't. Some gentlemen were dining there, and he entertained them by telling his college scrapes,—how he used to steal from the farmers around, tell lies, dodge his lessons, and make the teachers believe he was a great deal better than he was; and he called it such good fun, and they all laughed so, for he is a funny man. But, mother, it disgusted me to see a great man like him make a mock at sin, talking as if he thought it was pretty;" and the boy's face wore an expression of indignant pity. "Mother, I thought he lowered himself—and a judge, too! Tom asked me why I did not laugh. Laugh! why I thought it was something more to be ashamed of. I could not laugh."

I honored the boy's fine moral perceptions, and his cutting rebuke is worthy to be read by every one who remembers the sins of his youth only to make sport of them. Alas, how many do this! And yet there is nothing more surprising than to hear parents who have any regard for the moral welfare of their children, relate in their presence, only to laugh over, the follies of their early days. I know it is easy to explain why men should often speak of them as trifling, and look back upon their own conduct at school with little concern. The reason is, they measure the guilt of faults by the harm which they seem to do in this world, and not by the harm which they do in unfitting us for the kingdom of God, by making us unlike God and Christ.

But God judges differently: that is to him important, and he wishes his creatures to regard that as important, which is an offense against his laws, a departure from his likeness. The tricks and faults of boyhood are serious, because they show a temper that does not love God, and a heart unrenewed by his Spirit, and if cherished they will bring us an eternity of woe.

THE OTOCYON.

PEDRO AND HIS PETS.

PEDRO was the name of a little boy who lived in Brazil, in South America. He lived far away from the cities and towns, and had very few playmates. His father was at work most of the time on a large coffee plantation, so that Pedro and his mother were at home alone. Of course his mother could not spare time to play with Pedro, for she had her work to do; therefore he had to learn how to amuse himself. When he could, he helped his mother; but as he was only seven years old, he could not do very much for her. There was a small river not far from his home, and he liked very much to go to it, and sit near by and throw stones into it. Then he would watch the sticks—boats he called them—float out of sight. Sometimes he would start two boats out and see which one sailed the fastest. This was good sport, and he enjoyed it very much. Sometimes, though, he would be lonely, and then he would wish that he had a little brother to play with. His father knew how hard it was for Pedro to amuse himself, particularly on the long, rainy days when he could not go out of the house. So one evening when he came home from the plantation, he laid an old coffee bag on the ground near Pedro, and said, "There, Pedro, my boy, is something for you to play with." Pedro looked at the bag for a moment, and was going to say he did not see much in an old coffee bag to play with, but before he had time to say it he saw the bag move. There was something alive in it. What could it be? Maybe it was a tortoise. He had wanted one, and perhaps his father had known it, and found one for him. "What is it, papa?" he asked, his big black eyes wide open with eagerness.

"Open the bag, and see," said his father.

Pedro did not like to do that without first knowing what was there. He lifted one end of the bag very slowly and carefully, as if he expected to be bitten at any moment.

"Do not be afraid, Pedro," said his father, "it will not hurt you; open the bag, and let the little fellows out." Pedro lifted the bag slowly by the closed end, and pretty soon out rolled two beautiful little animals. They were covered with beautiful brown fur, and had soft, gray-colored cheeks and noses. And such noses! Why, they were long enough for animals four times as large. They had long tails, too; and around their tails were ever so many gay stripes that looked like bracelets. Pedro clapped his hands for joy. He did not know what they were, but he was very fond of animals, and knew he should have a good time playing with these little fellows. His father told him they were baby Quaschis. Of course you do not know any more now than you did before, really; but Pedro did, and he knew they were as full of fun as kittens. We do not have Quaschis in this country, but we have raccoons, which are just the same animals, with shorter noses and tails. Pedro called his new pets Juan Quaschis and Juanita Quaschis, which is the same as John and Jane in English. He was very anxious to give them something to eat, but did not know what to offer them. His father told him to go into the garden and find some worms and beetles. Pedro thought that was odd kind of food, but he did as he was bidden. The way in which Juan and Juanita ate what Pedro called nasty worms and bugs, showed that they were just suited. Then Pedro gave them some water in a basin. How he did laugh when he saw them drink! He had expected to see them put their long noses in the water, for he did not see how else they could get their mouths in it. They had a better way than that, however. They curled their noses up, till they were out of the way, and then lapped the water as dogs do.

Juan and his sister learned to love Pedro, and would follow him about everywhere, so that he was not lonely any more. They had so many funny ways, too, that Pedro never grew tired of watching them at play. And when they were not sleeping or eating, they were playing. They loved to chase each other up and down trees. Pedro was very much astonished when he first saw them climb a tree. He expected to see them go tearing up as a cat does—head first. But they did not. They went up backwards. Pedro's father told him they did so because they were afraid some animal might catch them from the ground. They liked to sleep in the day-time when they could, but were full of life and fun when evening came. They were very fond of rats and mice, and soon killed all that could be found. So they were useful as well as playful.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"WHEN I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us, 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, whom I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and I immediately informed the master.

"'Indeed!' said he. 'How did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did? Were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

JOWLER.

THERE is old Jowler, and a very friendly and faithful dog is he. Everybody in the neighborhood likes him. If he is up before his master, he runs first to his chamber, and bids him good-morning with a "bow-wow-wow." When dinner is ready, Mrs. Allen often says, "Go find your master, Jowler, and tell him to come to dinner." Off goes the dog, and seeks him in the library, or garden, or barn; and when he finds him he says, "Bow-wow," and then steps on before, leading the way. He can fetch the cows from pasture, keep the hens from the garden, and is a very trusty watch all night. Jowler, though a big dog, was quite a pet, and it was plain that he prided himself upon it. *His* place, he seemed to say, was by the side of his master and mistress, and nobody need dispute the right or share the privilege with him.

By and by a little baby came into the family. The first time he went up stairs after it was born, and saw it in Mrs. Allen's arms, he looked as if his feelings were very much hurt; there was no wag of his tail, and he went and sat down in the farthest corner he could find. They all noticed it, and asked, "What is the matter with Jowler?" Perhaps Jowler thought he ought to have been consulted about the little new-comer. Mr. Allen was not at home when baby arrived; and when he did come, Jowler, on his return from the field, instantly tracked his steps, bounded up stairs, and frisked into the room as delighted as could be. What was the first thing which he saw but the baby in his master's arms! This quite troubled poor Jowler; his tail fell between his legs, and his ears lopped mournfully down. "Just see Jowler," they all said; "what is the matter with Jowler?" But Mr. Allen understood him better than any body; so he began to explain to him all about the baby. "Jowler, my good dog, come here; jump up on my knee, and see my little boy." The creature brightened up. "Come get acquainted with your little master." Jowler began to smell the baby's hands and his frock. "Come, love him, kiss him, now, Jowler; this boy is *mine*, and *you*, sir, must take *good care* of him;" and as Mr. Allen talked, Jowler would look knowingly up in his face and then at the baby, and wag his tail, and smell his clothes, looking more and more pleased, until at last, in his dog way, what should he do but kiss the little boy's soft cheek.

From that minute Jowler had made up with his master and mistress and the baby, and it henceforth was to him an object of affectionate and faithful care. He loved to sit by the cradle and watch him; and many a time Mrs. Allen has said, "Now, Jowler, you stay by the cradle, and if the baby cries, you let me know it." Sure enough, Jowler did just as he was told. And as the child grew up, nobody, they said, could take better care of him than the dog.

Mr. Allen once said, "What a lesson does that poor dog teach me, in his devotion to my service; it never wearies and never wanes. If I had one-tenth part, to my God and my friends, of the devotion which he has to me, I should be a widely different and a far better man—he with his dumb brute nature, and I with a soul!" and Mr. Allen seemed to be deeply touched by it. The Bible often points us to the lower animals for lessons of instruction. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," it says; "consider her ways, and be wise." What a beautiful illustration of God's care for Israel is drawn from the care of the eagle for her young: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings—so the Lord alone did lead him." From the many remarkable stories concerning the sagacity and attachment of dogs, we may well learn a lesson of *fidelity;* and Mrs. Barbauld once wrote about a faithful animal whose "modest virtues and domestic worth" she thought not unworthy of her pen,

> "Blest were mankind, if many a prouder name
> Could boast thy grateful truth and spotless fame."

"Toss me that book," said a boy to his little sister. "It is n't a book," said Miss Three-year-old. "It is the Bible; and it is n't to be tossed."

That was a plea of reverence for her older brother to learn. Charlie's Latin grammar, the stories and histories on the center-table, even that illustrated edition of Longfellow's Poems,—all these were books according to the little maiden's idea; but the big volume out of which papa read in the morning, the morocco one, with gilt clasps, that mamma carried to Sabbath-school, were not books—they were Bibles. Sometimes, perhaps, when mamma was not looking, she might venture to toss a book that did not have pretty covers; but the Bible, never.

We like the way this little girl reverenced the Bible. It is not a common book. It is the Book of books. When we receive little presents from our friends, we value them very much in proportion as we love the givers. We should value the word of God so highly that we shall always desire to take the best care of it, and allow it to serve no ignoble purpose.

THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.

IT was nearing the noon of a bright day in June, and the sun of that Eastern clime shone with all its wonted strength, when a company of men might have been seen wending their way on foot along a dusty and well-traveled road. One among their number they appear to regard as a kind of leader, and all seem to listen eagerly to his every word. As one after another of them has occasion to ask him some question, he is addressed as "Master."

Their road at first leads through a hilly country, and valleys and hillsides are decked with a profusion of wild flowers of the brightest colors; while dashing little brooks hurry down the declivities. In the fields the husbandmen are toiling; some of the hillsides are terraced and planted to grapes, while on others, more rough and stony, sheep and goats are pastured. As they journey, numerous small villages look down upon them from their perches on the hillsides.

At last, after leaving the hilly country and traveling for a few miles over a pretty little plain, their road makes a turn to the left, and enters a narrow valley, which passes between two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, the same which Moses, the great lawgiver, saw from Mount Pisgah's height, and pointed out as the place where the blessings and curses should be pronounced.

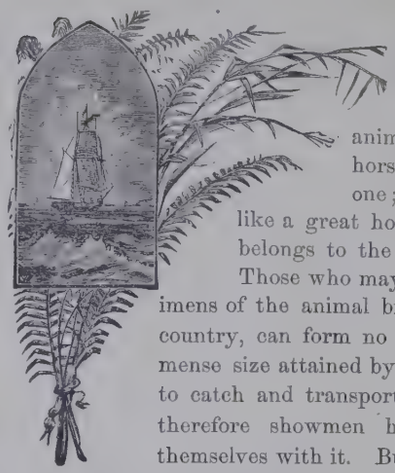
When the patriarch Jacob returned from Padan-aram, with wives, children, and herds, he made his first tarrying-place in this valley of Shechem; and though it abounds in flowing fountains, he there dug the well which still bears his name, at the foot of Mount Gerizim, just where the road turns. When our travelers come to this well, they stop to drink of the clear, cool water; and being "wearied with his journey," the "Master" rests here on the curb of the well, while his followers go to a town nearly a mile farther down the valley to buy some food for their dinner.

It was now about noon, at which time the women of the city were accustomed to come to the well to draw water, for they thought there was no water so good as that from the well their father Jocob had dug. And there came a Samaritan woman to the well, with her pitcher in her hand; and the weary traveler asked her to give him a drink. This led to a conversation between them, during which he told her so many things about her past life that she said to him, "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet." He told her also of the water of life, of which if a man drank, he should never thirst again. She seemed much perplexed to know what he really meant; and finally, as if to quiet her own doubts, said, "I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come, he will tell us all things." And to her great surprise the traveler said, "I that speak unto thee am he."

Just then the disciples returned with food, and wondered that their Master talked with the woman; but they said nothing. And the woman ran into the city and told her friends to come with her, and see a man who had told her all things that ever she did. She soon returned to the well, followed by a company of Samaritans, who besought Jesus so earnestly that he returned with them to their city, Sychar, where he tarried two days, and taught them. The result was that many of the people of the city believed in Christ as the Saviour of the world. So it came to pass that the Samaritan woman, coming to the well to draw water, found for herself and the people of her town the water of everlasting life.

At the return of the Jews from captivity in Babylon, there arose a feud between them and the Samaritans because the latter were not allowed to help in rebuilding the temple. This had grown more and more bitter from age to age, until in the time of Christ "the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans." But Jesus had a message for some of these very people. There were chosen ones of God in Sychar who were to be led by him to a knowledge of eternal life. It was here, too, that he taught to all mankind the grand lesson of human equality. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



HERE we have one of the ugliest, clumsiest, and largest of living animals. Its name of river-horse is a most inappropriate one; for in all things it is more like a great hog than a horse; indeed, it belongs to the same family as the hog. Those who may have seen the small specimens of the animal brought in captivity to this country, can form no idea whatever of the immense size attained by it. It is easier, of course, to catch and transport the smaller animal, and therefore showmen have heretofore contented themselves with it. But those readers who have looked upon menagerie hippopotami as good representatives of the species, will be inclined to look with suspicion upon a true statement of the monster's proportions. The small hippopotamus does represent a certain species found only on the western coast of Africa, but those here represented live on the eastern coast.

Its height, indeed, is not at all startling, unless it be from its extreme disproportion to its bulk. Any man o ordinary height may easily look over the l ack of the most gigantic hippopotamus; for it is seldom over five feet at the shoulder, at the same time the body is as large as, or even larger than, that of the elephant, having been known to reach the enormous length of eighteen feet. Perhaps no better idea can be given of this huge beast than by the statement that its stomach can accommodate almost a hogshead of food.

And then the mouth! Look at the picture, and fancy, if you can, the cavern that would be disclosed should those ponderous jaws part! Perhaps if I say that the mouth is quite suited to the stomach, its dimensions may easily be imagined. At first sight it would seem as if the mouth were formed on the most blood-thirsty plan, for a more terrific array of gleaming white tusks than it contains was never looked upon. Unlike the teeth of flesh-eating animals, these tusks are not pointed, although they are so sharp as to cut grass and great weeds as neatly as a scythe. Instead of being at right angles with the jaw, as the teeth of most animals are, the teeth on the lower jaw run out almost horizontally in a bold curve, and form veritable crowbars with which to pry up the various roots and water plants which constitute its food. A large tooth will frequently weigh eight pounds, and is very valuable. The extreme hardness and whiteness of the teeth peculiarly fit them for certain philosophical instruments of delicate make.

Clumsy as the hippopotamus is on land, it is, if not graceful, at least active and expert as a swimmer and diver when in water. It prefers fresh water, but is frequently found in the salt water. Although an amphibious animal, it is not born possessed of the ability to remain any length of time under water. On the contrary, the young hippopotamus requires to be brought frequently to the surface to breathe. During the first few months of its life, the young animal is carried on its mother's neck, even when under water. One curious property of the hippopotamus, in view of its great bulk, is its ability to sink or rise at will when in the water, thus easily escaping its pursuers.

A BIRD WITHOUT WINGS.

A BIRD that is absurd enough to have no wings ought properly to be called by an absurd name. The natives of New Zealand, where the bird lives, seemed to understand this; for they call it Kiwi-Kiwi. The kiwi-kiwi, like very many other odd animals, was not plentiful when first discovered, and it becomes more and more rare as the years go by. It is not at all unlikely that, before long, the bird will be extinct.

Want of wings is not its only peculiarity. It is odd in almost all of its features, as well as in many of its habits. It is about as large as the domestic fowl, and has feet somewhat like that bird. Its bill, however, is similar to that of the woodcock. Its feathers are not at all like ordinary feathers, and are far enough from possessing the beauty so characteristic of those of its cousin, the ostrich. The quill is so very short that when it is pulled out of the bird the down will often cover it completely. Beginning at the quill end, the feather for one-third of its length is composed of fine silky down. It then runs to a sharp point, fringed with hair-like webs on each side.

It is called wingless, and it is so to all intents and purposes for which wings are commonly used. Yet it has apologies for wings—mere stumps furnished with strong, curved claws—which do not give it even so much aid as the short wings of the ostrich. As for the tail, the kiwi-kiwi has none at all, not so much as an apology even.

One might think that such an uncouth bird would escape the pursuit of men, but it is not so. It has a very thick and tough skin, and for this the New Zealander hunts it. As there have always been very few kiwi-kiwi, and those few exceedingly hard to find, it follows naturally that the skins are very scarce, and consequently highly prized.

The bird only goes forth at night, and as it confines itself to marshy grounds, it is most difficult to find. And when found, being extremely fleet of foot, it is hard to kill or capture. It lays a monstrous egg in proportion to its size. The bird is about two feet in height, and weighs about four pounds. Its egg is nearly five inches long, and weighs only an ounce less than one pound. As may be imagined, it does not lay eggs very often, but contents itself with hatching one before attempting to lay another.

The food of the kiwi-kiwi is principally worms and beetles, and nature has furnished it with the proper tools for finding its food. The kiwi-kiwi goes out in search of food only at night. If its food were strewn on the ground ready for eating, all the kiwi-kiwi would need would be good eyes to see with. But its food is deep down in the soft earth, and it needs a long bill to reach it. But now his eyes are so far away, and above ground at that, that they are of no use in such a case. Nature, to remedy this evil, has placed a good pair of nostrils at the end of the long bill to do the work that eyes would do on a short bill. It smells a worm instead of seeing it, as most of the other animals do.

The goodness of God is thus shown, in adapting everything to the circumstances surrounding it.

ACQUAINTED WITH THE BIBLE.

SOME people who profess to be religious are lamentably ignorant of the Bible. I have read somewhere of a man, a member of a fashionable church, who called at a music-store and inquired for the notes to the Song of Solomon. "Our pastor," he added, "referred to it in his sermon last Sabbath as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

Paul's compliment to Timothy, "From thy youth thou hast known the Holy Scriptures," would hardly apply to this man.

AT THE WELL.

THE morning in its glory breaks
O'er Chaldean hill and plain,
And the traveler springs from his grassy bed
To haste on his way again.
But his heart is sad, and his eye is dim;
For his thoughts are far away,
Where, fair and bright in the morning light,
The home of his childhood lay.
He looks on the picture painted there,
Till his heart seems rent in its wild despair,—

The mother bowed with her secret grief,
The trembling, white-haired sire
The brother cruelly betrayed,
Veiling a murderer's ire—

He sees his flocks in another's care,
Henceforth he is counted a stranger there.
Now the angel vision memory brings,
And he lists to the words of peace,

Till the shadows flee, and his troubled soul
Exults in a glad release.
God hath closed the past like a sealed book;
Let the exile now to the future look.

But how will they greet him,—the stranger kin?
He comes with no menial band,
No laden camels—his earthly store
Only a staff in hand.
"I will be with thee"—the promise given;
He calmly trusts to the pledge of Heaven.

Lo, shepherds 'neath yon palm-tree's shade,
With their flocks by a cooling well;
To his earnest queries the quick reply,
"Thy kinsmen among us dwell;
Yonder their flocks." Why, with eager feet,
Springs he now that girlish form to meet?

'T is the same glad step, the speaking eye,
Of her who hath loved him from infancy.
With tears and smiles is the greeting said,
But the stranger's heart is comforted.

Henceforth, through the weary years of toil,
That face his light shall be,
That gentle voice fall on his ear
Like sweetest minstrelsy.
Ah, despite his mercies requited ill,
Our Father loveth his children still!

And the maiden in duty's daily path
Hath found life's sweetest bliss,—
God's love and the love of a human heart,
Fountains of happiness;
For the richest blessings of life befell
As she led the sheep to her father's well.

OVER THE JORDAN.

THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day,
"He is healing the people who throng him
With a touch of his finger," they say.

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John,
And the youngest, the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled,
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 't were well—
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Now do not hinder me, Nathan—
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing forever and ever,
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Jordan,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between:

'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,
Through the rout of proud Pharisees, listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why should'st thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
See'st not how from morning till evening,
He teacheth and healeth disease!"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me!"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hand on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love.

MARTIN LUTHER.

THE twilight shades were deepening
In a dwelling far away,
Where a worthy man sat playing
His flute at close of day,
While his faithful wife made ready
Their simple evening meal.
Oh! here's a home of plenty!
Here are hearts that feel!

Without the winds are raging,
And the snow is falling fast.
Ah, how sad for any wanderer
Who must face the wintry blast!
But hark! what lovely music
Floating upward from the street—
"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest,
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."
'T is a little weary singer
Sadly comes for bread to eat.

Dame Ursula has just buried
In the grave a prattling one,
And her stricken heart is open
To receive the miner's son.
To his doorway hastes the goodman,
For the child is standing there;
Thrice repulsed and quite discouraged,—
Further effort can he dare?

"Oh, charity, for Christ's sake!"
In a timid voice he cried,
And the goodman bade him enter,
Tenderly his wants supplied.
Little did he dream this mansion
Was, henceforth, to be his home;
Little thought they this sweet singer
Would, ere long, dare vanquish Rome.

Years pass away. Within
his quiet chamber,
A lone man wrestles mightily in prayer;
His faith grows weak, his foes
are multiplying,
His soul is tossed and driven here and there,
Now reeling, sinking, then to
Heaven ascending.
Oh! listen to his broken,
anguish cries,
While hope and fear his inmost soul seem rending:

"Almighty God, and everlasting Father,
How weak is flesh, and Satan, oh, how great!
The world is strong, my faith
and courage waver;
My last hour's come; they'd
swallow me in hate.
O God, O God! defeat the
wrath of men.
The cause is thine, and
thou hast chosen me—
A righteous cause, and
though my body be
Reduced to ashes, I will
cleave to thee.
My soul is thine. Amen.
God help! Amen."

In an ancient, lordly city,
Where the pope through minions rages,
Dauntless stands the friar Martin,
Knights and princes, priests and sages,
August diet, most imposing,
Never seen in all the ages.
Is he saint? or is he demon?
Thus opposed the council stands;
Vengeance is decreed to Luther,
And his life is in their hands.

What vast theme is he discoursing
That should make them shudder, quail,
'Neath his glances, quick and piercing?
Their proud hearts begin to fail.
From his lips there flows great wisdom
Never heard in all the land.

All his judges are confounded;
What to say they do not know;
With such true, unyielding firmness,
Who his heresies will show!
Not an enemy dare answer,
All are still, as if spell-bound;
Though they hate him most intensely,
No one ventures to confound.

When his foes have gathered courage,
"*Now retract!*" they fiercely cry;
But, sublime in truth, he views them,
Dauntless though they doom to die.
And he said, with deep emotion,
"Here I stand, can do no other,
May God help me!" What a triumph!
Vain their rage the truth to smother.

'T was the Saviour sent an angel
To stand by his trusting child;
And his shrinking soul, thus strengthened,
Meets the world, so grand, so mild.
Thus it has been, thus it will be,
In all times, in every land:
Those who put their trust in Jesus
Feel his all-sustaining hand.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping shails have weakest force;
Fly thy fault lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought;
Lingering labors come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last;
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past:
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
Afterwits are dearly bought,
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

THE TARSIER.

WERE it asserted that the curious little animal represented here had been created with a view to staring all other animals out of countenance, it would not be hard to believe it. Were such great, round, staring eyes ever seen in any other creature?

The Tarsier belongs to the lemur family, and hence is distinctly related to the monkey. Seeing the little fellow in his proper home among the branches of the trees, he might be mistaken for the Galago, to which he bears some outward resemblance. Closer inspection, however, will discover several strongly marked points of difference, chief among which are the ears, which are smaller; the eyes, which are larger; and the tail, which is less furry, being almost hairless except at the extremity, where there is a small tuft of fur. But the most remarkable difference between the two animals lies in the hands, which a glance at the illustration will show to be so large as to be entirely disproportioned to the size of the rest of the animal. This curious prodigality in the matter of hands is the result of a great elongation of the bones forming the tarsus, or back of the hands and feet. It is from this peculiarity that the animal receives its name of Tarsier, which serves to indicate that the elongation of the tarsus is its most striking feature. It will thus be seen that however odd the name may seem at the first hearing, it is both

sensible and pertinent, traits which do not always, or even frequently, distinguish the Latin-derived names of objects in natural history. This strange development is even greater in the hind paws than in the fore paws.

The Tarsier is a native of Borneo, Celebes, the Philippine Islands, and Banca. From the latter locality it is sometimes called the Banca Tarsier. It is also known as the Podji. The color of the Tarsier is a grayish brown, with a slight olive tint washed over the body. A stripe of deeper color surrounds the back of the head, and the face and forehead are of a warmer brown than the body and limbs. It is a tree-inhabiting animal, and skips among the branches with quick little leaps that have been likened to the hopping of a frog. In order to give the little creature a firmer hold of the boughs about which it is constantly leaping, the fingers and toes have at their extremities, and at the top, short triangular nails, or claws, all of which are portrayed in the accompanying picture. The backs of the hands are covered with soft, downy fur, resembling the hair with which the tail is furnished. Excepting on the hands and tail, the fur is very thick and of a woolly character, but at the root of the tail, and at the wrists and ankles, it suddenly changes to the short, downy covering.

THE BASIN OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

THE basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the old world from the new, and extending probably from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scored into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand, that there the waters which he called seas might be gathered together, so as to let the dry land appear, and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off, so as to expose to view this great sea-gash which separates continents and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand, and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "a thousand fearful wrecks, with that fearful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearls, and inestimable stores, which, in the poet's eye, lie scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death." The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin, about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is, at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race, in Newfoundland, and Cape Clear, in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. The great circle distance between these two shore lines is 1600 miles; the sea along this route is probably no more than 10,000 feet deep.

No words can express how much the world owes to sorrow. Most of the Psalms were born in a wilderness. Most of the epistles were written in a prison. The greatest thoughts of the greatest thinkers have all passed through fire. Take comfort, afflicted Christian! When God is about to make pre-eminent use of a man, he puts him in the fire.

ONE YEAR.

THE winds are sighing,—sobbing,
Like mourners round a bier,
And from the hills there cometh
A voice that soundeth drear;
As the trumpet-call to judgment,
Saying, "Prepare! prepare!
Spread o'er the vale a fleecy pall,
And lay the old year there!"

Within are sounds of gladness,
And fires that brightly burn,
And stories of the olden times
Are told by each in turn;
Without, the cry of misery
And want salute the ears;
And we look on hoary Winter
Through mingled smiles and tears.

A BURSTING into greenness,
A waking as from sleep,
A twitter and a warble,
That make the pulses leap;
A sense of renovation,
Of freshness and of health,
A casting off of sordid fear,
A carelessness of wealth;

A watching, as in childhood,
For the flowers that, one by one,
Open their golden petals
To woo the fitful sun;
A gush, a flash, a gurgle,
A wish to shout and sing,
As, filled with hope and gladness,
We hail the vernal Spring.

SLIPPING AWAY.

THEY are slipping away,—these sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them, as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their heavy tread,
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet,
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusky way of life?

There are only a few swift years,—ah! let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word.

OCTOBER.

ANOTHER year has gone its round,
The summer's growing old;
October days their wealth have found
In Autumn's brown and gold.

The chill winds whistle through the trees,
And tell of winter's blast;
And now a shower of gorgeous leaves
Is falling, falling fast.

The wheat is safely garnered in,
The apples all are stored;
And merry voices they that ring
Around the festal board.

Their work is done, the labor o'er,
The harvest, too, is past;
The workman's worthy of his hire,
And he may rest at last.

Then welcome, sweet October days,
Though summer flee with thee;
She dons her brightest robe and ways
To say good-bye to me.

A DREAMY sound of waters,
Falling, ever falling!
Voices of sweet song-birds
To each other calling;
Flowers all rainbow-tinted
Springing, ever springing!
On the fragrant breezes
Richest perfume flinging.

A perfect satisfaction,
A fullness of delight,
A sense of gliding onward,
Through regions ever bright,
All balm, all bloom, all beauty,
Like some ambrosial clime,
These are the signs that tell us
Of glorious Summer-time.

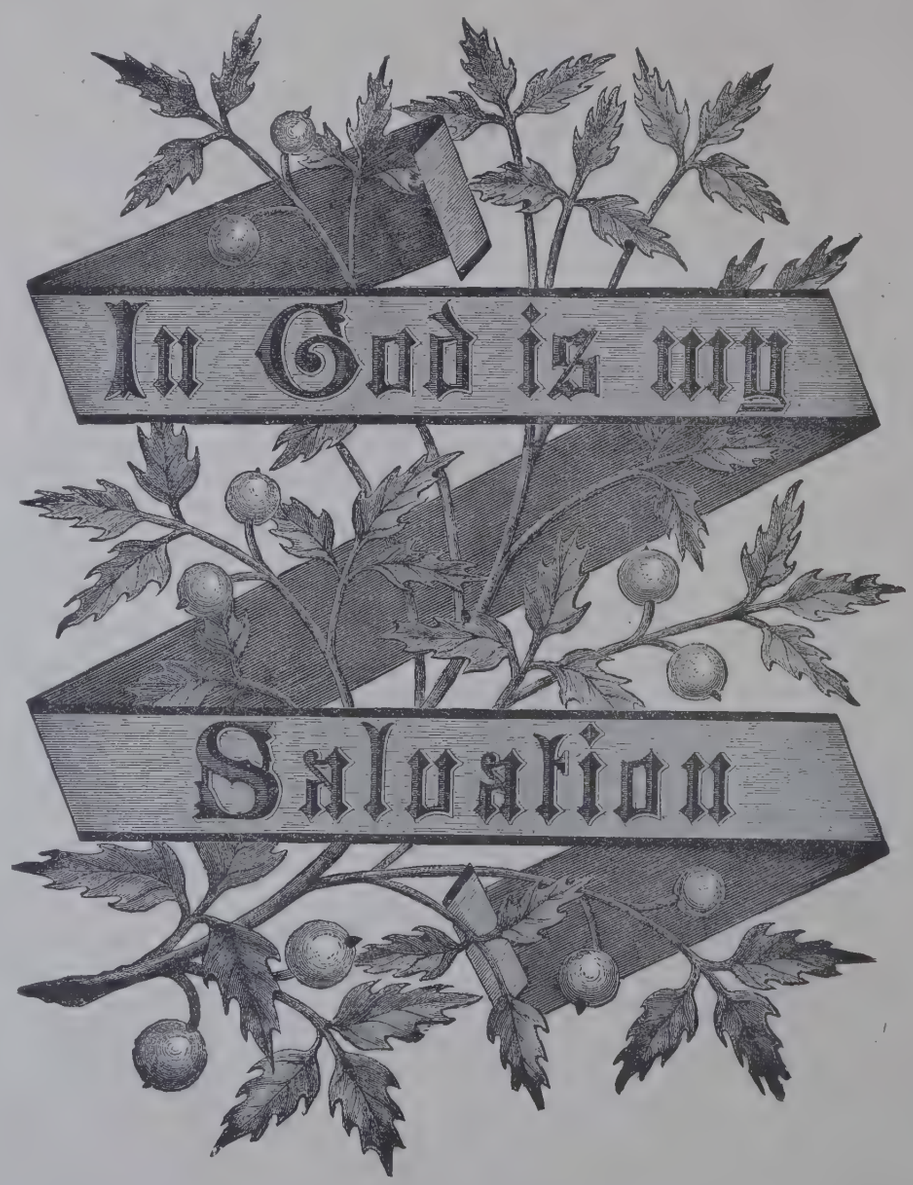
A PERFECT flood of sunshine,
Wherein all objects seem
A scene of golden splendor
That makes the senses dim;
Beneath a blue pavilion
A glorious feast outspread,
Where choicest gifts of nature
Abundantly are shed.

A lingering look cast backward
Unto the days gone by,
A turning to the future
With sad and anxious eye;
'Mid Autumn's purple sunsets
A dirge-note swells the blast,
And tells that soon the brightness
Of this year will be past.

MOZART.

DOUBTLESS all our readers have heard of the wonderful musician, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. He was born in Salzberg, Germany, Jan. 27, 1756. Wolfgang, or Woferl, as he was familiarly called, had a sister, Nannerl, five years older than himself. When very young, both these children showed evidence of great musical capabilities.

Woferl wrote some music in his exercise book when only five years old, and once his father surprised him while composing a concerto so difficult that no one in the world could have played it. His sister, too, made extraordinary progress in music; and when they were six and ten years of age, their father began to travel with them, "to let the world see," he said, "these wonders of God."



In his sixth year, young Mozart learned to play the violin, and soon after that, the organ. In Heidelberg, Woferl's little feet flew about on the pedals so rapidly that the clergyman made a record of it on the organ itself.

In 1764, he visited London, where he was enthusiastically received. His first symphonies were written during his long stay here. After this journey with his father and sister, which lasted two years, he returned to Salzberg. He had kept a diary during the whole of his tour, and the lessons he learned from his contact with so many diffierent nations and styles of music, were of the greatest benefit to him in after years.

Mozart was a Roman Catholic, but a good man, and when twelve years old, he conducted a solemn mass at the consecration of a church. At the same time the Emperor Joseph of Italy engaged him to write an opera, *La Finta Semplice*, "Simulated Simplicity." This opera awoke much malicious envy among his fellow-musicians, which caused him great sorrow, and helped to bring his life to an early close. From this time until he was twenty years old, he wrote music and studied the art among the different nations; and ere long his fame was world-wide.

Now he had learned all there was to be learned from the masters, and henceforth he must dispense his gifts to the world. He composed many operas and other instrumental pieces, among which was his crowning work, *Figaro*. His biographer, Louis Nohl, says of this opera, "In it we have a perfect whole, a gem which shines with dazzling brightness." It was first acted in Vienna, Italy, and the hearers, "intoxicated with pleasure," cried, "Bravo! bravo! maestro! Long live the great Mozart!" Nohl says, "Never was there greater triumph than that of Mozart and his *Figaro*."

On the 28th of May, 1787, he lost his beloved father, and from this time he grew more sad and meditative, and wrote many touchingly sad pieces about death and the better life beyond. His last effort was the *Requiem*, a funeral dirge, but he died before it was completed. One of his pupils, however, finished it according to the instructions Mozart had given him before his death, and it was sung at his own funeral. He died at the age of 35, just when his musical compositions were becoming known, and their merit most highly appreciated.

Thus ended the life of one of the greatest and grandest men that ever lived. And when Jesus shall call his sleeping ones from their lowly graves, I hope to see Mozart, and hear from his lips the grand music that has died away in the mists of time.

ONE of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It is not often preached from; perhaps because it is felt to be so much richer and more touching than anything ministers can say about it. But what a vivid idea it gives of the divine support! God knoweth our feebleness. He remembers that we are dust.

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